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THE
LAMPS OF THE TEMPLE.



THE
LAMPS OF THE TEMPLE:
SHADOWS FROM THE LIGHTS
OF THE
MODERN PULPIT.

BY
M. L'AGNEAU NOIR.

pseud.

Bah!

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P R E F A C E.



I do not think there can be any harm in writing a book of this sort. I know some people think there is great harm,—I know there is a kind of impression that Ministers are above Criticism.—Now I believe that they and their performances are as much topics for Criticism as any Books, Tracts, or Literary performances whatever.

You may depend, my friend, upon the Earnestness of this poor Book ; its good taste, its correct judgment are left to you to form your own idea of.—Alas ! poor Book, what different fates are in reserve for it.

One Reverend Critic will toss it indignantly down, with a lordly “Pshaw !”—another eminent and highly influential Editor will pounce upon it as fitting food for his scorn ; another will affect to regard this as the work evidently of a very Young Man ; a most impertinent work, verily, but containing words of Promise.

“Ignorance is bliss.” The present writer never looks at the reviews. No fear therefore, of his being too much irritated. He will, however, introduce this volume, by saying, at once, how hearty his faith is in the power of the Pulpit, and the men in it, to do a very brave and important work if they will, although that work is not being done very efficiently now. Perhaps the writer may relate a little scene which occurred to his vision the other day.

One Sabbath evening at about ten o'clock, he had occasion to enter again a chapel at which he had been worshipping, for that useful pocket companion, a handkerchief; he held in his hand a light, and being by himself, he sat down to soliloquise a little. The place was wrapt in dim mysterious shadow; the Pulpit stood in the distance; but now its bright velvet was covered up, and its glittering gold and morocco Bible was not to be seen. As the writer sat there, he looked, and looked, and looked again; for behold, by the dim, hazy light of his candle, the place was filled with shadows; shadows which he trembled to find were made by ghosts and spirits of hearers, who at that hour haunted the spot. Yes, surely enough, there they all were; the writer was in a very Ghost land, a perfect Hebrew Sheol. And they were not only the Spirits who had been listening that day, but the Spirits of half a century past; there was old Bigsby, the wealthy brewer, with a large, pompous-looking

nose, who was wont to throw himself back in his pew, and sleep or doze out the sermon, of whom the young minister stood in awe, who eventually was obliged to leave his post through the persecution of Mr. Bigsby's gruff voice. There was Mrs.imper, the lady who kept the Circulating Library, and who always had the young students to stay at her house, seizing upon that as a golden opportunity to talk sentiment and scandal. There was Glibwell Blindem, Esq., who sat in the ten-guinea seat; and who, without possessing any piety, managed to hold, in the Church and congregation, nearly all the authority; and there were upwards of two thousand ghosts all around, a large congregation. So also the Pulpit, and Pulpit stairs were crowded with Preachers; some meek, modest creatures, too mild and characterless to have left much impress behind them; some noble, manly, earnest faces, full of fire and life; some bold, impudent-looking beings, who, in their preaching day, had not failed to create some sensation by their noise, *if* little by their wisdom. All these were there, and I clearly comprehended that in every Pulpit, and in every Pew, a real spiritual life and destiny goes on and is wrought out; and that if the building crumbled to powder, through all after-ages, the spot must be haunted by the ghosts of the actors in the great spiritual tragedy performed there.

But while I sat there, in the very centre of a

crowd of Spirits, and attempted to decipher the individual characteristics, I heard a low, spiritual under-tone, and found that the Pulpit was holding a conversation with a Pew just beneath it ; and, indeed, that the conversation related to the services of that day. I made a note of the conversation, at the time, here it is :—

Pew.—Yes, I liked the service of to-day well. I think the man meant it, he talked to me—fireside-ishly. I'm sick of this dividing and subdividing. You Pulpits treat your subjects as medical students do dead bodies,—it is a mere cutting up business with you. Now I liked Him ; he was warm and fluent ; and it was quite easy to see he knew more than the stilted scholar you had last Sunday. I want a man to talk to me,—I want a friend to get into my heart.

Pulpit.—Yes, yes, my dear Pew ; but, think, oh, let me entreat you to think, on the dignity of the Pulpit.

Pew.—Well, so I do think of the dignity of the Pulpit ; and I think I won't stand it much longer. The dignity of a fiddle-stick ! The most dignified position in which a man can stand, next to holding intercourse with God, is to be gifted to hold intercourse with the greatest number of his fellow-men. You ought to feel yourself dignified in being able to talk to me. But I tell you, Mr. Pulpit, I don't understand you ; why, when ever did we have a piece of plain English con-

versation together, like what we are having now?—Eh !

PULPIT.—My dear Pew, you take a wrong and very exaggerated view of the matter. It is absolutely indispensable—the requirements of scholastic life demand, and the refinements of society suggest, the propriety of adopting a tone of discourse more exalted than the colloquial.

Pew.—There you go, you, sir. Why did you use all those great words, and Gog and Magog sentences. However, I understand you ; but I don't believe you,—no, no. I tell you we don't want it ; be plain with us, treat us like men ; and I tell you what, my fine fellow, you'll never really be treated like a Minister, till you *do* treat us like men.

PULPIT.—I say, Pew, your manners are deteriorating.

Pew.—Are they? I hope not. But, what I mean to say is this : we want you to know that your dignity consists in having the best farm ;—he's the most respectable farmer who farms the greatest number of acres ; that is the best Pulpit which does most good to the greatest number of people. Now, you have tried the dignified method long enough ; you've been desirous of being a gentleman farmer, and you know very well that you're nearly a pauper farmer.

I thought I saw a scowl of indignation pass over the Pulpit-cloth. I could very well conceive

Pulpit did not well like that last rap at all.—
But Pew went on :—

PEW.—Besides, I don't like your going on at all, I tell you. You are doing very little good now. I saw you look at old Bigsby, and Mrs. Simpson, and Squire Blind'em. You mayn't like to hear it, but those are the customers you've been looking after : you've been knocking up a nice little Conservative establishment, and calling it a church. Why don't you proselyte ? I say, if our Master had acted as you are doing, the world and all in it would have been damned.—Now, when do you mean to rub the rust off, and set to work ? Suppose you go down with me to Felon Court, and form a Ragged Church.

PULPIT.—Pew, this is not the first time you have taken horrid notions into your head. A Ragged Church ! Really, really, this is too bad ! Now, you know I've my own church to look after ! It is very exhausting work preaching to the poor,—the very poor ! Besides, we have our city missionary. He attends to all that sort of thing. Then think of the degradation ! I tell you, Pew, you have no conception of the dignity of the Pulpit !

PEW.—And I tell you, Pulpit, that you have no idea of the dignity of the Pew. I tell you, if Christ had reasoned as you have done, we,—you and I—had all been damned. Degradation !—Fudge ? I tell you, a pulpit should know no

degradation, but in sinning, and in laziness.— Christ must have been degraded enough ; for he was holy, and our world was very impure. I tell you, goodness can stoop to sinfulness without contamination. It is goodness alone can do so. I tell you again, if you do not leave off carrying your coals to Newcastle, preaching to people in old stilted style, of a technical, unknown tongue ; if you don't leave off your elegant platforming and parading, I shall leave you, and form a Ragged Church for myself.

I found upon this that Pulpit became very indignant ; indeed, to what height the controversy might have risen I know not ; for I was aroused out of my slumbering colloquies by the streaming of other lights down the aisle of the chapel. My friends came on purpose to look after me, surprised at my long detention, little suspecting the companionship I had kept, and the conversation to which I had been a listener. You, my friendly reader, may make what you like of the vision.

If the reader rightly weigh the sentences, he will find nothing discrepant between the words of the Preface and the Book. The reader, too, will naturally suppose that the writer is of a foreign soil. In travelling through the country, (and there are few parts of the country through which he has not travelled,) he has had to feel that there was a painful significance between his patronymic and his position. He has been, the greater part

of his life, however, a resident upon the English soil, hence the reader will not be surprised at the familiarity of the statements of the volume.

Nor let the reader suspect an invidious selection. No ! Perhaps, many of the names omitted are as worthy as any selected. Of all those in the book, the reader may form a tolerable idea ; and who knows but another budget may come some day ? Certainly the book is cheap enough, if its worth bear any relation to its price ; and people are strangely fond of looking at the portraits of preachers.

M. A. N.

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THE LAMPS OF THE TEMPLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PULPIT AND THE AGE.

THE MODERN PULPIT ; the Pulpit in its relation to Society ; the Pulpit as a teacher ; the Pulpit as a Reformer. These are topics of no mean importance—who may venture to discuss them ? Who may venture to look attentively at them ? Who may venture to write to the world a word about them ? May not he who believes that the condition of the Pulpit of a country, in no mean degree represents the condition of its mental and moral Society ? May not he say a word upon the Pulpit, upon the men who fill it, upon its influence and its destinies, with reference to the future educational life of a land, who has seen and attentively watched its influence upon most of the large Towns, most of the Cities, and many of the Vil-

lages and smaller Townships of the land? Who has had more than a passing acquaintance with several hundreds of ministers of most of the denominations of Great Britain? Who esteems all the denominations very highly in love for their work and their influence, and believes them all to be the Pioneers or the Supporters of Civilization and Religion, while he retains heartily and earnestly his own peculiar views of Theology and Church government? May not such a one presume to speak upon this great fact—THE PULPIT? Such a one is the writer of this book.

Modern Preachers—for by the modern pulpit, of course, is always intended modern preachers, differ wonderfully from the old. In the course of the following pages some of the most distinctive traits of the new style, as compared with the old, will be instanced; and if no attempt at an æsthetic analysis of the two pulpits is made, and no view of their relative influence upon society is given, yet the things said, will be said for the purpose of leading the mind of the reader to form some such analysis for himself; to arrive at some just and accurate conception of this element of the nineteenth century, this great schoolmaster and apostle. It is the fashion, on all hands, to depreciate, and even among some Christian people, to denounce, the present course of pulpit instruction. At every tea table, (and the writer has sat

at tea tables in all the counties in England,)—at every tea table—or nearly so, it is usual to hear loud complaints of the inefficacy of the pulpit; loud complaints that it has fallen from its ancient integrity, and power, and fervour, and utility. The writer is bound to declare his own conviction that the pulpit was never more sound at heart—more earnest, or more intelligent, upon the whole, than at the present moment, though he is perfectly aware of the exceptional instances—perfectly aware of its frequent impotency and decrepitude. The sighs over the pulpit of former days are like the sighs of age over the buoyancy of childhood. Its higher excellency was derived, for the most part, from the heat of youthful piety; and, doubtless, what the pulpit of former times is to some among us, our own pulpit is destined to be to our descendants.

The Modern Pulpit, it must be admitted, has been surrounded, or exposed, to a Storm of Whims and difficulties, such as have not beset the rostrum in any previous age. On the one hand it has had to address a more Intelligent, Watchful, Sceptical, Critical audience, than the Ancient Pulpit; nor can there be any doubt that the audience, to which it has had to address itself, while more intelligent, has been much larger than in any former age. It has had to speak, too, in a perfect sea of excitement. Never before was the human mind

so antagonistic ; and in many parts of our country the minds most active and strenuous in their prosecution of the aims of commerce, have been also constant in their attendance upon pulpit ministrations.

The Pulpit has been compelled, perhaps too largely, sometimes even disgracefully, to sympathise with the excitements of the age. How few of our modern worshippers, could or would listen to the prolix and tedious magnificence of Taylor or Howe ! of Owen or Baxter ! In an age of salient points it is demanded that sermons should have their salient angles of discourse, and the minister has to stretch his invention, and his fancy, and sometimes his energy, to the utmost, to retain his hold upon his congregation. Then, in some neighbourhoods, the idea has passed muster, that an unpaid ministry was best. It was supposed, that to communicate instruction, was a very easy matter ; that it taxed no powers, either of body or mind. The preaching of some folks, like the part of Bottom, the weaver, is “only roaring, and that may be done extempore ;” and thus there has obtained, among even some good and not insensible, or ungenerous souls, an impression against all paid or hired ministries, as if instruction, in the long run, could ever be communicated without reading, and patient labour, and study ! Said we not rightly, when we said

above, that the pulpit of the present age had been exposed to a storm of whims?

But, while speaking thus respectfully of the pulpit of the present age, we may also say, that we do not distribute our praise equally over all the pulpit teachers; for some, indeed, we can feel but a small measure of respect. The whole of the worth of the pulpit, is jeopardized by the conduct of men, who strangely forget the character of modern intelligence, and the width and depth of modern information; the supercilious sneer, the currish, barking, dogmatic tone of some, is known to us; men, there are, who fancy that their being set apart to a sacred office is a diploma and warranty for the treatment of all persons not in the ministry, with dogmatism and disrespect. Then we have elegant lackadaisicalness,—oh, how many a head, more remarkable for the hair upon it, than for the brains within it! How few have found their way to the pulpit from an irrepressible and earnest “calling,” as it was denominated of old? How few have felt the glorious agonising determination to speak the words of truth to their fellow-men at all hazards? How few have been impelled by yearnings of supernatural import, by sympathies of awful depth? Is it too much to say, that vanity, that idleness, that the idea of a life of literary elegance, have frequently more to do with the selection of the pulpit for a profes-

sion, than the convictions of the littleness of Time, and the vastness of Eternity!

Alas! alas, it is so easy to condemn! the part of the cynic is so easy; it is easy to discover defects, and there are some among us, who can so much better discover the defect, than the accomplishment. To pass, then, from attacks upon individual mannerisms, to notice some traits of the teaching, with reference to our times: We may notice that, upon the whole, *the pulpit in our day, does not deal with deep convictions*,—it is not an age of deep convictions; yet, wherever a man, with deep convictions speaks, he is listened to reverently; no matter what his convictions may be, if it can be felt that he has them, and that he does not sham the having them, men will attend to him. Ah, let anybody take the theology of our age as represented in the pulpits and published sermons, and compare it with the theology of the days of the Puritans, and will not the difference be immediately perceived? Doubtless, we have gained in refinement, we have gained something, perhaps, in the surface of our acquirements, but we have lost the introspective faculty—we have lost the honesty—the rugged and sterling worth of those men; in fact, it is, ever must be, so, our losses will balance our gains; it is impossible to have at once the money and the money's worth.

We are truly fearful to day that we may utter this thing, namely, that the convictions of the sceptic are stronger than the convictions of the Christian. Our Newmans and Froudes, and Foxtons, are potent men. Yes, they too are the sons of faith, but what a cheerless cold moonlight faith it is! Now the books of these men are circulating the whole country over, are read by all the young thinking, purely-affectioned spirits of England: and the pulpit does not supply, what every pulpit ought to supply, a Catholicon for "the leperous distilment." Most of the preachers of the present day, are engaged in "seeking the living among the dead;" they are looking for the living soul in the dead body—seeking for a beating heart beneath a fleshless skeleton. Can there be any thing more deplorable than the resolution with which certain teachers hie away to the school-room of dead evidences; forsaking the temple of living convictions? I feel that I do need an anchor for my faith; I do want to see and feel the adaptation of Christianity to my moral nature. I go to the Christian teacher to talk to him about it, and he assures me that the miracles are beyond all question authentic!! My mind is agonized with doubt; I want to find the Atonement in my inner convictions, and I am told there can be no reasonable objection to a belief in the Prophecies!!! I want to have the great questions of Faith settled,

and my teacher stops short at the porch of my understanding. Certainly, by appeals to the understanding, no man's faith was ever kindled or made firmer in this world; the evidence which satisfies the understanding is one; the evidence which satisfies the faith is one. There is no salvation from scepticism, so long as preachers tell their auditors to believe only what can be comprehended by the sense; and yet nearly all our modern books of Christian evidence are based upon such appeals. Perpetual are the appeals made to facts connected with historic evidence; but the inner range of moral evidence by which alone the outer or the historical could be made clear, this is slighted and by very many teachers utterly contemned. Are we not compelled to the conclusion that such men could never have been beneath the influence of inner convictions themselves? nay, is it harsh to say to them, "you are not only unable to cope with sceptics, but you are so unable because, indeed, although you know it not, you are sceptics?"

The second great want of the pulpit, in connection with the times, is *popular sympathy*; this is almost ever the attendant upon strong and profound conviction. Popular sympathy is withdrawn from the pulpit, because the pulpit has withdrawn itself from popular sympathy. The minister has arrogated to himself the position of a haughty dictator; he has forgotten that by his very term of office—

Minister—he is a Servant. He has been too fearful of his own impulses, he has been too much the servant of clique, class, sect ; too little the servant of the people : he has forgotten that in the service of the people, indeed, he serves self, and class, too, the best. We hear complaints on every hand of the inefficiency of the pulpit, to meet the people ; it is said the working classes do not attend the ministry of the truth. Can it be expected that they will ? Are they visited by the minister himself ? The footman of the minister will not do, the city missionary will not do, the minister himself should call, and say “ Come.” Let his sympathy go to invite them in ; and when invited in, and when within, let there be the extension of sympathy in the method of the discourse ; let him not scorn to be homely, affable, kindly, smiling, in the pulpit ; he shall not have to complain of the lack of sympathy towards himself, if he will but extend his sympathy to the people. All power with the speaker depends upon his capability of arresting the sympathies of his audience ; it is not sufficient that he shall think with them, that his information shall be equal to, or greater than theirs. The Pulpit should be a kind of Electric Telegraph office, and all the people should be so many wires in the hand of the preacher ; and so they will be, in the hands of the perfect preacher—in the perfection of oratory the words vibrate thus from

nerve to nerve. Oratory is the endowment of men gifted with peculiar sensitiveness and ready powers of communication. A man may obtain some temporary hold over a people by the force of the last of these qualities, but he will not retain that hold long, unless he possess, at the same time, within himself, a spring of noble emotions, a full and deep love for humanity, and a disposition so brave as to willingly dare all, venture all, encounter all, for the sake of his fellow-citizens, or fellow-men. This perennially attaches us to men—this is the magnet by which they attract us, this holds us in thralldom to them. Who can resist? Who would resist the fascination of a loving nature? Such men “blow whithersoever they list,” they bear mankind in their arms—they are ever the prophets and pioneers of a more loving time. No man is fitted for the pulpit unless gifted with this sympathetic nature.

Yes, indeed, but the hearers—the hearers; the disposition of their minds is as important an ingredient in this view of the matter, as the consideration of the mind of the speaker. The speaker cannot do it all; he cannot inspire stones; he cannot readily transform popinjays and butterflies into angels; and this he is often expected to do. A stolid audience, dead and flat as a Lincolnshire level—this we have seen, and we know that audiences like these, are frequently the first to

cry out, "How tame,—how insipid—how lifeless!" in fact, they would have all their thinking done for them; or they would have the speaker to conduct them through a perfect series of spasms and excitements. It is the sad feature of men, in this age, that they cannot endure silence, and quiet, and spiritual rest, and peace; the railway whistle is heard through the very temple itself—the shout of the engine is even in the house of the Lord; the fault is not all the pulpit's. To many men there is no life but in storm; they have no notion of a kingdom of God coming without observation. Our heart has bled (and we do not belong to the cloth who say it), our heart has bled, for many an amiable, gentle, beautiful spirit, wedded to its thoughts and books, unable to cope with the active energies of its times; the prey of ferocious Deacons, and grumbling people. Oh, those Deacons,—those Tribunes of the people,—many, many instances do we know, where the instruction of the minister is wholly subverted by a jealous spirit—a thirsting for authority, and a yearning for something new.

And again, it may be said that the idea of a temple service has, in these latter days, changed from the spiritual sacrifice to the intellectual sacrament,—from the service of the moral life to the service of the mind life. Is it well? We will not say it is well;—we will not say it is not

well ! The truth, indeed, is, that the worship of the Divine,—“ the communion with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ,”—occupies but a small portion of the temple duty. It is frequently a sacrifice to genius, if it is there ; to eloquence, to thought, if they are there : the ancient idea of the temple was sacrifice to God !—Is it so ? Who will say it is so ? Thus the pulpit has changed its posture, and very vital is the change. We will not say all that we think is involved in it : but we will say, that the pulpit never stood before in so ambiguous a position. The Pulpit, what is it ? With George Dawson and William John Fox it is a Lecturer’s desk ; with Dr. Bunting it is the Agora of the priesthood ; with Newman it is a sacrificial altar ; with crowds it is the last refuge of morbid vanity ; it has been an element, it is an element in modern society. What do you say it is ?

There is a work, in Christianizing the world, to be done by the pulpit—there is a work which *cannot* be done by the pulpit : the work of the pulpit in the present age does appear to be with the thoughtful, the intelligent, the reading men of the times, certainly not forgetting the class immediately below these men. The Rev. Thomas Binney, in an address before the Congregational Union, some two or three years since, defined—and most people will say well defined—the mis-

sion of the modern minister. Suppose we turn to the address, and read it.

“But here, again, a question comes, viz., in what way can best be diffused throughout society the preparatory element—the thought, feeling, life, longing—which shall be its outgrowth of wrong institutions? Now this, I think, is not to be done by an absorbing and exclusive zeal about the spread and enlargement of our body as a Missionary Church, but by efforts to give it concentration and strength as a teacher and a witness. I would not willingly seem to undervalue the Evangelical Mission which we have to the world, in common with every other branch of the Church; but if we have a special call in addition to it, it is right to understand it, and to understand how it may best be accomplished. Neither would I disparage any class of sincere, earnest, and useful labourers; still, I must say, that the amount even of spiritual good is often small—of social influence still smaller, that we obtain, by multiplying in the land little interests and little men. Our special mission is neither to the very rich nor the very poor. We have a work to do upon the thinking, active, influential classes—classes which fill neither courts nor cottages, but which, gathered into cities, and consisting of several gradations there, are the modern movers and moulders of the world. As a denomination antagonist to others

—to the spiritual errors that they uphold, or the secular institutions that uphold them—we must be strong by reason, for we can owe nothing to authority, prescription, or parade. If we have not mind on our side—if we do not secure that, with its clearness, activity, knowledge, force—we are nothing. In spite of the resurrection of a good many medieval ghosts, making believe that men may be ruled and drilled in religion as they once were, or silenced or frightened as they once could be; in spite of this, it will be found to be true, that men like to have a reason for what they are to think, and that he will best succeed, in the long run, who gives them one thoroughly satisfactory. The real ruler and lord, after all, is and will be the man, or body, that can best influence by true thought, in speech, writing, sermon, song; that can speak to humanity, to every part of it, and to every part in connection with religion—convincing the judgment, perfecting the reason, reconciling the conscience, establishing faith, nourishing earnestness, sustaining zeal, satisfying all felt wants, or filling the future with that which shall—with things that shall not only “be hoped for,” but achieved. This sort of power is what they want, and what they ought to wield, who think that they have a testimony to give, against what is strongly entrenched at once in the prejudices and the interests of society, and which cannot

be affected for ultimate good, but by masculine intelligence, in combination with love and faith. One of the objects, therefore, of such a body as ours, ought to be, to have fountains of light, and centres of power, in cities and towns ; to encourage and foster, not only a diffused missionary ministry, but, still more, a concentrated and intense one ; —men of influence, and men of might ; of large views and generous purpose ; who are up to their age, have understanding of the times, who know what to do, and how to do it ;—who can speak to their contemporaries, old and young, as those that understand them, and are really of the same generation with themselves ; whose speech shall be felt to be genuine and true—native—not learnt by rote, or artificially repeated ; and whose writings shall be suggestive, pregnant, creative ; anticipative of the future, and not merely the everlasting repetition of antique common-places ; men, who shall so meet, guide, stimulate the young, earnest, enthusiastic, inquiring, as to swell and direct that undergrowth of force in the rising race, which can best be relied upon for any great future results.”

And we dare say all this of the Mission of the Modern Pulpit is really true. It is, to be sure, a different conception to that of the Teacher sent from God—a different conception from that of the son of Sophroniscus—it bears too much upon the idea of the necessary elevation of man from the enlightenment of his intellect. There are few

missionaries to the poor, and many of those who go are unfit to minister to their peculiar condition. Yet, true it is, this is a new condition of the pulpit in our times ; and it does appear to need the intelligence, and force, and learning of the pulpit of the Puritan age, without its prolixity, or its pedantry ; it aims at a more catholic empire over the human spirit, a more enlightened appeal to human consciousness, a wider view of human offices, and a more generous hoping for human destinies.

The pulpit of our age need not abate an iota from the great central ideas of a supernatural element working for man's salvation ; of a Divine propitiation for the sins of mankind ; of the necessity of a Divine influence to lead to God, and to cleanse from sin's depravity ; it need not sink to Neology or to Rationalism ; and yet it may proclaim a much more generous orthodoxy, may interfere much less than now it does with the workings of individual convictions.

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS. This, again, is a most important matter. Certainly the pulpit is no longer ahead of the press ; it creeps feebly in the rear. What great preacher of our times and country would be acknowledged as a jurist in the courts of thought or of style ? The pulpit, it would seem, has delegated its ancient authority and power to those wonderful types and fountains of thought in the printer's office. In many dis-

tricts the press has quite superseded the pulpit. In all the large towns, perhaps in the area of civilization, it is so ; it is so much easier, pleasanter, and more instructive to read than to hear, and it must be admitted as an apology for this, that this is eminently an intellectual age ; and the supreme intellect, genius, is not, perhaps seldom has been, in the pulpit. Let the reader think of the names of the gifted men who wield a power by their affections, by their scholarship, or their imaginations, over the minds of men ; how brilliant, how versatile, how profuse in splendour of diction ; how illustrious in the imperial domains of thought ; and then let him think of the names of the most eminent orators or teachers from the pulpit, and he will find scarce a name worthy to be mentioned for its intelligence by theirs, or if so, ashamed to bring to the pulpit the genius with which he adorned the press.

No, no, the pulpit has lost its hold ; it no longer exercises a power over *the real* opinion of the nation ; the Book, the Newspaper, the Magazine, these powerful permeators, turn on one side the waves of voice, exercise everywhere a regal and most controlling power. The article in a magazine, how it flies over the land, how cogently though ever so silently it speaks ; its words, how promptly they are transmitted to the kitchen and to the parlour ; how swift they travel ; how forcibly they arrest the eye ; their telegraphic com-

munication lightens along, from all the headlands of the nation, no matter how isolated or lonely, thither, thither, those words can speak ; they stream to the darkest places ; silent, benighted villages, where the preacher could procure no audience ; hamlets and lone hill-sides, where stands only the one cottage or farm, the press can speak there ; there no pulpit could be built, thither no preacher could go, no crowd could assemble ; from thence, in the old time, would they have to travel, the Patriarch and the family, to hear the Word spoken. The press speaks to him by the ingle-corner,—he has there his newspaper and his magazine ; the idea is presented to him, his opinion is enlightened, his judgment controlled, his understanding informed.

What, then, is the work of the pulpit—the work of public ministration—done ? Assuredly, assuredly, no ! Did the men of the modern pulpit but feel it, and see it, there lies before it a more glorious land of thought and imagination, than any over which it has hitherto swayed ; the sceptre of its genius and its power is much nobler, as it must ever be for a monarch to rule an enlightened than an unenlightened people ; so much nobler must it be for the public teacher, to acquire an influence over an educated than an uneducated audience. But, for the most part, it may be said, that the modern ministry has given up all competition with the intellectualizing agencies of the press. And

yet, let it be rightly thought on ; the mission of the pulpit, is ever in its degree inferior as an intellectual process ; and it is so, because it appeals to so much larger an audience than can possibly be brought, at once and immediately, within the range of a great book. But the preacher should absorb all the light which genius, or discovery, or science, will pour upon him ; he should be a channel for the communication, to inferior minds, of instruction ; he should fit himself to be the exponent, the earnest and enlightened exponent of truth to the world ; he should be a light-house—a witness for God. Do you think he is so ?

But if he were so, his power would be as mighty as the power of the press. To a very great degree, the inefficiency of the pulpit arises from its non-chalance and carelessness—as we have said before, its deficiency of feeling. Would you, my friend, retain your place in the pulpit ? Would you compete successfully with the press ? Well, it is easy to do so, only this is necessary,—take care that your hearers, take care that the public in general, have not a more perfect sympathiser in the book than in the preacher. Yes ! take care of that—take care that there is not more real life in dead paper, and printed letters, than in real flesh and blood. For, look—a man goes to the preacher, he finds him passionless, and cold ; idealess, and dull ; unread, and uninformative ; he turns hastily away. He goes to a book, he finds it full of passion and

warmth, full of ideas and excitement, full of knowledge and instruction ; he finds the book to be a sympathising friend. He finds the preacher to be a tedious, tiresome talker. Is it wonderful that he should turn with interest again and again to the one, and turn with some indignation from the other ? Now that system of pulpit ministration is quite defective, which does not compete successfully with the book. In the management of a sufficient man, every sermon might be made, certainly not as great as the greatest books, but as interesting as the most interesting.

Oh, consider the teeming masses of the growing populations ! Oh, consider, how with their growing education, there is a growing thirst for knowledge, for ideas, for instruction, for systematic information ! Oh, consider, after all, notwithstanding the power of the press, how little they can read, and how much less they can think ! Oh, consider, how a man brim full of knowledge and power, may arrest them ! Consider, that through him may be poured every variety of popular learning, the condensations of every kind of knowledge, till the Christian Temple should again be a Pantheon of all things bearing witness for God. Consider, that after all, the tongue does write far more impressively than the pen ; that the memory takes far firmer hold of the oral than any kind of pictorial communication. Consider, how inconclusive, how inconsecutive almost all

reading is ; how slightly it impresses the character and the understanding. Consider, the magnificent surface over which a well charged voice can travel, that a sermon or speech may be made to enter the ears of from five hundred to two thousand persons, compelling, claiming their attention ; and then in the presence of such considerations as these, who will venture to say that the pulpit may not compete in the potentiality of its influence with the press ?

Consider, again the peculiarity of the mission of the Human Voice. Books seldom give first impulses ; Books have not yet touched some classes of mind at all. No ! but the human voice is powerfully arrestive. Nor, so far as the dominion goes, can the pen boast of a kingdom so imperial ! Books are not so much the Missionaries as Legislators, of thought. The pulpit ought never to cease to regard itself as the Missionary ; its office is to dig in the garden of the soul ; its lofty office is to excavate a road for moral manhood, to indicate a pathway to spiritual attainments ; and no book can perform the peculiar office of the pulpit. Books that attempt that office cannot so well be read. No books can so well rouse flagging and exhausted powers—no books can so well grapple with wandering convictions—no books can so well quicken generous and active impulses ; the human voice dares to linger longer in draping out an idea—dares to dilate longer—to decorate more than the

pen—dares a more Corinthian and ornate discourse—a larger field of illustration, a greater variety of figures,—when all this is considered, it does appear that the pulpit may successfully compete with the press.

And yet again, let it be thought upon—how much we need a Legitimate Censorship over the Press—a Censorship over the Newspaper press; and most of the newspapers of the kingdom are merely venal,—the bought, the hired advocates of classes—of opinions; a few noble and independent instances we know of, but how few; a Censorship over the Impurity of the Press—the flagrant outrages upon every virtuous idea and life; upon the panderers for impurity—the vile and reckless children of genius and of hell—whose office it is to fan the flames of every unhallowed lust. A Censorship over the False Doctrines and errors of the press; over its false philosophies and perverted facts; over its “Vestiges of Creation,” and its “Constitutions of Man;” over its Newmans and Strauss—its Lamarcks and Combes; generously treating their virtues and their truths, and clearly exposing their sophisms and their mistakes. A Censorship over the Politics of the Press,—holding up to the ineffable light the myrmidons of tyranny and oppression; holding up to scorn the daring traducers of truth and freedom; holding up to the blaze of Christian light those who reviled its own pure beauties, and gloriously

liberal tenets. Where shall we look for a Censorship like this but to the Pulpit? Why should not the minister devote one evening in the week, or even the Sabbath evening, to a censorship like this? Devoting the morning to the more especial services of worship, and experimental and spiritual instruction,—standing there within the full shadow of the cross, the evening might well be devoted to the exhibition of the catholic genius of Christianity, and its identity with every truly human thought. To object to this course (and the writer is quite aware how bitter, and cruel, and scornful will be the objections, in some quarters,) is of a piece with the conduct of those Pharisees who quarrelled with Jesus because he restored the blind man's vision on the Sabbath-day. Would the pulpit compete with the press, let it be ubiquitous, like the press; permeating every where for intelligence, for instruction, for illustration—as ubiquitous as evil: let the voice of the pulpit follow the writing of the evil pen like a shadow. Away with the fastidiousness, the etiquette, of the pulpit! We arrange our pulpit topics so nicely, and treat them so gingerly, that we act like the servants of that King of Spain who allowed their master to perish in the fire, because the valet could not be found whose duty it was to extinguish it: let the pulpit do its work boldly, fearlessly, vigilantly, and the press will be no farther a-head of it than

it is natural for a fountain to be a-head of a river.

The Modern Pulpit has another rival beside the Press—there is THE PLATFORM. This is pre-eminently an age of public meetings, and the man who can successfully work upon, and wield, the passions and impulses of large audiences, in some measure approaches to the character of the ancient Bard or Minstrel. He moves from town to town, gathering round him the thousands of intelligent and sympathetic people ; as of old, the minstrel gathered the crowds of baronial retainers, or burgesses, in the hall. There are two kinds of meetings held in the country :—there are, first, immense gatherings, like those in the Free Trade Hall, or Exeter Hall, where the people go to enthrone, or to inaugurate a principle ; they listen to the annunciations from the platform only as the announcements of their own loyalty to certain thoughts. When they applaud, to a great degree, it may be said that they applaud themselves ; cheer after cheer arises, because they behold, rising behind the speaker, their own impersonated wisdom. The oracle has declared for *them*, and, therefore, they applaud the oracle. In meetings like these, there is little freedom of opinion,—little real freedom of speech. The man who attempts to breast that wave of feeling is borne away upon it to a perfect ocean of scorn : and, on the whole, such meetings (although a visible im-

provement is taking place) are studies, not of the best phase of mankind; sparks of speech touch the gunpowder of prejudice, and instantly all is a volcanic blaze. There are other immense gatherings where the people assemble to hear a man—a favourite,—an orator speak, and then they are prepared to listen to any thing he may say; they go to applaud the man; they go, determined to be good humoured—determined to be inspired—determined to be pleased. But whatever may be the occasion, doubtless the platform is comparatively a new and influential organ of public opinion. How it intoxicates the young! what vehemency it leads to the impulses! how, like the winds over the ocean, the voices of the speakers awaken the passions and the emotions in the soul! There are few sights more thrilling, surely, either to spectator or to speaker, than the spectacle of a vast assemblage of men and women, all of them intelligent and educated, all aroused and quickened beneath the thrilling tones of a soul in earnest! How the masses heave and sway to and fro! How breathless! how hushed! how low the first muttered indications of applause—a voice in the distant crowd, irrepressible, sinking however, directly—now louder—louder!—Ah, the sentence is unfinished, yet forth it rolls!—that peal of energetic praise,—the speaker masters the tumult, and moves on with his argument, or his declamation. You watch, while he

advances, the kindling faces of the crowd.—Bright eyes flash; cheeks are flushed! all is paroxysmatic excitement; all the vitality of the meeting is called forth; and now you see handkerchiefs waving, and hats in the air; and the building shakes again and again with the loud, out-speaking thunder of the people. But the climax is not yet reached; the speaker has not concluded, and he will not drop from that altitude; he only stooped gracefully, to slake his plumage in a mountain tarn. He will bear them higher yet; his voice has attained a more perfect fullness; he has shaken away the encumberments of the understanding. He commits himself to the full heavens of Hope and Promise. See, how he pours his magnetism over the meeting! and every auditor is clairvoyant—in the body, or out of the body, they cannot tell—for the witchery of genius is over them and upon them. Every word now becomes a shaft of light—every sentence a loud clap,—a peal from the tempest of eloquence, announcing the necessary conclusion, until, as the speaker closes, they all start convulsively to their feet; the hall is rent with the loud torrents of expressed admiration. Few of the audience that night will sleep very soundly, or get to sleep very early; it is an opium dream—an enchantment—a kind of fairy land, through which he led them; and these loud trumpet-gales, which rung *Io Pæans* around him, were the

modes of the expression of deep popular sympathy.

Now, we do not say that there is not much fiction in this popular ovation—surely there often is; we do not think it very desirable, that these thunderings and lightnings should play off very often. We doubt how far they have a very healthy influence on the popular mind; they, too, are a kind of mental alcoholic stimuli, not to be taken in too large doses; and, yet, it is most noble, and most right, to give impulses for good, to man! And the crowds, to whom for the most part these exhibitions of eloquence are made, and who flatter the exhibitions, need strong excitement—can only be moved by strong excitement; and we may deplore, therefore, that the kind of eloquence, popular forensic eloquence, which would attract, and fascinate the masses, seldom reaches the pulpit; all there is stately and cold. Rough crayons, which would touch the heart, in their graphic outlines, are forbidden to exhibit there. The anecdote, the allegory, the warm and glowing impulses, these must not be; no, not the crayon, but a heavy antique arras, dim, heavy, waving folds from the halls and temples of old.

We doubt not that to some extent the mission of the platform and the pulpit are different—that the one awakens and begets a life which the other matures. We do not advocate the merging of the pulpit in the platform, but who shall say that

some portion of the life, the force and the fervour of the platform, might not be advantageously introduced into the pulpit? Ah! how is it that spirits warm upon the platform are stricken with coldness and torpidity in the Pulpit? How large a circle of names could we mention of men at once preachers and speakers (if we must draw the distinction between the two). On the platform all nerve and sensibility, all impetuosity, fervour, passion,—imaginative, instructive; their logic all on fire, creating as they spoke “a soul beneath the ribs of death,” all eloquent, lip in its curve, eye in its brilliancy, face in its workings, arm uplifted; body active, every member saying as plainly as possible, I *will* write this on the minds of this people, they *shall* be convinced, this *shall* bind them. And then, in the pulpit, cold and lifeless, the rounded common-place, the formal division, no speculation in the eye, no motion in the arm, no meaning in the lip; all the work done like a task, a talking against time. Why, when we have witnessed such things, we have thought we perceived the pulpit arming the platform against itself.

Yes, the platform is commanding in our day. Look at the men of the platform, there is Euphemos Phono, Esq., M. P., who so eloquent as he? the very Mercury of the rostrum, so graceful; ah! too graceful; oh, much, much, too graceful; yet, surely, whoever would

study a model of perfect Attic taste might study there. And all the physique so corresponding to the mental character—the brilliant hazel eye, the light and though scant yet flowing hair; the tall commanding form, the sunken jaw, and a mouth—alas ! for physiognomy—*not* elegant,—one large enough for half-a-dozen ordinary orators to talk through at once, and a tone of voice clear as a bell, ringing like crystal, once so sweet, so ample, so full of all combinations of brave sounds, although that snuff-box in his hand, even now, while speaking, will reveal to you one reason why not so sweet and so clear now ; and if not so clear as in the old day, when the glories of his eloquence emblazed all England from end to end, still he cannot help that ; let the blame rest upon the deep potations of brandy and water. This is a man to set nations together by the ears—literally by the ears ; and there are few towns where he has not performed such feats. Was Cataline anything like him ? Southampton, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, he has had his full play in them all ; and America, did he not create a tempest in the States ? You listen to him, and wonder by what happy chance it is that words fall so naturally, so easily, so gently into their places ; all the constituents of eloquence do appear to meet in him—the flow of language, not interrupted by too deep a flow of thought, but terrible, and wit caustic and severe, humour,

too, but not so good, because not quite loving enough for its evolvment, and in discussion a very winged and fiery-footed avenger. Jupiter Tonans. Attack him; he might have been cool before, quiet and tame; but now behold him,—no wonder that Brougham held him for his protege if he heard him thus.

A very different character indeed is Jabesh Windbag, the younger, and a very different looking person too; thirty-seven is rather young for a man to have to look back and say “I have been;” but, in truth, he is not what he was in 1840—1850—“Hyperion to a satyr,”—thin, fair, elegant little being, delighting you with volumes of speech,—savouring too much of the lamp, and a lamp, by the way, not over and above well trimmed, and smelling, by the way, rather spermy; and now, instead, a thick, rolling, tumbling, butter-firkin of a man,—far, far too stout for any eloquence; full of humour though—greasy, coarse, unctuous humour; not the humour of Washington Irving, but of Ingoldsby; and when no humour, then commonplace—the exhibition of Wolfert Webber’s Potatoe and Cabbage Garden, warranted to close with a brilliant display of fire-works;—pity it is that, as at other pyrotechnic exhibitions, we see too much of the preparation before the display. Certainly few men have so dug up and turned over the mental soil, the surface soil, of the nation; but he

has done nothing, nothing, to what he ought to have done, with his almost unparalleled popularity. We listen to him astounded, compelled to say—"Be these thy gods, O Israel?" Now, as we listen, while our little friend pants, and puffs, and blows, somewhat like a stranded grampus, we are astonished: we hear some good sense, some rather clever hits, some admirable borrowings from "Punch,"—and be it so, our useful little man, let him him work away, it is not in vain; but why not dig deeper? why not think himself? why not exert his own humour? why not use his own language? Surely it is mysterious—the most prodigious talker in England; it is long since we have been able to suspect him of being guilty either of oratory or eloquence.

Mightier by far than these—so truly great that he ought not to be mentioned with them—is Reausseau Bentham, Esq., M.P., who, years ago, descended from the pulpit to mount the platform,—a man who is wholly devoid of every thing which could possibly add grace to language or delivery; who by his physique would seem to be cut off from the platform; short, very short, and what singular flowing hair, now grizzling from its deep black; and what a curious tone, so affected and penetrating; surely, then, this man shows, too, how much may be done, without the aid of external oratory, in teaching a people; full, brim full, of knowledge of historical and biogra-

phical parallels,—of all ancient saws, and all modern instances,—full to overflowing of language and the power to use it—in climax, in antithesis, in alliteration, in poetry, or in declamation; full of wit, biting wit; full of remembrances from the old dramatists, and Shakspeare almost by heart; full of love for all new good books, poetry, philosophy, politics; every lecture, every speech, heaves like an ocean wave; yet we see that, like the ocean wave, it is not only rich for what it is in itself, but for what it flows over too; and you feel, therefore, while you listen, that it is no effort to him to speak like that; he hangs the wreath of literature around the abstractions of politics, and infuses the genius of poetry into the doctrines of Adam Smith, and John Mill; he does not turn up new truths, but he labours hard to turn the arid wastes of Political Economy and Science into a flower garden.

Or, turning from the little man, to that one somewhat taller, standing by his side, perhaps the most powerful man in England,—calm and modest,—so self-reliant, and yet so open to conviction; so clear, that, when he speaks, we appear to move with him through a path of light; a man all fact, all thought, all vision; the man who never did say—and to whom it appears impossible to say—a word too much; unknown and illiterate to all the graces and arts of speech, unstudied in all the

accomplishments of the tongue ; and yet with what a force of conviction he moves through the intellects of the people ; no man more completely amazes us in this ; how hushed we listen ; yet he tells us only what, it appears to us, we knew before ; and in a manner so rugged and plain, it seems we could have uttered it as well ourselves. Surely it is an occasion for some question, when the most plain speaker in England is also felt to be the most potential, and upon the subject he discusses, the most instructive.

Far, very far, is it from us now to attempt any analysis of the characters of the men of the modern Platform, in succession. The subject is interesting, but it must not keep us. The great features, however, of the Platform, are earnestness and adaptability. The Platform is not superior in genius, in intelligence, in importance to the pulpit ; surely no ! It is superior in objectivity ; it is superior in the distinctness with which it sets before its workers its aim. The Platform has a more workmanlike character than the Pulpit. The Platform commands a nicer adaptation than the Pulpit. Moreover, the Platform is not so exclusive as the Pulpit. For all these reasons, it is now the rival of the Pulpit. The truth is, there are many men travelling to and fro, who nightly talk to hundreds, perhaps to thousands, of persons—who are doing a work which properly devolves on the local teachers of religion to do. The Pulpit has not

the adequacy, which the Platform has by some means attained, to meet the intellectual and moral necessities of the times ; and yet the Pulpit has offered to it the better opportunities. There is nothing done by the one agency which might not be well effected by the other ;—the control of public opinion—coercion of opinion to the side of truth and goodness—the condensation of opinion to a focus of heat and light. If it said that the Platform beholds and contains the meeting and commingling of all classes of religious bodies, it is immediately conceded, and an immense addition of those who belong to no religious class. Let the minister of religion go to them, and gather them ; it is the writer's belief that they will come when spoken to as men. The truth is, there are scarcely any worshippers in all temples, compared with the dense drifts of the population. Why is this ? Is it because ministers have expected these men of low tastes and habits to ascend to their scholarship and refinement ? Even so. But the minister must descend to their illiteracy. Let him convey the catholicity of genius, sympathy, and religion, in a clear and lucid speech. Let him avoid the *theologicæ nucæ* and the *Theologicæ Nugæ*--let him leave behind him the technicalities of theology—speak boldly, plainly, earnestly—speak what he knows, and testify what he feels, and he will not have to complain that, while the Orators upon the Platforms built for Time should

talk to thousands, the orators upon the Platforms of Eternity should only be able to talk to scores.

We will not quit this more introductory and tedious chapter, without a word upon the two distinct characters of the ministry, namely, THE ORATOR AND THE TEACHER: these two are very rarely combined. Why not? The Orator knows his power, and so long as he can bind his auditors by the spell of his speech, of his imagery, of his action, he disregards the remainder. The Teacher knows that he has solid and substantial worth to communicate; he scorns the artificial, has in utter disregard all manner, and thinks only of his ideas, and likes them best in the most unadorned vestments. Ever, of course, the Teacher merits most of our regard; but even his word might be made more weighty, if it were delivered with some regard to the human character of his audience. The Orator, perhaps, in the highest sense, few men can be; but every man, inducted into the office of the ministry, ought to be a Teacher, or he has no business in that office. True enough, indeed, some men are neither orators or teachers; but it is quite cheering to believe that there are, in any circumstances, more teachers than orators. The mere orator—the man of talk—all talk—mere talk—who wastes his whole life upon the pronunciation and utterance of words—this is of all men a most pitiable and useless man. In most instances the moral worth of the talker has been upon a par

with the utility of his profession. For the orator, in the pulpit, we have usually felt an emotion of real pity. Oh, it is terrible, to carry a gibbering Monkey or screaming Parrot to amuse the fleeting fancies of a dying man ; and surely it is still more terrible to approach immortal and perishing souls with the floral tints and gewgaw flowers of rhetoric and elocution. We have marked the studied action, we have noted the upturned eye, we have watched the affected expression of the face, and all told—all told on the senses of the auditors.—They were all felt to be very fine ; but let the young minister remember that all this affectation is hypocrisy. The simulation of feeling, in the pulpit, is horrid sin ; nor, indeed, can it be said to be real Oratory : for obviously it is not a real heart-speaking—it is not life-speaking ; it is only the oratory of the vanity, of the pride, of the ambition, of selfishness. Alas ! the orator has usually been only the actor, frequently in the pulpit, as well as elsewhere ; an automaton—a whispering tube for nobler men—a Roscius,—at the best a Kemble. By himself and alone, the orator is neither poet, or philosopher, or statesman ; he is a speaker, a gatherer, and disposer of words.

We have grown suspicious of Orators, especially since we long ago found that the most frivolous of them secured the most extensive and profound attention. We do not remember that we ever loved an orator, but many are the Teachers we have

loved ; and, perhaps, our objection to oratory as an art, is founded not remotely upon the maintained idea, that the man in public should be a different man to the man in private ; there is a priming of the cannon that it may go off. We question very much, whether any orator has been a great man to his wife, or his valet. Why should this be ? We plead for Nature : let the man be himself ? We plead for Nature : why should he, in order that he may reach men's imaginations and hearts, robe himself in a frigid exclusiveness. He cannot do it, without impairing the healthy functions of his own nature ; he cannot do it, without injuring the moral health of his hearers. The Orator should be great, in virtue of the continued attitude of the soul ; he should not mount a pair of stilts, to excite the wonder of the vulgar. We confess, we have never been able to see, why there should be an elaboration of manner and matter for the pulpit or platform, which would be scorned in the parlour or the drawing-room.

Or, if you like to re-apply the term "Orator," we have no objection to it ; we only beg that it may cease to mean a man upon stilts and crutches. If it mean the man who has acquired, by his more lofty and genial sympathies, the power of speaking to the thousands in public with the same ease, the same familiarity, the same clearness and force, with which he speaks to his friends, by his own fireside—the man, who makes his subject and

- . his thoughts transparent; the man, who can, in virtue of a more simple nature, enter readily into the minds of men. We can, if this be the meaning of the term "orator," have no objection to it, but is it so? This it is for which we plead, for honest rhetoric, for manliness of speech, for plainness, and a determination to make the thought in hand known and felt; to put it in its largest and lowest relations; to set it in the framework of a most simple diction. The secret of all Oratory, in the genuine sense, will be, to be alive to the subject, and dead to self, and this is possible, and when these requisites blend in the speaker, it is needless to say, the Orator and the Teacher are one.

THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

THE Oratory of Independency is a fruitful subject for a Book, it has often been in our thought to write something upon it ; and if the entire literary life is not crushed out of us by this poor book of ours, we may still some day fulfil our designings in that way. The Oratory of Independency is a most suggestive topic, and leads us far back to many points of inquiry, and to many interesting histories. It might then become matter of debate, indeed, how far oratory, in the usual sense of the word, is a fitting thing for use by a Christian ministry at all—how far it forms any part of the method for the publication of the Gospel mission. It would conduct us to names most famous, immortally so, in the annals of preaching—to many worthy sufferers, from the Puritans of old Neal—to many glorious memories from Howe, and Owen, and Doddridge, and Watts, and other great expositors of

the days of old. The oratory of independence would carry us back farther into the night of those old times when Free Speech first arose in the Church. We should transfer our memories back to the times of suffering, when the thrilling voice sounded at night in the lonely room, or upon the moor or heath side, for fear of the persecutors ; and we then might inquire why this independent mode of speech has not only ever been the passage of the stricken and afflicted, but farther, how it has happened that it is only upon such speech that the Religious Life has been nourished, and has grown.

Certainly the Oratory of Independency makes no contemptible figure in the history of human speech ; for in its genuine growth and strength, it is nourished upon the most stirring associations of the human mind ; and always, that it may be successful, it is necessary that such speech should be Free. The great danger presenting itself, and that under which Dissenting Communities suffer in the present day is, that the Freedom of Speech is trammelled by the Tyranny of Opinion. The Pew is frequently a more dreadful foe to free thought than ancient Ecclesiastical Usage and Law. The obvious tyranny may be protested against and set aside, but who can destroy the Vanity and Conceit of the wealthy Pew-holder ? Who has the moral courage sufficient to speak out against the influence exercised by this one wealthy man, to the prejudice of the whole church and congregation ? Still the fact is

obvious ; the pulpit of Nonconformity has always occupied a peculiar and eminent position in the publication of truth to the world ; and, without giving to it more honour than is really its due, it must be admitted to be the pulpit most famous for its average intelligence, eloquence, and zeal—the pulpit exercising most influence upon the neighbourhood around it—the most successful in the maintainment of Doctrinal Christianity, in the spread of civil and religious liberty, and in the demand of an almost Novation-purity in the Ideal of the Christian Life. Not the remotest interest have we in thus speaking ; and, indeed, we may now qualify our eulogium so far as to say, that we doubt whether the oratory and speech of independency is what it was ; it is crystalising into pedantic formality ; it is acquiring, more and more, the elegant diletantism of mind ; it is mistaking more and more the mission of the pulpit.

Do you not think, my friends, that the modern college system has worked badly. All this, we are aware, is debatable matter ; and some two or three of the critics, as they look upon this with indignation (in particular, our friend the Rev. Dr. Stiffquills, the editor of the “ Gospel Humdrum,” and the Rev. Dr. Muggleton, Editor of “ Milk and Water for Christian Babes”), will put a rod in pickle for us ; our moral skin itches with agony in anticipation of the flagellation which those eminent and most sheepish divines will give to us.

But all they can say will not affect our conviction, based upon a personal knowledge of the Independent pulpit in every county in England, that that pulpit is now suffering amazingly in popular estimation, and in general success, because divorcing itself from the most popular sympathies.

All Hail, then, to THE MAN whose aim it is to develop the capabilities of the modern pulpit; who unfolds to us something like a standard by which we may judge of its power! Hail to the man whose readings and thinkings are not stereotyped, and who does not aim to make his Ministrations so! Hail to the Preacher who understands his age, and who steers his course between the profound pedantry of the schoolman and the impulsive vulgarity of common-place excitement; who brings to the pulpit matter which the calm-browed intelligence must respect and pay homage to, invested in a manner which the most popular sympathy can appreciate and understand. Every town in England, and many a village, is ripe for such a ministry, if such a ministry could, by any means, be obtained. Oh, it is painful, it is dreadful to think of the hundreds of thousands of young, active intelligences, all England over, who are in agony and woe—not knowing how to solve the questions of Fronde, or Newman, or Strauss—fascinated by the Ecclecticism of France, or the Pantheism of Germany—enchanted by the eloquence of Theodore Parker, or the cold but perfect beauty

of Fichte—who are saying, from the depths of their souls, “Oh, that one would guide me and teach me;” or who are lifted up in vanity and conceit of intellect, from the belief that no one can do it; the melancholy result of incapable attemptings.

More persons, probably, have heard of THOMAS BINNEY, than have seen him. The King’s Weigh-House is the rendezvous of all the Intelligence of Dissent, visiting the metropolis; and the preacher of the King’s Weigh-House has obtained a fame among the preachers of his age, unique and perfectly remarkable. Mr. Binney is, comparatively, seldom from home; he does not travel much to preach; certainly not so much as many men with but a tithe of his fame; yet he is, perhaps, the most honestly popular of any metropolitan preacher. Although he does not avail himself of clap-trap cries, and “No Popery” riots, to attract people to his chapel, he has maintained a most eminent position in the metropolis—and he is at this moment far more popular than ever—we do not remember that we ever did procure, but once in innumerable visitings, a sitting at the King’s Weigh-House; and every Sabbath morning and evening, every avenue of a chapel, by no means small, is thronged with listeners; the aisles are crowded, forms being placed down the whole length of them; the children’s gallery, vacated by the juveniles, is crowded too, and all attentive and

profoundly silent ; while the preacher shambles and shuffles through the most stately and glorious thoughts,—occasionally with gesticulations and mannerisms the most odd and *outré*. Audiences usually reflect the character of the preacher ; the preacher reflects his audience. There is an analogy very clearly traceable between the heads of preacher and people ; the forehead of the one is the counterpart of the forehead of the other. This is pre-eminently the case with Mr. Binney and his people ; his head literally rises like a castellated cliff ; its proportions are magnificent—the head of a man, however, of whom you would say, —“ He can never be happy ; he can never be active.” Of this we may have an opportunity to say a word presently.

The attendants upon Mr. Binney’s ministry do not, that we know, appear to be more likely for unhappiness than other men in London, while they do indicate an unusual determination to activity ; but this much may be said, as Mr. Binney presents one of the most remarkable heads among the preachers of the metropolis, so his pews show a finer set of heads, more square, intelligent, and nineteenth centuryish, than any other pews perhaps in the kingdom. So it must always be. Did we not say just now that preacher and people are the transcript of each other ; a Pew elevated by intelligence and good sense and piety will indicate also a pulpit ennobled by the same dignified attributes ;

thus also the measure of the intelligence of the Pulpit is the measure of the intelligence of the Pew.

We know then of no preacher who so pre-eminently developes in his pulpit Hortations the tendency of the thinkings and readings of the age. Very often he appears to stand to you midway between the preacher and the lecturer; there is frequently so much of the grotesque; the gospel is presented very often so wholly in its intellectual *rationale*, the acquaintance with books and systems of the modern age is so obvious—there is so much sympathy with the aspirations of the young, their hopes, their intellectual and moral efforts; the allusions to the laws and relations of trade are so numerous; there is such a constant endeavour to maintain the nobility of the commercial character, that nobody can doubt that Mr. Binney is perhaps of all men in England the man best fitted to fill the pulpit which, whatever other denominations may think of it, is, beyond all question, the most attractive and most important in its moral influence in the City of London.

Strange preaching is it too, and strange is the preacher; nor do we think his eccentricity declines and decreases with his years. The truth is, he can say and do anything; his power of thinking is considerably beyond his power of uttering; but his power of Humour is quite equal to his power of Thought, and that which he seems to us fre-

quently too lazy to convey by words, he conveys by a gesture, a look, a wave of the hand, a shrug of the shoulders. He frequently seems to say to the people—"Is it not enough that I look out the thought at you, must I put it into words?" You have the idea during the whole time of his discoursing to you, that he is improvising, that he is thinking while preaching, that ideas are struggling within him for utterance, and frequently he appears to be taken captive by his ideas. Here is the peculiarity of the preacher's mind, his immense ideality compared with his language—language the eye does not reveal, a lambent humour approaching satire, plays round the lids and corners of it, while a tendency to Combativeness gives to his words a point, and power, and vehemence, they could never acquire from the surge and swell of Verbal Eloquence.

What preacher does he remind you most of? Of all English preachers does he resemble any one so closely as SOUTH? He has more heart than South, more sympathy; he has not the venomous and satiric tooth of the old renegade; he has more loftiness of conception, but the points of resemblance between them are manifold. South, from no especial motive that we can learn, passed from Puritanism to Episcopacy; and Binney, after the radical effervescences of his youth, occupies the equivocal position of the head of the Conservative Dissenters. Both of them characterise their dis-

courses largely by wit and humour, and do not disdain to rouse their audiences occasionally by a something more perceptible than a smile. South constantly distilled his best thoughts, even in preaching, into epigrams ; and Binney flings not unfrequently the epigrams out upon his congregation. Both of them also stand confessed as the masters of thought—thought original and striking, amplified by innumerable ideas and illustrations. We could very well imagine Binney giving utterance to such sentences as the following,—the old impotent silver-haired sinner described as “the broken and decrepit sensualist creeping to the devil on all fours ; a wretch so scorned, so despised, and so abandoned by all, that his very vices forsake him.” Of dunces occupying prominent situations, South says—“If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs.” Pride, he defines to have been the devil’s sin, and the devil’s ruin ; and has been ever since the devil’s stratagem, who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw.” Speaking of the human heart, he says—“none knows how much villany lodges in this little retired room.” Now, as we could imagine Mr. Binney uttering any of these things, we could very well conceive South uttering the following—“How the devil must chuckle at his success when he gets a fellow to think himself something won-

derful, because he can dress in scarlet or blue, and have a sword by his side, and a feather in his hat; and when he says to him (and the poor fool believing it)—‘Your hands are far too delicate to be soiled by the counter and the shop;’ and then whispers to himself—‘Keep them for *blood*, human blood. Fifty to one, as Buxton says of Plaistow and the Pope—fifty to one *on the great unknown*; on Brown, Smith, and Jones, or any *one* of them against Cæsar and Napoleon; Woodstreet against Waterloo, the world over.” But the modern South does not print his wit, he utters it and leaves it; and most of his published papers are quite free from that with which his ordinary pulpit services abound; added to which, there is a peculiar mannerism in the preacher—humour, sometimes covert, sly, and glancing, and sometimes bold and open, which are not without their influence upon his popularity.

But humour in the pulpit, we think we hear one of our antique friends exclaim, “Bless me, how exceedingly incorrect—how notoriously improper and wrong—how wholly out of keeping with the character of the time and place—humour, in the pulpit, surely cannot be tolerated by any rightly discriminating congregation.” Ah! Good friends, the writer is quite at issue with you; he thinks—he ventures to think, directly in contradiction to the practice, and very plainly expressed convictions, of the majority of living English

preachers, that wit and humour, duly reined and guided as they will always be by a refined and truly pious mind, may be eminently serviceable in the pulpit, as well as on the platform. They can utter a truth at a stroke or a word, and impress the results of other heavier labours, by a single touch.

Partly in self-defence, and partly in elucidation of our idea, we will remark briefly upon the sacrilegious thing—humour in the pulpit. And what is the first thought which strikes us, this—that geniality and genial teaching, and genial thinking, all come beneath the classification of humour; and all homeliness of speech, and all figures fetched from the undignified concerns of domestic life, and that blunt eloquence and simple pathos, which touches immediately the fountain of tears, all these are the result of humour; for by humour, we mean, the oozing out of our human feelings; and they flow forth in various ways, sometimes illustrating the feelings, and things, and thoughts, which lie within the domain of our home and every day-life; and sometimes, as in Richter, or Shakspear, making these homely feelings æsthetic. And thus again, Preaching of the loftiest kind may be classified beneath two orders, and we have first, the style which mainly gratifies, by its power of rousing our loftiest sentiments; it is, if we may say so, Homeric. The speaker determines to look upon nothing that

may seem to beget a knowledge of the little or the low—he has framed his own conceptions of dignity—he makes his demand upon his auditors, for inflamed feelings,—for a daring of the imagination,—for sympathy with words, suggestive only of vast ideas, this is the style of Bossuet—of Hall—of Chalmers. There is another style of discourse; the Preacher does not speak to you through a trumpet, he does not demand extraordinary sympathy; he does not appeal to the daring and wondering freaks of the imagination; he contents himself with talking to the people; but such a man, from the very ease of his own nature, will have obtained an immense store of thought; he will be easy and at home, from his confidence in his own treasures; he will have accustomed himself to look at every object, in its most moral relations,—and every object, however apparently mean, will have moral relations, and symbols, and significancies;—and the power to perceive this, and to utter the meaning, is the source of all humour, and the source of all practical power in the preacher. All of us have been astonished at the ease with which a man, who had never seen things in any new relationship, who had, perhaps, never beheld them at all in their real relationship; at the ease we say with which such an one could, by an amazing volubility of words, acquire great fame; and the ease again with which men endowed with large powers of

fancy and utterance, could obtain a hold upon their audience. Yet we came to talk to them, and we found them all utterly destitute of any real powers of thought; their minds had never moved out of the ordinary tracks and tram-roads of thinking; in fact, they had never thought for themselves. Now you never met with a humourist, but you met with a Free Thinker, in the best sense

f that word; a man who had looked at things with his own eyes, and not through a pair of spectacles, or a piece of smoked glass; a man to whom things had, therefore, sometimes presented themselves in a ludicrous light: and to what man, thinking at all, do not things present themselves in a ludicrous light occasionally; nay, constantly? The fact that the world is a very solemn world, and that the cup of life is a very bitter sacrament, does not prevent our beholding its infinitely comic character. Laugh! aye, who can avoid it, to see the Devil not only preaching, but believing that he is stronger, better, and wiser than God?—that Evil is really, in the long run, a match for Good, in the universe!—that the worst is best. To behold Folly dancing through the world with Coxcomb on head, and golden bells jingling, merely to proclaim his folly, and to see all men crying “All hail!” and erecting monuments, and statues, and giving testimonials, and delivering orations, to prove that folly is wisdom, and that cap and bells are a crown of righteousness; all this is very solemn, but

it is very ridiculous too. Now, who will enter into the heart of this, to see it, feel it, and expose it? Who can make the ridiculous ridiculous? and show folly to be foolish? Who can lay bare the brazen face of an ancient error, or a fallacy, but the man endowed with the power of humour himself? Humour is the best dissecting knife for folly.

But humour performs another office; it not only dissects error and folly, it presents wisdom in a more lucid form. We see truth most clearly when it is made the most truly human; few people are able to comprehend it when it is merely presented as a naked proposition, as an abstraction, or a generalisation. Here and there, there may be one or another in your congregation, able to follow you, and interested in your very clever and most searching logic; but how often have we told you, that you must not preach to one, or two, but to all; the most abstract mind in your congregation is human, draw it forth from its abstraction, as every thought has to be clothed in words, to be comprehended; as we can grasp no thought without words, cannot even think, without putting what we think into words, so we do best service for truth when we develope its high humanity. And do you not know that *human*, and *humour*, are one! You see that in our idea of humour we have not thought as most people seem only to think, of broad grins, of caricaturing, of loud bois-

terous laughter. Oh, no ; the best humour runs along like quicksilver : it is felt, but it makes no noise. And you may be sure, that wherever there is a man who succeeds in winning unfaltering attention to his speech, while he describes homely scenes and things, or while he makes his pertinent common sense appeals, be sure this man has humour, not the less because he does not cause it to leap and chuckle before you. Very much of the objection to Humour as a Teacher, results from its being very frequently confounded with vulgarity : but vulgarity is coarse and sensual, humour is refined and spiritual ; vulgarity is animal, humour is human. You listen to a man like James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, who has a congregation of from twelve to sixteen hundred persons constantly listening to him ; you hear him Spiritualising a Wheelbarrow—describing his own power in analysing the subterfuges of sin, “ because he was like the old woman, who, having been in the coal-hole, knew where to look for her daughter ; ” likening the Arminian Theology to milk and water, and the Gospel Dispensation to fine old crusted port. Rubbish like this is composed of mingled blasphemy, vulgarity, and absurdity. We say, the man who can be guilty of this, is not enough in earnest to be humoursome ; that is, to have a real perception of the nicer and finer shades which we denominate humour. Such men would do to make a mob of bumpkins laugh at a village fair, but we call him

a humourist, who, like Cervantes, can shatter to pieces an already diseased and dying error ; like Richter, distil from laughter the wisdom of the universe ; or like Chaucer, paint portraits of such true beauty as to last through all time.

We have often wished, while beneath the influence of thoughts like these, that there could be restored to our Modern Pulpit a man like Latimer—the good cheerful old Bishop-Martyr. The homely words and illustrative anecdotes of that most plain and Saxon preacher must have been most legible to the minds listening to him in that day. We do not know any preacher who more truly represents the English mind than Latimer. How the old man pounces upon the thought of the text ! a plain common sense mind—he does not entertain us with refining and elegant speculations—he instantly draws the meaning from the text, and runs over his memory for some tale to point his moral with. Those tales, or rather, anecdotes, are to us not merely illustrations of the Scripture discoursed upon, they are historic pictures—Sir Thomas More, at Goodwin Sands ; Latimer's examination, and the rustling behind the Screen ; the Candle and the Corpse ; the Benefice bought with Apples,—all these, which will be in the recollection of every reader of those sermons, show to us how pertinent and how valuable may, sometimes, be the tale from our own domestic life, and to what im-

portant use it may be turned in the pulpit. The Anecdotes of Latimer now stand midway between Parable and History, and surely might rebuke the foolish prejudice which many entertain against the use of the Anecdote in the Pulpit. Latimer's was a quiet oversoul : he preached out of his fullness ; and, therefore, the delivery of his discourses, as of all such discourses !—must have abounded with pleasantry of characterisation, very delightful to see in imagination even now. We see, clearly enough, how the kind-hearted young King smiled at the happy allusion, and the bluff and sturdy Yeoman shook his head and laughed again, with his “Aye, Aye, my Masters.” The stately Somersets, and Suffolks, and Northumberlands, were compelled to relax their dark, haughty statesmen's brows, and to admire the blunt honesty and plainness of the Kentish farmer's son. The Catholic Priest looked on in dismay, and felt that he was foiled ; that here there was a display of weapons which he had not, and of which he did not, know the use, although he could feel and tremble at their power. For what record have we of any Romanist Preacher, who ever indulged in humour, or descended to the art of teaching by smiles, and by genial, healthy, honest heartedness ; and, herein, we think there is not only an argument for the inhumanity of Romanism, but a ground for suspicion, that we approach to the Romanist coldness, when we, in our popular

discourse, attempt to cut ourselves away from popular sympathies.

To what does all this tend, in the name of all that is prolix and long-winded? says some readers to this, that what was quite right in Latimer, at St. Paul's Cross, is quite right in Thomas Binney, at the King's Weigh-house. You shall not attend there, very frequently, without hearing at some compact and biting saying, or some sly and pat allusion, or some passing personal anecdote, a universal titter over the whole of the congregation. Just such a titter we heard a few weeks since, the last time we had the opportunity of listening to him, when he described a visit he had paid to an Irvingite Chapel; and after an account of the robes and ceremonies, he climaxed the picture by speaking of the Angels as "full-grown boys of five foot four, playing at priests;" "Just Dust and Deity, Dust and Deity, that's what we are," said he, in another Discourse, heard by us some time since.

A great Photographer is Thomas Binney; he can hit you off a picture at a stroke, from that strong humoursome soul of his. We go not one whit too far, in saying that his preaching is composed of some of the best traits of South and Latimer: he has the pertness, the short, swift, lightning-like power, of cleaving down through the very heart of a character, possessed by the first—the power of calling things by their right names; the power of transfixing folly at once, by

single flight from the bow ; but he possesses, also, like the last, the power of painting, of dilating, and diffusing his colours over the canvass ; he can describe, he can narrate ; he has, like the old Bishop, the key to the fountain of tears in his hand : if he is full-minded, like South ; he is full-hearted, like Latimer.

And it is because he is so full-hearted, that his sermons can neither be reported or printed ; if you have not heard him, you do not know him ; for you cannot transfer to the page the expression, the look, the peculiar shrug ; there is no translating these into words. And hence, frequently, it may happen that sermons disappoint us ; we were impatient that they should be printed, and when printed we read with avidity ; but we were disappointed ; we supposed that something had been left out, and so, indeed, much had been left out—the genuflection of the sentence. There are no adequate representations of Mr. Binney's oratorical power ; we notice striking and memorable things, but when they were spoken the whole soul was on fire, with them the fingers spoke ; the mannerism gave grace to the graceful, or force to the forcible sentence. Humour has been described as acted wit, and you cannot describe action. Mr. Binney's humour is subject to no law of elocution, is moulded upon no principle ; the expression of the mind flies into the face or into the fingers immediately. The person who

speaks in humour, may be described as one who holds a perfect telegraph between his body and his mind ; the communication is so complete, that the material instantly obeys the spiritual ; the outer becomes the interpreter of the inner.

Now many of the other characteristics of Mr. Binney, as a preacher, branch out from this one, to which we have alluded above. Geniality of character, whether in the pulpit or elsewhere, is usually associated with strong sympathy with all, especially with the young. Mr. Binney appears to feel upon him a kind of Mission to the Young ; hence his long course of Sermons on Proverbs ; hence it happens that he scarcely preaches a sermon at all in which he does not either allude to the peculiar position of the young, or throw out principles especially adapted to their station in life. And it is young minds which sympathise most with his instructions—young minds, whether they be in old bodies or not—minds that continue true to their great progressive Individuality—minds retaining the bloom, and freshness, and vigour of Inquisitive regard to Truth ; hence the pleasure which every young man feels in reading our Preacher's delineation of Buxton, is greater than that with which he reads the life of Buxton itself by his son ; although that pleasure is one of the most stirring and unalloyed with which we can rise from the perusal of any book. Binney's delineation is more sympathetic with the cha-

racter of his hero ; he sees him more clearly, and grasps him more entirely. Is there a surer evidence of the mental excellence, the growth, the sensibility, and genius of a preacher, than to be able to sympathise with, and (which follows from the former) to carry away the sympathies of the young.

Lord Bacon has somewhere said that the opinions and sympathies of the young men of any present age always represent those of the future. Truly, therefore, the most important work to which we can betake ourselves is the direction of the mind of the young. Our Preacher feels this ; and he appeals to the young, not in the tone of dogmatic superiority ; he speaks with conscious dignity from his place as a Teacher, but he speaks not by the old saws and cramped notions of unintelligent times or men ; he supposes the youths around him to be familiar with the thoughts of the time ; he supposes their hearts to be heaving with aspirations peculiar to their age ; and he flings his whole soul into his speech to them, and aims to be their Captain—their Leader ; to utter to them the inspiring words ; to cheer them to the Battle of Life. We know no other Preacher who so truly preaches to his auditors the reality that *Life is a Battle*, and who presents the warfare in so hearty and glorious a tone ; he never whines sentimentally about the shots that fly over the field ; he does not scent his hearers with rose-

water philanthropies ; he points to the opposing forces, or the ambushed foes—life's temptations, and sorrows, and disappointments, and says, "Up, and at them."

He is eminently Domestic in his preaching ; he does not confine his attentions to Young Men ; he does not suppose that they only have the making of the world. He is the Young Woman's Preacher, too ; he addresses her in no fastidious lack-a-daisycal tone—no affected tones of superiority, or of sentiment ; he talks to her like a brother—the only style in which man should talk to woman at all in public. He makes you smile while he developes to you his notions of Domestic Life ; for Domestic Economy for young women, and Political Economy for young men, are topics upon which he often dilates. By no means does he pursue the ordinary round of preaching ; he is Doctrinal, but he is Practical ;—his subjects are perpetually varying ; imitating the Greatest of Preachers, our Divine Master in this ; He does not confine himself, either, in matter or manner of treatment to the marked path. Acting upon his impression of the power of Woman, in Society, he not only has preached, he has published two discourses :—"The Christian Spinster," and "The Hebrew Wife ;" and we believe he gave a copy of these to all of his congregation who applied for one, and they exhibit the manner and style of his preaching, alike in its quaintness and beauty,

its homely truth, and its striking and pertinent remark.

Speaking of the occupations of the Hebrew Wife, he says—

“Woollen and linen fabrics, however, can be now purchased both cheaper and better than they can be made; and hence the hands of the females of a family are set at liberty for other occupations. The *principle*, however, that I wish you to notice, as running through the whole of the Scriptural picture of domestic industry, is this—*the reality of the work, and the earnestness and decision with which it is attended to*. The woman before us does not choose ‘to eat the bread of idleness.’ She has no idea that she has married a husband to support her in inactivity, or to find money for the payment of those who are to do every thing for her. Her attention to work is not pretence; it is no mere listless amusement;—a sort of elegant idling that means nothing; a constant expenditure of time and labour, material and skill, or what is little better than industrious trifling. She works well and earnestly; ‘she girds her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.’ She rises early; proceeds upon a plan; has the work of the day arranged clearly before her: is never in a hurry—never in a muddle, every thing is done with *quiet force*; her husband and children know nothing of the machinery—have no annoyance

from its din and dust, but all the enjoyment of the silent and steady production of its results. Now, without in the least recommending this woman as a model, *in respect to the actual nature of her employments*, we do beseech you to study the *principle* which underlies them all; and, whatever you have to do—whatever be your work, according to modern customs and habits—see to it that it *is* work, something real, useful and dignified, and do it ‘with all your might.’”

To quote again from this picture of a MODEL WOMAN—

“She does not choose, either, in her more intimate social relationship, to be a play-thing or a toy. She knows better than to fancy that it is the privilege of womanhood to be weak and helpless; to be incapable of doing anything for themselves: to be ignorant of common, domestic duties;—or to be always ill,—or to live on the attentions, and to exact the service, of a previous period. To be delicate and fragile, and to be upheld and sheltered, and to be petted and indulged, as if it were an evil to set foot to the ground or face to the weather, may do all very for a little while; but men get tired of this;—it is not of a piece with the rough task-work they have to attend to in the world; they come to feel that they want, in a wife, something more than can be strung into a song, or set to music;—and something certainly, very different from an ever-

lasting appeal to tenderness and compassion. In the Prose History, and the Real Every-day Battle of life, while there is plenty of the material of true poetry ; this will always be best enjoyed when it is found associated with the ‘sinews of war.’ The Romance will change to the ridiculous or the tragic, if there is not in both the personages of the story an enduring basis of earnest strength. Men need, in a world like our’s, women for their companions, who have good sense and every-day knowledge ;—who have tact and judgment ;—who can manage well ;—can control expense, and make their accounts ‘come right ;’—and though these may seem very unsentimental and unpoetical virtues, they are those on which much of the poetry of life depends,—of that life, at least, which is lived in houses, and is not merely to be found in books. The woman before us knew all this ; and with her strong will and resolute character, firmly pursued what she felt to be the duties of what God had made *her’s*. With all this, however, as we shall see presently, she was a thorough woman ;—soft, feminine, loving, attractive. Her portrait has as much beauty as power. If the bones are iron the flesh is velvet. ‘Honour’ is her clothing, as well as ‘strength.’”

And once again, before we leave this charming and most useful discourse :—

“I think it is the Irish that have the proverb, ‘A man must ask his wife’s permission to be rich.’ This

is true in all cases (and such cases are the most numerous,) in which a competence is to be *saved* not *made*. It is to be admitted, indeed, that many men are very blameable in not making their wives acquainted with their actual circumstances, when these circumstances are seriously affected: there is a great want of moral courage in such cases—a denial of conjugal confidence, and a cruelty and a wrong inflicted on the innocent. When the crisis comes, and the astonished wife wakes up to the reality of ruin, a worse reality than that awaits her; when she discovers, to her dismay, that for months, perhaps years, things had changed, and that she had been suffered to go on all the time, in a style and at an expenditure, which she fully believed were justified by her husband's circumstances, and which she would have been prompt to alter had she been told that they were not. She is perhaps thought of and spoken about in society, as if she had caused, or had helped to accelerate, her husband's misfortune; which misfortune, in some cases, might have been prevented, or would have been diminished, if that husband had done *justice* to his wife's understanding; if he had placed in her that confidence which would have saved him from concealed and solitary suffering before the event, and from self-reproach after its occurrence. The model woman, then, described in the text, is, in respect to her mode of expenditure, and her profitable merchandise, a model as

to a *principle*. She teaches the possibility of combining elegance, comfort, and economy, in the management of a house; the importance of frugal and provident habits along with present appropriate appearances; and the necessity of wives concurring with their husbands, sympathising with their object, and aiding them to achieve it, when they wish and endeavour, like prudent men, to keep preparing for increased expenses, for possible or expected future wants, for the advancement of their children, and the evening of their age. . . . There must be, moreover, the conscientious discharge of maidenly duties. It is the good *daughter* and good *sister*, that may be expected to become the exemplary wife. Those who have failed in one relation, can hardly be expected to be successful in another; while those who have fulfilled first duties, may be confidently counted on for any that succeed. . . . Just views of the greatness of life, and of the serious responsibilities of marriage and maternity, are also important to be invited and cherished, though the young heart may rather, perhaps, ponder than speak of them. In this way, you may depend upon it, the woman before us became what she was. The *basis* of all her matronly excellence, was laid in the virtues and piety of her youth. She looked forward to the fulfilment of the great 'mission' of her sex; prepared for its demands, in some things with conscious intention, though

in respect to others she was *being* prepared for it without this,—by the exercise of faculty for the pleasure it imparted and the cheerful fulfilment of the ordinary duty of the passing day. She had power over herself to reject the unworthy, however plausible; married like a woman of piety and sense; committed herself to a man of honour, goodness, intelligence, and religion; scorning the idea of being fascinated by a spendthrift, a rake, or a fool.”

We have not done with quotations yet; for we wish to present a small gallery of our modern Latimer's homely but real beauties; but now, the reader cannot have noticed these extracts, nor can any one hear the utterer, without being struck with his perfect MANLINESS; we have hinted at it already. His mannerism may be described as one of perfect freedom; he appears to feel his freedom,—and, to a certain extent, he certainly does; yet we can well conceive his nervousness, his irritability, his embarrassment,—all these, however, never interfere with his Manliness! thus he commends himself to us; we have perfect confidence in him; and this is the most indispensable requisite to all true public influence. When will young Preachers learn this lesson?—to be themselves; to talk, not like chattering monkeys, but like men; to inspire their hearers with the belief in their reality; so that whether a stranger, or a friend, sit in the chapel or the church, they may

say,—There, now, that man believes it all; for how, without this, is it possible to produce the impression in favour of the topic spoken upon? If the man before me is only like a stuffed animal—if he has been trimming his delicateness—if he stands before me a made-up thing—his voice, his style, his dress, his subject, all manufactured to take and to tell,—why it is very likely that the very heart of his thought is a manufactured rottenness too. We cannot doubt, for a moment, that if Ministers and Teachers would only be content always to appear *en dishabille*—not endeavouring to lacquer themselves over, and so passing for something so much better than reality—their influence would be transcendently greater.

We have already said that Mr. Binney's manner is short, curt, and plain; and while preaching, he gives you the idea of a man, not merely thinking, as O'Connell said, "upon his legs," but ransacking all the stores of thought, for appropriate phrases and thoughts—a loose carelessness mostly characterises him—he throws out his sentences at you—sometimes he seems to close a paragraph by saying "There now, I do not know that I can say this thing any better"—"There, I believe that's about what I intended to set before you"—"Well, I do not know that I can add anything to this;" or "You must take this and make the best of it; I have done all I can for you."—We should say, that frequently the subject is thoroughly can-

vassed in the preacher's mind, without any very clear knowledge of the precise method of treating it; and thus he often appears to pursue his way, like a man following a stray beam through a cave. He follows it honestly, pertinaciously; he has some idea of the whereabouts to which it will conduct him, but he is uncertain as to every turn; he bends his way round this corner, and now round that—by this crag, and the other pillar, until, at last, he reaches the full beam in the open space; and as with our present preacher, he thinks while he speaks; you see it in that calm deliberative manner; the thumb and finger, pressed together, seem stretched out to lay hold upon the gossamer thread of thought: and then, perhaps, comes a pause of sudden bewilderment. You think your preacher is brought up standing; he throws himself back—stretches himself up to his full height—puts his hand through his hair—and (without meaning anything disrespectful) we may say, gives himself, occasionally, a very scarecrowish appearance; he then fetches a long sigh: altogether he seems to say,—“ Well, well, I wonder where I am now !” and “ Good people, I wonder where I have conducted you to !” People all this time feel that the argument is not finished. The preacher begins again; the light appears more conclusively streaming out of the dimness; how firmly he clutches hold upon the thought now ! His voice is louder, fuller, more triumphant—the

sort of tone in which a man might be supposed to speak, who had wrestled with his mental difficulty, and had overcome.

A characteristic of Mr. Binney's preaching, to which we have incidentally reverted, is his Power of Painting. His soul is filled with poetry of the richest order; he does not, like some Artists, overcolour to conceal the poverty of his conceptions; he does not attempt to atone for the weakness of his Epic by the pomp of his Phraseology; his colours are simple, but they are exquisite; he presents to us gems like those of Anthony Waterloo, or Wilkie, and he frequently gives to us a depth of scenery like that we admire in Cuyp. Yes, yes, he can describe gloriously. He throws in the shades of pathos, and then, he holds all the hearts of his hearers in his hands. And now a summer tint, and the eye recognises it, and the heart resumes its courage; he must have the eye of an artist—keen, detective, discriminative; he does not care about finishing the pictures he holds up; it is sufficient that the likeness is seen. He seldoms dips his pencil in yellow and purple; the gamboge and the chrome do not here, as in many pictures, make the eye ache with their glaring rays. Then he does not crowd many objects together, (another freak with many painters,) to bewilder you with the many, and so prevent your criticisms upon the one. No; but the living picture seen by the audience is reflected to their

eye from its lying warm upon the preacher's heart. Such is the picture of Bethany, and the meeting of Jesus there with his friends.

“Jesus must have rested during the Sabbath, from six o'clock of the preceding evening till six of the day in question, at some little distance from Bethany; or he might start time enough before six o'clock to accomplish ‘a Sabbath day's journey’ before the Sabbath closed. Or, even, as Lord of the Sabbath, and as opposed to a rigid attachment to what was ceremonial, especially when substituted for vital religiousness, he might choose to walk a greater distance than was usual or was tolerated on that day. He arrived, at any rate, at Bethany, as the Sabbath was closing, or soon after it was closed. He was expected—a supper was prepared for him—friends and neighbours were invited to meet him. The day had been one of rest and worship. People would be at leisure. After six o'clock, business might recommence, or any secular pursuit be engaged in. But Simon and Lazarus, and others like minded with them, instead of thinking of the shop or the farm, dedicated the evening to a social entertainment in honour of the Lord. The day that had been passed in quietness and devotion, was to be closed in hospitable and friendly intercourse.

“The little village of Bethany, pleasantly situated on the high road running over the Mount of Olives, some two miles or so from Jerusalem, was

much endeared to Jesus, by his having frequently sojourned there, with a beloved and loving household. Here lived Lazarus, with his two sisters, Martha and Mary. Here, too, Simon, who had been a leper—whom Jesus had miraculously cleansed from his leprosy, even as he had recalled Lazarus from the grave. Other disciples, no doubt, resided in the village and in the immediate vicinity, who were all rejoiced whenever the steps of the Master brought him to their neighbourhood. On the present occasion, he came, it is likely to be, as was his wont, the guest of Lazarus; but the evening meal was to be taken with friends at the house of Simon. It might be larger, and more commodious for the purpose; or in this way, the two friends might have agreed together to divide their attention, and share the honour of receiving Jesus. Martha was busy in preparation and service; Mary was happy in her listening love. It is interesting to notice, in the gospel narratives, how every character, once introduced, retains, throughout, its own identity; and this, often, under very great alterations of circumstances. It was perfectly natural that Martha and Mary should just do what they are here said to have been doing. Martha's occupation is here described, and Mary's we can readily conjecture. The Evangelists are the most simple, the least artificial writers in the world,—their preservation of the harmony and unity of a character, was not

the result of design, but *itself* resulted from their just recording the truth as they knew it.

“As the evening proceeded, the company were startled by a remarkable incident. Mary, after looking at the Master as he lay on the couch, appearing, probably, fatigued and sad, rose up, went behind him, and taking ‘an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very costly,’ ‘very precious,’—‘a pound’s weight,’—she broke the seal that secured it in the vessel, and then ‘poured it on his head,’ and ‘on his feet.’ All present were taken by surprise; and ‘the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.’ It was an act of love, gratitude, respect; it required at the moment a strong impulse,—but it was not merely the result of impulse. The act had been meditated; she had, most probably, saved and husbanded that she might make the purchase; she had ‘kept’ it by her for some time; the fitting opportunity was at length afforded,—and her hoarded treasure, and her hoarded love, were poured out at the same moment, and in the same act.

“*And there were some that had indignation!*” Some of his disciples—his, who was thus honoured—looked on, not only without approval, but with positive displeasure! They *felt* indignant;—then they ‘murmured,’—then, what was ‘within them’ they put into more distinct and articulate speech,—they called it ‘waste,’ (as if anything

could be wasted on *Him* !) and they asked ‘*for what purpose*’ such waste was ? They began to calculate the value of the ointment ; they might, perhaps, exaggerate it ; some thought it might have been sold ‘for much ;’ others fixed on ‘three hundred pence,’ (between £9 and £10) as what it might have fetched ; while Judas asked, ‘why it had not been sold’ for that sum, and ‘given to the poor’ that is, given to *him*,—to him as the keeper of the bag, to whose custody the twelve entrusted their little store ; ‘not that he cared for the poor,’ but ‘because he was a thief,” and thought that from such a sum he could have stolen largely without detection. It is really terrible to think, how the greatest virtue and the greatest villany—the largest and the meanest soul—self-sacrificing love and intense selfishness—ineffable goodness and sordid lust—may come together into nearness and contact in a world like this ! Only think,—*Jesus* and *Judas* in the same room ! But it is so still ; such sorts of contact can yet occur, though not of beings so largely apart. A delicate, loving, pure-minded woman, may have sat in the same public carriage with a murderer or murderess, reeking with blood, and fleeing from justice ! In the same company may be conversing together, eminent piety and secret sin ! Touching each other, in the same pew, in the Church of God, may be one

who is 'simple concerning evil,' and to whom vice has left nothing unrevealed !

“ In spite of her magnanimity and her approving consciousness, Mary was ‘troubled’ by the murmurings that arose around her. But *they* were silenced, and *she* was re-assured by the words of the Master, which were reproof to *them* and approval of *her*. He gave an interpretation of what she had done, *above the meaning of her will*—and rewarded her by a prediction *beyond her feelings of desert*.”

But we have not reverted to Mr. Binney in his sublimer moods, and it may be supposed, if we leave our sketch thus, that he is only the Graphic Painter,—the Humorous Delineator,—the Attractive Preacher. It now remains, then, to be said, that his Imagination and Judgment,—his Vigour of Thought,—are all sublime. His ideas are frequently, not merely original, but they present themselves, sometimes, in the highest regions of Poetic apprehension ; Philosophy robed in Poetry and crowned with Piety ; this is the appropriate description of his powers. Often are the hearers, at the King’s Weigh-House, startled by a lofty Sublimity of Conception, (the Preacher’s great *forte*) by ideas that stand colossal, in fully proportioned lonely grandeur ; he soars aloft with all his singing robes about him, and utters thoughts that remind us of the Sampson Agonistes. On such occasions, like our great Bard, he flings all orna-

ment aside ; he does not condescend to adorn ; he thrills his hearers with the majestic—the awful thought ;—he will not weaken it by tricking it forth in the tinsel of unnecessary words. The architecture of his style, on such occasions, is Florid,—Gothic ;—but, on some occasions, it is ever plain and simple. Some such conceptions meet us in the Funeral Sermon for Algernon Wells. Take as illustrations the following :—

“ Advancing, then, to the third of the four adversaries of man ; Death—the Grave—Sin—and Law. We ask, could God, by power, destroy Sin ? Could he, by a physical act, annihilate *it* ? Could he, which is substantially the same thing, by pure prerogative, pass it by, treating it with indifference, and showing that by Him it was nothing accounted of ? Could he make a Seraph out of a Tiberius, or a Borgia, each retaining his memory and consciousness, as he can make an angel, or archangel out of nothing ? * * * God has the physical power to do many things which yet we say he *cannot* do ; that is, he has the physical power to do wrong ; for right and wrong are not things that he can make for himself, or unmake ; but have an existence distinct from his will, except as that will is the expression of his own eternal and necessary righteousness. He could throw the whole material universe into confusion ; could suspend the laws of all planetary harmony, and dash suns and worlds against each

other, as if all the stars were drunk or mad. But it would not *become* Him to do this, it would not be fitting in *Him*. It would not exalt his character in the view of created intelligences, or be in consistency with what he owed to himself. Therefore, we say, he could not do this ; he could not throw the material universe into disorder. But much less can we conceive it possible, that He should throw the *moral* universe into disorder ! and he would do this, if by physical omnipotence he destroyed sin ; because this would amount to the virtual, or actual destruction of the law,—moral law.”

Again, he says in the same discourse, “ I do not see, indeed, that even as we now are, we should cease to be religious, though we were certain and assured that there was no life to come, provided we believed in a personal God. With a nature like ours, and a world like this, whatever may be thought to have happened to either of them, life appears to me so great a thing—its capacities are so vast, it may be made so beautiful and felicitous, or illustrious and wonderful—it has in it, even with its struggle, and battle, and work, so much that makes it a glory and a joy to have been born, that I do not see that we should cease to worship, to love, and to obey, even if God had *not* destined us to be immortal. We were nothing, and deserved nothing, and He made us *men*—placed us here, with our foot on the earth and our

face to the sky, the lords of the world ; with heads for thought, and hands for action ; capable of comprehending the idea of duty, and of cultivating towards him self-devotion and love ; all things beneath us—the spacious earth, the arena for achievement—nature, the raw material for skill—the successive steps and stages of our being, pregnant with such elements of interest, that the story of a life may be the progress of a poem. Why, to be *a man*, simply a MAN, and nothing more, is so much, that I do not think we should abrogate our manhood and sink into brutes because we were not to become angels.”

And yet one other citation from this fine poem.

“ ‘ *Then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.’ ‘ So let all thine enemies perish.’ Oh Christ ; and ‘ Let them that love thee, be as the sun, when he goeth forth in his might.’ They shall *be* this, for they shall be ‘ sons of light,’ being ‘ children of the resurrection ;’ and ‘ shall shine as the stars, and as the brightness of the firmament, for ever and ever.’ As a wreck may sink in the sea, and the ocean close over it, so that not a vestige of its existence shall remain, nor a ripple on the surface tell that it *was* ; so shall mortality be *swallowed up of* LIFE, —immortal life, life, sinless, god-like, divine. Nor shall there be wanting the voice of rejoicing, as heard at the termination of successful war, for ‘ Death shall be swallowed up IN VICTORY.’ ”

If our memory were as faithful as we could wish it to be, or if we had lying before us Mr. Binney's many separately published discourses, we might cite illustrations more unadorned than these, and more truly representing the statuesque simplicity of many of his ideas. With one extract, however, exhibiting a very different order of eloquence—the highly and yet most simply ornamental—we close our volumes of reference. It is the description of the Psalms, from that gem of a book, “The Service of Song.”

“The songs of Solomon were a thousand and five. But how shall we describe those of the Psalms? Than Solomon's fewer in number, but of higher inspiration, and richer thought. As to their *form*, they include all the varieties of lyric composition; they are of every character as to the nature of their subjects; and of all shades and colours of poetic feeling: but as to their *essence*, they are as a light from heaven, or an oracle from the sanctuary; they discover secrets, Divine and Human; they lay open the Holy of Holies of both God and Man, for they reveal the hidden things belonging to both, as the life of the one is developed in the other. The Psalms are the depositories of the Mysteries, the record of the Struggles, the Wailing when worsted, the Pæans when triumphant, of that life. They are the thousand-voiced heart of the Church, uttering from within—from the secret depths and chambers of her being, her

spiritual consciousness—all that she remembers, experiences, believes ; suffers from sin and the flesh, fears from earth or hell, achieves by heavenly succour, and hopes from God and his Christ. They are for all time. They never can be outgrown. No dispensation, while the world stands and continues what it is, can ever raise us above the reach or the need of them. They describe every spiritual vicissitude ; they speak to all classes of minds ; they command every natural emotion. They are Penitential, Jubilant, Adorative, Deprecatory ; they are Tender, Mournful, Joyous, Majestic ; soft as the descent of dew ; low as the whisper of love ; loud as the voice of thunder ; terrible as the Almightyness of God ! The effect of some of them, in the temple of service, must have been immense. Sung by numbers, carefully ‘instructed,’ and accompanied by those who could play ‘skillfully ;’ arranged in parts, for ‘courses’ and individuals, who answered each other in alternate verse ; various voices, single or combined, being ‘lifted up,’ sometimes in specific and *personal* expression, as the high service deepened and advanced—Priests, Levites, the Monarch, the Multitude—there would be every variety of pleasant movement, and all the forms and forces of sound—Personal recitative ; Individual song ; Dual and Semi-choral Antiphonal response ; burst and swell of Voice and Instruments ; Attenuated cadences ; Apostrophe and Repeat ; united, full,

harmonious combinations ! With such a service, and such psalms, it was natural that the Hebrews should love with enthusiasm, and learn with delight, their national anthems, songs, and melodies ; nor is it surprising that they were known among the Heathen as a people possessed of these treasures of verse, and devoted to their recitation by tongue and harp. Hence it was that their enemies required of them (whether in seriousness or derision it matters not) ‘*the words of a song,*’ and said, ‘Sing us one of the songs of Zion.’”

Thus we have attempted to sketch the portrait, as far as we could from life, of the most distinguished Preacher in England. Melville excels him in the power of inflating the trumpet and blowing a resounding peal ; James Parsons excels him in producing an hysterical impression on his audience ; Cumming excels him in pretty nose-gay-like discourses ; and many excel him in sweetness of modulation ; and almost all excel him in the power to hold a people enchanted with commonplace. But beyond any Popular Preacher in England, Mr. Binney attaches himself faithfully to his age, and attempts, with all his heart and soul, to serve and enlighten it. There is nothing pretty, nothing artificial in his method ; he would appear to have a hydrophobic horror of claptrap ; he has, evidently enough, read Carlyle—we do not mean to imply that he has either borrowed from him, or become baptised into his spirit ; it would

be the most pitiable adulation to compare him with that great teacher, but they have much in common. Do they not—if the parallel ceases here—do they not both carry about with them a sense of fervour? Can any one look upon that face in the King's Weigh-House Pulpit, and not feel that it is the face of one called to suffer more than most men; an intense brooding nature, a soul born in the night-time, and finding its solace and its comfort most during the night. Mr. Binney reads, but he cannot be called a Book Man; there are few good and eminent Books of which he does not know something, and with modern ideas, also, in *Æsthetics*, in *Political Economy*, in *History*, in *Psychology*, he is acquainted. But his preaching derives its value from his own purely mental life; he puts things in new and vivid lights—we are charmed by new relations; he is eminently a thinker and an observer. It is most interesting to note how all that he has said or says is the result of mental revolvment and evolvment, we see the thought gradually untwisting itself, the tangled skein disentangling itself. Sometimes this produces a fastidiousness of speech,—a mental restlessness; he is desirous that you should see it all; he is not content that you should miss a single shade of the delineation, and hence he is often prolix in lingering (impatient as he usually is) over the points of an argument which you do per-

ceive, and relations which you very well understand. The conduct and connection of his discourse is usually—and always when he is thoroughly prepared,—perfect; he condenses and arranges his argumentative force, until it appears to you to resemble not so much the successive in linking of a chain, as the weaving together of plated mail.

Yet one more point, and an essential one, and our sketch is closed. Mr. Binney is the most eccentric of Preachers; innumerable legends float about, descriptive of his manifold oddities; perhaps they are few of them to be wholly believed, perhaps every one of them has some foundation, when it is remembered that he is a man capable of saying anything—at any time—any how. It is said that Dr. Harris—then John Harris, of Epsom,—once invited him to supply a gap in the anniversary services of his chapel, made by the illness of the expected preacher. “But you know, Brother Harris, a man can’t go in this way; to-morrow, you say? I am quite unprepared, you know. No, no; get somebody else.”

“Oh! for that, you know,” rejoined he of Epsom, “any sermon from you will do; preach that sermon you gave to them at ——,”

“Oh, very well, very well; then I’ll come.”

He went, preached, got on very well through two heads of discourse, then stopped, looked down over the pulpit,—“Brother Harris, what was

thirdly?"—and Brother Harris having mentioned thirdly, the preacher was himself again.

A curious incident occurred, some twelve or fourteen years since, illustrative of the peculiar manner of Mr. Binney, when preaching in a chapel near London—delivering a charge to the People, on the Ordination of their Minister, he made some apparently irrelevant remarks upon the Duty of Christian Courtesy in the Temple of God, commenting upon the frequent inattention in allowing persons to stand in a place of worship, when there was room near at hand in the Pews. And he would cite, he said, an instance from his own experience. He was preaching, he said, in a chapel not over crowded, and in one of the aisles of the chapel stood a young woman, apparently not too strong or robust, leaning upon a Pew in which were only two young men—only two young men—and would you believe it, said the preacher, there they sat, and never opened the Pew door for that young woman—there was no occasion for them to vacate their seat, although that might not have been too much in a crowded chapel, had they been gentlemen, and had she been a servant girl—no ; there they sat. How strange the coincidence, continued the Preacher, “it was just such a chapel as this—the aisle was just like yonder aisle—aye it was just this day of the week too, just this day of the month, yes, and this very year—and, and,

in this very place—it is this very night—there is the place—there the aisle—there the Pew.”

It is not long since, at the anniversary of Cheshunt College, upon the moving of one of the ministers beneath him, he said, “There now ! I forget it ! the creaking of that man’s boots has put what I had to say quite out of my mind.” His preaching gives to you the idea of an exceedingly affectionate, and loving, but irritable man ; abstractions seize him before he is aware, and hurry him away—but every thing about him impresses upon you the idea of a self-formed character : tall, and very commanding in his appearance, he seems to stand a head above most of his brethren ; his forehead hangs magnificent and colossal over the shaggy brows ; he is the very type and model of a Northumbrian, of which county he is a native. We do not know that we ever saw a more perfect picture of the Danish man, strongly individual—reflective—bold—and indolent in body, although so energetic in mind—indolent by nature, we are sure, whatever he may be by education. He has often struck us as the very impersonation of some Snorro Sturleston ; certainly the race has preserved itself in him, in all its features. Oh, there is no doubt that his forefathers, ages ago, spoke in the stern old “ Circle of Things,”* convened in the forests of Germany—they launched their vessel as

* The name of the Parliament of old Scandinavia

sea kings, to land upon, and settle on our northern coast—preserved by some strange hap, the identity of blood and race, or at any rate reproduced it again, in this man, that he might grasp a nobler standard than the Black Raven Banner; and gather, by his heroism and chivalry of tongue, not young hearts for the Battle of Races, but brave and lofty spirits, to fight the good fight of faith, in the Battle of Life.

REV. HENRY MELVILLE, B.D.,

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TOWER, ETC., ETC., ETC.

It is as natural and as necessary for London to have some great attraction for the Sabbath—some lion for the Pulpit—as to have attractions of a more worldly nature for the week, and there usually is some one place to which the people stream, at the gates of which you behold scores of carriages and cabs—the haunt of fashion, the place of glittering bibles, and hymn and prayer books, of soft cushions, crimson hangings, and tassels ; there are many requisites which must meet to produce a success so decided as this. The Preacher should be a Conservative—a minister of the Church of England or Scotland, eloquent, floridly so, a commanding and attractive figure, a full and sonorous voice ; he should be anti-Romanist, strongly

attached to the order of things as by law established, a slight spice of eccentricity of opinion or manner, a respectable (all the better if an aristocratic) standing in society. Most of these qualifications have combined in those Preachers who have been the magnets of the metropolis—they met, for the most part, in Edward Irving—they meet in Dr. Cumming and Baptist Noel, they meet in Henry Melville.

Our boyish memories hover round Camden Chapel. Many a time did our own good minister take us tolerably smartly to task for our dereliction from attendance in due propriety upon our own proper service. In truth, Chrysostom Melville—Melville of the Golden tongue—had wonderful power over us in those days; and there are few parts of Camden Chapel where the print of our feet have not been. Sometimes perched aloft in the galleries by the organ—sometimes standing in the aisles—sometimes, near the great Preacher himself, we touched his robes as he swept by us into the Pulpit, and what an honour did we feel that to be! From him we heard the first decided pealings of the awful organ tones of Eloquence; and in the matter of Pulpit Oratory, we know not that we have heard anything transcending them. Our opinion may have altered (at that time we scarcely had what was worth calling such) as to what constitutes the best Pulpit style, but there is no doubt in our minds now that the most

chivalric notes of eloquent thought fell from the lips of Henry Melville. In those days Parsons captivated our feelings—Melville inspired our intellect. All that we can almost conceive of eloquence, short of the absolute height of inspiration, is included in those memories. A voice, not low, but naturally loud and clear, and capable of every varying expression. How deep the pathos and tenderness! tears attested it; now it was like the sobbing of winds among the boughs, like the wail of mourning birds sorrowing for the mate—now the trembling intonations surged and heaved along!—now grief and pity swelled and sank alternately in those rich notes!—and now like the swell of a trumpet the spirit mounted from the domains of Grief: loudly rung the clarion; now martial, now defiant, the words rushed forth, ready armed, gifted, and graced with all the gorgeousness of a quickened and refined sensibility! We have never since so truly heard the pomp of words; sometimes this pomp hovered upon the borders of inflation, but usually their march was like a glittering host, in steel and shining accoutrements, reflecting back the magnificence of the solar beam. Sabbath after Sabbath, on the evening, immense was the audience, and over their ears the words most literally rolled, subduing, melting, appalling. There was, indeed, no appeal to the feelings themselves; the imagery did not hang like foliage upon a stemless tree; it decorated beautifully,

gracefully, gorgeously the porches of Thought. In many of our first feeble ascents up the hill of Intellectual Difficulty we were indebted to this training hand. Henry Melville first taught us to sing—EXCELSIOR.

Drawing the distinction, which we own to be somewhat difficult to draw, between Sermons and Orations—a distinction which yet appears purely arbitrary—the compositions of Melville merit the term Orations. They are not teachings, in the better sense of the word. They abound with ideas; but the ideas are so amplified and illustrated by imaginative diction, that they derive their lustre, frequently more from their setting than from themselves. We have lately wished, in reading, and even in hearing, too, that the thought presented itself in a plainer drapery—it is Rhetorical—the key-note is pitched high, and the torrent flows on, without a breath or a pause. Yes, it must be admitted—you see it now—that there was there too much of the delivery of a composition. How delightful, how glorious, so to speak, is it to see volition in the Pulpit—to believe that the mind is working there—that it, too, is a study—that the Preacher is indeed at home—that he is not the slave of a mechanical formulary of thought—that he can step aside from his previous cogitations, and seize a passing conception or emotion. And is the man who cannot do this—who does not habitually do this—fitted for a Preacher?

Or are we to understand that nothing should be said in the Pulpit that has not been previously written and arranged, mentally, in the paces of the study, and verbally, on paper.

Perhaps Mr. Melville's system is opposed to this ; he invariably reads. His sermons differ in the degree of elaboration, most obviously ; and some indicate but little thought or preparation ; and some lead to the inference that the Preacher is unable to resist those impulses to speak impromptu, which all true Orators know, and which, when felt in all their full intensity, are to him like the very Emotions of high prophetic passion and power, and are to the People an occasion for deep and rapturous enjoyment. Yet this Orator seems to know but little of the play spirit of Schiller. " We are never great," said that great soul, " but when we play ;"—that is, all that is truly great is done easily, simply, naturally ; and, perhaps it may be said, that he who does not his work—any work, in this mood, thinking or speaking, or any other kind of labour, has not yet found the work he should do. Certainly he has not found the way in which he should do it. It is very hard, it is very difficult to disrobe the idols of our first intellectual affections, and it seems to us that it should ever be done reverently and most lovingly. But thus, then, we think we have found the defection of this great Chrysostom—the Play Spirit is wanting—the ease, the grace

of the soul. What is the proper attitude for the Pulpit? What should be the standard of Pulpit Dignity? Is invective and declamation dignified at all? How long can we tolerate them? Pathos and description, that they, too, may be successful, do we not demand that they should do their work for the most part with a stroke—a single flash? This hanging breathless on the lips of Oratory and Eloquence,—startling as it may seem, is it not a very useless and almost inemotional thing? very frequently the true idea is wonder—wonder that the machine should go on at that rate—wonder that the man there should possess the power of pelting us with such a heap of words; and that when the pelting was over, we should feel no soreness—that perhaps not one of them all should hit us. This is very much the character of the Rhetorician; this is ever the fault of tropes and gorgeous diction and rounded periods; they are upon the whole so impressionless, so useless, the man of taste does not need them, the illiterate man does not understand them; while the Christian, be he minister or hearer, must surely regret the time expended in polishing the mere gewgaws of discourse,—in tricking out the real excellence with tinsel. Such artists frequently resemble those who would place a silken cord for the conduction of the electric current, or hang robes over the Venus de Medici, to develop the grace of the proportions.

Far be it from us to assert that this is the case with Henry Melville, but it is the case with all his imitators; and we do assuredly sometimes trace something of it in himself. Possessing, perhaps, no wit, nor much destructiveness, although largely gifted with combativeness, his sentences do not often assume the antithetical form; but no one has attended his ministry without noticing his large propensity to the paradoxical; a latent paradox lies beneath most of his discourses; this often imparts a tone of high interest,—or, rather say, wonder,—to the Preacher's outpourings; indeed the paradox, or the antithesis, is the usual resort of the more artificial style of oratory; and those who are fond of noticing how startlingly often, race represents itself, will not be surprised at the analogy frequently drawn between Dr. Chalmers, from Scotland, and Melville, if we mistake not, from Cornwall. Both represent the Celtic blood, and in both we trace the Celtic style of oratory, tinged, of course, as it could not fail to be, with the warmer and more simple gloss of Saxon feeling. Melville's is a style that has long struck us as peculiarly and eminently French—so perpetually interjectional—so anxious to produce effect—so determined to take you by surprise—so showy, and, may we not say, so meretricious? so dazzling by the glare of words—in every way so ambitious, at the same time so circumambulatory. All these

points remind you of the disciple of BOSSUET; and, like that famous man, he too, in an inferior degree, may be styled philosopher, orator, and poet; we will not say that he possesses either the regal grandeur, the splendid variegation of discourse, or the delicacy of tender sentiment and enunciation, possessed by the eminent French Bishop; but he does yet possess something of all these. Like Bossuet he is fitted for the pomp of great occasions; he can perform his part well before illustrious personages. We could conceive that, with a French audience, he, too, could pronounce, as over the remains of the beloved Maria Theresa, the French preacher pronounced, "*O nuit desastreuse ! Est Madame se meurt. Madame est morte !*" while a whole Court should dissolve in tears around him. We have heard some of these fine touches in our English Bossuet, when preaching before the Duke of Wellington; especially do we remember one, on the disposition to servitude regarded as a test of greatness—"And whosoever is greatest among you, let him be your servant." We well remember how, as the text thrilled forth, every eye turned to the Duke, as if watching the impression of such a commandment: and still more impressive upon our memory, is the sermon preached, before the Duke also, in the Chapel near the ruins of the Tower of London, on the occasion of the fire; standing, where all the havoc and fury of the flames, and the smoul-

dering ashes, could be seen,—amidst a building so consecrated by recollections of the most hoary and ancestral—the invulnerable fortress of stone; the Preacher read forth his text:—"Seeing, then, that all *these* things must be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be?" It was felt that there was a terrible and most appealing propriety between the scenery, and the circumstances, and the words: and those for the Sermon on the destruction of the Royal Exchange, were equally appropriate, though we did not hear that Discourse:—"Alas! alas! that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls! For, in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every ship-master, and all the company in ships and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning."—The genius of the Preacher is frequently as visible in the selection of a text, as in the whole structure of a Discourse.

From all that has been said, it will be believed that the style of Mr. Melville is truly Forensic:—the Logical Formulary is preserved, although it is not often seen—the drapery is too thick for that: but in the perusal of the Discourse we find how completely the Preacher himself is bound to the Dialectic form. This we say is not seen, for the mode is merely Forensic; while the argument lasts, we feel that it is special pleading; nor,

indeed, do we think that many persons would flock to hear Mr. Melville, from his power or precision in analyzing causes, or disposing of arguments; his reasoning has ever struck us as wanting in manliness and honesty. We cannot always disprove his logic, but we seldom feel it. We understand the meaning of that celebrated French criticism of Bossuet, that "he proved Religion, but Fenelon makes us love it." We do not know that we were ever the better for Mr. Melville's ratiocinations; and we fancied that he never appeared very desirous to linger upon the process of argumentations himself;—no! but when he breaks the moorings, and launches forth on the wide fields of Reverie and Rhapsody, who, then, is untouched?—who, then, is unimpressed? Sometimes the whole sermon is thus a sublime effusion, in which all Nature, and all Intelligence, are bowed to the Preacher's bidding: you are dazzled,—blinded, by the coruscations of Genius. The voice of the Preacher, like a trumpet, has bade a boundless theatre of wonders and of splendours open itself to you; he presses his finger upon the charmed lock of Fancy, and troops of wonderfully suggestive words obey his bidding; here he is at home; he revels, like a necromancer, amidst a glittering galaxy of many-coloured images,—all phantasmal,—all producing upon you an impression, like that of stained glass. We feel that that is not the way Nature would

paint, yet we cannot withhold our delight ; the colours are so deep-toned,—so rich, so radiant ;—as we said, there is so deep a pomp of hue ; crimson dyes, deep royal purple :—we are suffused with such radiances as these ; but what we note, is, that our Preacher puts as deep a purple, as gorgeous, and as glowing, and unconcealed, into a beetle's shard, as into a monarch's robe ; and tints the wing of the little bird with a sapphire as bright as that which colours the wing of an archangel.

Mr. Melville has a mind balanced by the sure instincts of an internal Sense, and Genius ; Robert Montgomery may be best described as a mere intellectual dandy ; yet the faults of our favourite's style approach, in some measure, the sins of the poetaster ; a disposition to look at things through the Microscope, and to give that appearance as the natural one : but this fault, it would seem, may find its balance, when objects of more magnificent moment are looked upon. Shall we seem to be like the orator, we describe, attempting only ambitious things, when we say that, on some occasions,

“'Twas e'en as if an angel shook his wings ?”

Seraphic gleamings darted over the Temple, scorning the dull Earth—the pinions seemed glistering far off, amidst distant ranks and troops of

stars ; we could for the time imagine them doing homage to a Superior Intelligence, as he passed along : Over imaginative minds Mr. Melville's sermons have the same wild and extraordinary influence wielded by Martin's Pictures ; the tendency while he rushes rapidly by you is to build any vast and awful forms of grotesque magnificence—to stretch out the eye to far flashing Constellations and Zodiacs distant in space ; to watch the mystic outraying of strange lightnings round colossal thrones and Titan monarchies. This, it may seem, is no very desirable kind of preaching for an inflammable youth ; and Mr. Melville himself is wonderfully tamed now in the brilliancy of his language ; but such as it was in our young days we describe it now ; and then, indeed, all Nature poured around him her tributary streams of imagery. The head, so strangely nodding over every peculiarly inflicted sentence, the rounded period so rapidly turned by the voice, the hand, never raised, but very gently lifted from the pulpit cushion ; anon the head thrown back, and then a very kind, bright, student's eye darting proudly round the gallery as an eagle might survey a campaign or an angel a world ; and then, then ! what a flood of splendour came streaming through our astonished senses ! On such occasions it was as if some kind spirit winged his way to point out to us the Panorama of Creation. It was in those days we made our Festus Journey,

and he was our conductor ; sometimes within the Earth, when horrid forms glared terrible upon us from the granite and the marble ; sometimes on the ocean, fired and bronzed with the kindlings of glory and beauty ; sometimes upon the Earth, till every insect, and every glittering micaceous speck became a radiant letter to our eye ; and sometimes through grim mountain passes, and fearful thunder-clouds, and clear white shafts of lightning, making blue to us the faces of the sheeted dead. It is no wonder that our imagination has played tricks with us ever since, when this was a portion of its Education, is it ?

For instance (although we scarcely know how to cite instances from so many fresh within our recollection) there was that extraordinary blaze of eloquent diction on “ God inhabiting the Praises of Israel.” God dwelling as in a Cathedral built of Praises ! It was a subject very congenial to the Orator ; it was throughout a glowing poem, starting from a rich description of a vast old Minster with its wonderful combinations of wood and stone, looked at as conceptions of the Divine, written thus, as the Orator writes his conceptions in words, and the poet his in verse ; The Preacher walked amidst the forest of pillars listening to the Voice of God in rich symphonies sounding there, even as of old among the trees of the garden. Well do we remember the pictured splendours of the old Cathedral opened like the rich volume of

an old divine, with its long-drawn aisles and dim recesses, its mellowed light, and deepened shadows, its bold and mighty arches ; it was not possible to listen, without noting how stone, the oak, and cedar, work, and curtains rose to the glorious proportions of the magnificent building. And, then, the figure of speech was used to convey the lofty idea, that God dwelt in the Praises of his Creatures,—as in vast and hoar Cathedral Sanctuaries, builded of Praise. Behold the structures !—the noble and brilliant fabrics—reared from the Anthems of unfallen creatures !—dim recesses, where mention was made of the mysteries of the Divine Nature !—a rich roof, wrought out of the melodies which hymn the Goodness of the Universal Parent !—a building, wrought from the Rock of Ages !—its pillars, song on song ;—its aisles—prolonged choruses, domes, and pinnacles, and spires, bearing aloft the truth that God became man that Man might rise to fellowship with God. Then rang over the entranced assembly the Preacher's exclamation,—“ Ah, this is the Cathedral ! a Cathedral beheld by Christ, rising, as he hung on his Cross ;” and even while the speaker, rapidly,—rapidly—poured along a sea of words of mingled Piety and Poetry, describing the long succession of ages, contributing to the wonderful working, the spacious Chapel seemed far too little for Him, and for us, a building rose before the eye, of infinite proportions :—bathed

in the soft sempiternal lustres of the Godhead—glorious with the hues of Infinite Love, and Infinite Light; and swelling aloft into the unseen shrine of Deity.

We have spoken of the inflation, frequently perceptible, in the manner of Preachers; and, in justice to our own Criticism, we must still say so. We might cite from the volumes of Sermons, lying before us, innumerable illustrations; but we content ourselves with one, although that one has been before remarked upon by other Reviewers. It appears, in one of his most brilliant Discourses—one from which we intend selecting a paragraph of a very different character, but sacred, as is the theme, (the Resurrection of Christ,) and great as is our regard for the Preacher, we can only regard it as a piece of the most truly magnificent bathos, and trumpet-toned nonsense, it has ever been our lot to read, or hear. If any apology is needed for presenting it in this volume, it is that it appears now in the Fifth Edition of Mr. Melville's Sermons, published so recently as 1846. Speaking of Jesus, he says:—

“He went down to the grave, in the weakness of Humanity; but at the same time, in the might of Deity: and designing to pour forth a torrent of lustre, on the Life, the everlasting, Life of Man.—Oh! he did not bid the firmament cleave asunder, and the constellations of Eternity shine out in

their majesties, and dazzle, and blind an over-awed Creation. He rose up a moral giant from his grave-clothes; and, proving Death vanquished, in his own stronghold, left the vacant sepulchre as a centre of light to the dwellers on the planet. He took not the Suns and Systems which crowd Immensity in order to form one brilliant Cataract, which, rushing down in its glories, might sweep away Darkness from the benighted race of the Apostate; but He came forth from the tomb masterful and victorious; and the place where He had lain became the focus of the rays of the long hidden truth; and the fragments of his grave-stone were the stars from whence flashed the Immortality of Man."

To our poor minds the taste of this passage is deplorable, and the tone, if we may say so, shockingly irreverent, from its meaninglessness.

But the reader will readily enough gather that this is no ordinary preaching, and that the Sermons of Mr. Melville abound frequently with phrases and discussions of extraordinary beauty, as well as loftiness; for his command over the tender feelings of his audience, is quite equal to his power of descending into the more sublime and darkly shadowed movings of the spirit. How often do his auditors hold back their sobbings, and stifle the tears that the spell of their master's power may not be broken! The same Sermon will frequently abound with both of these evidences of mastery

over the spirit. We can scarce resist the influence to shout out loudly in the Church; if he questioned us—if he interrogated us—we *must* do so; for his is, most eminently, a style of speech, that not only ruffles within you all your deeper feelings, but the manner of the Preacher prevents your following them there. You follow him through all the moods of Language, or of Mind; Reasoning upon the style of this mode of speech, you feel how marvellous its power might be, if it were more bound by some obvious aim; but the impression is like that of a very pleasant song—a glorious piece of music, of many tones and powers—you are dazzled and bewildered by the radiance of speech and images. You wondered at the oracle, but on the whole its utterances were dark sayings.

Before we close, some of our readers will say, “show to us some of the sentences of the Orator;” and we therefore subjoin two or three extracts, and the first shall be from the Sermon to which reference has already been made in The Tower Chapel immediately after the Fire.

“If we come down upon any one amongst yourselves, who may be actually engrossed with worldly objects, and preach to him as it were from the shroud and coffin, we undoubtedly take the course which after all is most efficacious. It is not that we depreciate the excellence of that which he prizes—for this might rouse his indignation, and

lead him to account us ignorant of that against which we declaimed ; but we give him the whole benefit of the supposition that there is real worth in the objects of his pursuit—at least we will not inflame all his prejudices, by entering into debate with him on their being unsatisfying ; we ply him instantly with the fact that “ these things shall be dissolved,” that therefore they are only temporal—temporal in respect to him, whatever they may be in themselves. And, though he might listen with a very languid attention, if we attempted to prove *their* dissolution by referring to some great change which is to pass over the universe, ought he not to hearken with the most excited and interested feelings, when we press him with the circumstance of *his own* dissolution ? We will not argue with the Sensualist, in the midst of the fascinating objects wherein he delights ; we will not argue with the Miser, whilst the gold glitters and sparkles before him ; we will not argue with the Philosopher, as the broad arch of the heavens fixes his study ; but we will argue with them amidst the graves of a church-yard, and our reasoning shall be its inhabitants of all ages and all ranks. Come with us into the sacred enclosure, and there learn feelingly the emphasis of our text. This tomb—it is that of an Opulent Merchant ; he made his thousands—and then could carry nothing away with him of all he had accumulated. Yonder proud marble—it marks

the resting-place of one who attained high rank ; he wore stars and ribbons—and then left them for a winding-sheet. Beneath your feet is the dust of a Voluptuary ; he thought nothing worth living for but pleasure, he took his fill—and was then stript of every power of enjoyment. This stone covers a man of science ; he delighted in searching after knowledge, the planets were his companions, the mysteries of Nature were his pastime ; and having stored his mind with the varied erudition—he was hurried into a world, of which he had gained no intelligence. Tread lightly on *that* turf—something like homage is due even to the dust of what once was lovely and virtuous ; it is the idol of parents over whom that grass grows, and she was all that parent's hearts could wish—a vision of the morning, radiant and formed to shed blessings on all around ; the parents garnered up their souls in her ; she was their all, their idol ; they never seemed to think that she could die ; but the spoiler came, and in a moment they were childless. We need not continue our progress through the melancholy spot ; but will any of you go away from the church-yard, unimpressed with the feeling that all created good can be enjoyed but for a short time, and therefore that it is not the good which should engage the affections of creatures appointed for immortality ? Knowing, as ye must know, that what has happened to those whose epitaphs ye have been reading, must ere

long happen to yourselves, will ye turn to the pursuit of money, or of pleasure, or of science, or of honour, just as though ye had no demonstration that the world passeth away, and the fashion thereof? Will ye not rather, though ye may not have been affected as the vision was before you of the pillars of the universe tottering, and one terrific flame wrapping up the heavens and the earth—will ye not rather withdraw from the sanctuary of the dead, not merely confessing that “all these things shall be dissolved,” but drawing from it in your very hearts the inference, “What manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness !”

Another extract lies before us, illustrating our Preacher’s power of apostrophe, selected from his famous sermon on the tercentenary of the translation of the English Bible :—

“By the memory of the martyrs, by the ashes of confessors, by the dust of a thousand of saints, we conjure you to be staunch in support of your religion ! The spirits of departed worthies who have witnessed a good confession, and sealed it with their blood, bend down, we may think, from their lofty dwelling, and mark our earnestness in defending the faith for which they died ! Oh, if they could hear our voice, should it not tell them that there are yet many in the land emulous of their zeal, and eager to tread in their steps ; ready, if there come a season big with calamity, to gird

themselves for the defence of Protestantism in its last asylum, and to behold in the strength of the living God, a cause which they sustained by their arguments, and cemented by their blood ! Yes, illustrious martyrs, ye died not in vain ! Mighty troop ! there was lit up at your massacre a fire in these realms which is yet unextinguished, and from father to son has the sacred flame been transmitted ; and though in the days of our security this flame may have burnt with a dimmed lustre, yet let the watchman sound the alarm, and many a mountain-top shall be red with the beacon's blaze, and the noble vault of your resting-place grow illumined with the flash ! Repose ye in your deep slumbers, spirits of the martyred dead ! we know something of the worth of a pure gospel, and a free Bible ! We will bind ourselves by the name of Him who liveth and abideth for ever, to preserve unimpaired the privileges bequeathed us, and to impart them in their beauty and fulness to the whole mass of our population ! Protestantism has long enjoyed a season of tranquillity, and its enemies may have mistaken its quietness for deadness. 'As well,' to borrow the simile of an illustrious departed statesman on another occasion, 'might they have thought the ship finally dismantled when they had seen her laid up in ordinary, sleeping on her shadow, with no signs of power. There needs nothing but the news of the invader, and presently would this mighty mass,

resting to all appearance uselessly on the waters, ruffle her swelling plumage, put forth all her beauty and her bravery, awaken her dormant thunder, and walk the waves as though instinct with life.' Thus Protestantism may have seemed to be slumbering, but she has in herself the elements of might. Let only the tidings be heard, that the Philistines are upon her, and again, and suddenly, shall she start at the alarm, and spring into energy; and it shall be proved that she needed nothing but a season of peril, to make her spread her wings and bear down her foes."

And yet one more thrilling extract, from a sermon on the closing year 1837, the evening of December 31st. :—

"Which of you would be inattentive to our exhortation—which of you would go away and be indifferent to religion—if we stood now in this pulpit with a revelation from Him who hath the keys of death, commissioned to make known to every individual in this assembly the exact time he had to live; but at the same time, to show all, that their graves would be dug ere the earth should have walked another circuit round the sun? I open the dark book of fate! Every one fears to look, dreading that he shall see his own name. But we force you to see—we force you to hear—we pronounce your name, and *yours*, and *yours*! None of you shall outlive 1838! Ah, believe this, and we dare to say none

of you shall go down to hell. Is it because we cannot compute the moment—because you can only rebel for a few days, more or less, that you venture to live as though there were no hereafter, no death, or no judgment? Indeed it is. What you would not dare do, if you knew that you *must* die in a *year*, you do without compunction because you only know that you *may* die *to-morrow*.

But, at least, it is evident, that the great thing wanted to make men provide for eternity, is what we have called the practical persuasion that they have but a short time to live. They will not apply their hearts unto wisdom until they are brought to the numbering of their days. And how are you to be brought, my brethren? The most surprising thing in the text is, that it should be in the form of a *prayer*. It is necessary that God should interfere to make men number their days. We call this surprising. What! is there not enough to make us feel our frailty, without an actual supernatural impression? What! are there not lessons enough of that frailty without any new teaching from above? Go into our churchyards—all ages speak to all ranks. Can we need more to prove to us the uncertainty of life? Go into mourning families—and where are they not to be found?—in this it is the old, in that the young, whom death has removed—and is there not eloquence in tears to persuade us that we are mortal? Can it be that in treading every day on the dust of our

fathers, and meeting every day with the funerals of our brethren, we shall not yet be practically taught to number our days, unless God print the truth on our hearts, through some special operation of his Holy Spirit? It is not thus in other things. In other things the frequency of the occurrence makes us expect it. The husbandman does not pray to be made to believe that the seed must be buried and die before it will germinate. This has been the course of the grain of every one else, and where there is so much experience what room is there for prayer? The mariner does not pray to be taught that the needle of his compass points towards the north. The needle of every compass has so pointed since the secret was discovered, and he has not to ask when he is already so sure. The benighted man does not pray to be made to feel that the sun will rise in a few hours. Morning has succeeded to night since the world was made, and why should he ask what he knows too well to doubt? But in none of these things is there greater room for assurance than we have each one for himself, in regard to its being appointed to him once to die. Nevertheless, we must pray to be made to know—to be made to feel—that we are to die, in the face of an experience which is certainly not less than that of the parties to whom we have referred. There is a petition that we may believe, believe as they do: for they act on their belief in the fact, which this

experience incontestibly attests. And we may say of this, that it is amongst the strangest of the strange things that may be affirmed of human nature, that whilst, in regard to inferior concerns, we can carefully avail ourselves of experience, taking care to register its decisions and to deduce from them rules for our guidance—in the mightiest concern of all, we can act as though experience had furnished no evidence, and we were left without matter from which to draw inferences. And, nevertheless, in regard to nothing else is experience so uniform. The grain does not always germinate—but every man dies. The needle does not always point due north—but every man dies. The sun does not cross the horizon in every place in every twenty-four hours—but every man dies. Yet we must pray—pray as for the revelation of a mystery hidden from our gaze—we must pray to be made to know—to be made to believe—that every man dies! For I call it not belief, and our text calls it not belief, in the shortness of life and the certainty of death, which allows men to live without thought of eternity, without anxiety as to the soul, or without an effort to secure to themselves salvation. I call it not belief—no, no, any thing rather than belief. Men are rational beings, beings of forethought, disposed to make provision for what they feel to be inevitable: and if there were not a practical infidelity as to their own

mortality, they could not be practically reckless as to their own safety.

And wherefore does the very circumstance of the text, being in the form of a prayer, confirm us in the feeling that to discourse to you on your frailty, is to discourse to you on what is least likely to fix your attention. All the gloominess, of which we spoke to you in the beginning of the sermon, returns upon us. We feel as though we must have been speaking in vain—as though it were lost time which had been given to reflections on the close of another year. Are we thus numbering our days? Yes—we do all thus number our days. But on what scale, or upon what arithmetic? Let us all be honest, and perhaps we shall all confess that we reckon on living, at least, another year. We expect—we calculate on seeing the close of the twelvemonth which we are just about beginning. Yet I dare pronounce it certain, that we all shall not. So then there is a numbering of our days; but, alas! we so number them that we apply the heart to folly. The young man numbers his days; he computes that there is a good deal of sand yet left in his hour-glass, and it is not necessary to begin to prepare for eternity. Yes—this is numbering our days that we may apply our hearts unto folly. We need no teaching for this; we do this naturally—not even contemplating it probable, but at once reckoning on the certainty. But as for numbering our days

that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom ; for this there must be teaching—supernatural, Divine teaching. The coffin will not teach it ; the open grave will not teach it ; pestilence will not teach it. Thou, O God, and Thou alone, canst make us feel ourselves mortal, that we should live like the immortal ! What an expression is that of St. Paul to the Corinthians—did you ever ponder it ?—“ *Quit you like men* ”—“ QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.” “ Like men ” is all he asks from them—’tis all we ask from you. “ Like men,” immortal beings that perish not in death ; not like brutes, where there is no soul to survive the dissolution appointed. Then only are we acting as men when we act for Eternity.

But we forbear—we have said that exhortation is powerless, and why then plead ? We turn to prayer. Now as the year dies—now as 1837 is just giving in its record of our conduct, we turn to prayer. God of the spirit of all flesh, the young are before Thee ; the old are before Thee ; “ So teach us all to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom ! ”

We fear that our quotations may appear too many. One, however, lies before us, with which we will close these volumes of Sermons. We quote it, the rather, that we heard it, and remember well its powerful influence over the breathless Audience. It is on the Doctrine of the Resurrection.

“One after another is withdrawn from the Church below, and Heaven is gathering into its capacious bosom the company of the Justified. We feel our loss, when those, whose experience qualified them to teach, and whose life was a Sermon to a neighbourhood, are removed to the Church above. But we sorrow not, even as others, which have no hope, ‘as we mark the breaches which Death makes on the right hand, and on the left.’ We may, indeed, think that ‘the Righteous is taken away from the evil to come;’ and that we, ourselves, are left to struggle through approaching days of fear and perplexity. Be it so! We are not alone. He who is the Resurrection and the Life leads us on to the Battle and the Grave.

“‘The Resurrection and the Life;’ these are Thy magnificent titles, Captain of our Salvation! and, therefore, we commit to Thee body and soul; for Thou hast redeemed both, and Thou wilt advance both to the noblest and most splendid of portions. Who quails and shrinks—scared by the despotism of Death? Who amongst you fears the dashings of those cold black waters, which roll between us and the promised land? Men and brethren, grasp your privileges! Men and brethren, Christ Jesus has ‘abolished death.’ Will you, by your faithlessness, throw strength to the dethroned and the destroyed? Yes. ‘The Resurrection and the Life’ ‘abolished Death.’ Ye

must indeed die, and so far Death remains undestroyed. But, if the Terrible be destroyed, when it can no longer terrify,—and if the injurious be destroyed, when it can no longer injure,—if the Enemy be abolished, when it does the work of a friend,—and, if the Tyrant be abolished, when performing the offices of a servant,—if the repulsion be destroyed, when we can welcome it,—and, if the Odious be destroyed, when we can embrace it,—if the quicksand be abolished, when we can walk on it, and sink not,—if the Fire be abolished, when we can pass through it, and be scorched not,—if the Poison be abolished, when we can drink it, and be hurt not; then is Death destroyed!—then is Death abolished, to all who believe on ‘the Resurrection and the Life:’ and the noble Prophecy is fulfilled, (bear witness, ye groups of the ransomed, bending down from your high citadel of triumph). Oh, Death, I will be thy plagues! Oh, Grave, I will be thy destruction!

“‘I heard a voice from heaven’—Oh, for the Angels’ tongue, that words so beautiful might have all their melodiousness—‘saying unto me, write, Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.’ It is yet but a little while, and we shall be delivered from the burden, and the conflict; and, with all those,

who have preceded us in the righteous struggle, enjoy the deep raptures of a Mediator's presence. Then reunited to the friends with whom we took sweet counsel on earth, we shall recount our toil only to heighten our Ecstasy, and call to mind the tug and the din of the war; only that with a more bounding throb, and richer song, we may feel and celebrate the Wonders of Redemption. And when the morning of the first resurrection breaks on this long-disordered and groaning creation, then shall our text be understood in all its majesty, and in all its marvel: and then shall those words—whose syllables mingle so often with the funeral knell, that we are disposed to carve on the cypress tree, rather than on the palm. 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' forms the chorus of that noble Anthem, which those, for whom Christ 'died, and rose, and revived,' shall chaunt as they march from Judgment to Glory."

We are certain these extracts are rather below the average of Mr. Melville's sermons, but they convey an idea of his usual style; they are less ornate than the bulk of his discourses; for over the greater part there hangs the most profuse foliage of the Corinthian style. In Henry Melville we have the very culmination of the fine style of preaching. The points of analogy are many between his sermons and those of Dr. M'All. In Melville we have a lofty conceptive

power; in M'All, a more ample diffusiveness. In Melville we notice the want of rivetting, salient points, land-marks of discourse, milestones, and finger-posts, as reminders and memories upon the road; but this was even much more remarkably the case with Dr. M'All; the torrent of words swept on, language rolled before you like a sea of glass, for his style was much more perfect and transparent than Melville's; but in reading both the one and the other of these men, we find ourselves oppressed with monotonous magnificence—it is a waving tapestry, where Argent and Azure shine, but the figures are dimly visible, if visible at all. Melville does sometimes allow an image to rise before you in full proportion—you have impressed upon you a legible and distinct idea, but M'All never; and both of them fail to present their subjects in a light striking, plain, and lucid.

Upon the whole, what do we want most in Preaching? Even this, that a subject should be placed, not in an atmosphere of sound, but an atmosphere of light. The gift of hearing was conferred, not, we take it, to be a means of confounding the perceptions, and bamboozling the understanding, but as an avenue to the mind, in order that it may see; and so with images, since the world was made, and men began to speak freely, and things acquired a spiritual significance—Symbolism, how few of all the

tropes and figures used have been understood or used to any purpose. Time was when every figure was an analogy, and suggested instantly a prompt resemblance to the matter in hand; but now they are more freakish, and their forms far less definite and obvious than the glasses of a Kaliedescope. Perspicuity of style demands much more than the mere grammatical perspicuity of a sentence; it demands that the whole array of the thought, and the subject, should be marshalled before the hearer's mind. The style of these fine writers is like the setting sun beheld through a mountain mist—all things are confused—everything lies shapeless and undefined; yet you feel a sense of splendour, and you see a shadowing forth of glory; you see enough and feel enough, to lead you to say, "Oh, that the sun were shining clear and bright to-day!"

Fine preaching we say this of Mr. Melville's. And the labour bestowed upon it is said to be immense, during the time that he preached at Camden Chapel, in London. The reports in circulation respecting the solicitude manifested by him during the composition of a discourse, were many and ludicrous. We know that he was quite inaccessible for about eight hours of every day in the week, closely locked, it was said, within his study. He at that time was said to bestow pains upon his discourses, as if instead of being delivered to two thousand persons, they were to be models

for all future ages. We have sometimes doubted this, and are still prepared to believe that they are exaggerators who assure us that at these times he invariably wrote his discourses twice and sometimes three times; after which they were transcribed by his wife, in a clear and legible hand, for the Pulpit. Suppose the case not to be so bad as this, still is it not dreadful thus to misunderstand the intentions of the Gospel Ministry? We do not impugn Mr. Melville's piety, if he did this it was no more than hundreds have done to far less purpose than he. But this vamping up, by whomsoever practised, does seem to be a deplorable mistake, and our belief personally is, that in this, or something like this, we are to look for the real failure of the Modern Ministry. To prowl to and fro in a study for hours and days, searching for the corbels of speech, to fasten upon a word or a sentence, and pop it down because fine and likely to create an effect; the fidgetty anxiety with which the sermon advances, the fastidious rejection of this word and another, the vanity induced by all this, the wonder how it will tell, the rejection of visitors who may desire an interview, where a better word might be spoken. These are the men who surround themselves with a kind of awe-struck wonder; men, who are only seen in the Pulpit to advantage at all; who are everlastingly fearful lest they may have committed themselves by some action rather more human and

friendly than ordinary. And what does this imply ? The belief that the Minister should be another being than the Hearer—that he is holier, wiser, better ; this is the current belief, and it must be said that the people do all they can to encourage the idea. Presently the veil drops ; in company people perhaps find that the Ministry is composed of beings like themselves ; and as all persons dislike to find themselves wrong, especially when they imposed upon themselves, they pour down a torrent of angry maledictions upon the whole race of Ministers ; finding them no better than others, they determine that they must therefore be worse. In all these remarks we intend no invidious allusions to Mr. Melville ; we should judge him to be a most lovely and kindly man. Often, very often, have we seen him during the reading of prayers on the Sabbath evening, open his pew door and beckon in some poor old man or woman standing in the crowded aisles. On such occasions he always shared his prayer-book with the humble worshipper. Little traits of character like these open up to us the whole character ; especially when we see them to be the result of unaffected and spontaneous kindness. No, no ! we mean here nothing more than the discussion of the inflated style of discourse, as a means of Pulpit Instruction ; our remarks must apply not to Henry Melville, but to the Rev. Mr. Pecksniff, for that gentleman is installed Reader and Preacher in many

a Church and Chapel throughout the kingdom ; and, consistently with ourselves and our Book, we turn aside, repeatedly, in the course of our pages, to enter our protest against the Oratory, if that affects the ears more than the perceptions, and gives more colours to Fancy than impulses to Holiness.

DR. EDWARD ANDREWS.

“AND let me beg you to be quick about it, sir, for ministers are soon forgotten !” said Dr. Hamilton to the printer, in his study, as he handed him the last sheets of the *Life of Ely*.

Ah ! it seems wonderful ; and let us hope that to some amongst us at any rate it seems painful, that talent and genius drop from their stations in the Pulpit, and that so few lay it to heart, how soon our most eminent Preachers are forgotten ; for indeed, eloquence of no unusual character has been heard in our own day. Genius has flashed and lightened over entranced and enraptured audiences ; learning, and piety, and diction, rousing and subduing : and now all so hushed and forgotten—forgotten, save by the select and loving few. It is but recently, or it appears but recently, that we heard the voice of HOWELL, of Long Acre, vehement, earnest, and impetuous ; and FLETCHER, of Stepney, so thoughtful, so dignified, and instruc-

tive; and HYATT, of the Tabernacle, so impassioned, and earnest, and impressive. A day or two since, and we listened to the Humour of HILL; to the rusticity of WILKES; to the pious breathings of HARRINGTON EVANS; and WATTS WILKINSON. To the homely and quiet, but beautiful genius of WAUGH; the impetuous and gorgeous CHALMERS; the princely, the illustrious HALL; the erring and yearning IRVING; all gone! BELFRAGE, and HUEGH; so homely and loving: and CRISTMAS EVANS; and JOHN ELIAS; and WILLIAMS, of Wern; all gone! And poor EDWARD PARSONS, well worthy of some pitying tears; and compelling, from his unhonoured grave, our mourning admiration for the classic fullness and elegance of his genius. And ROBERT McALL, the Cicero of Nonconformity—as Hall was the Demosthenes. And THORP, the elder; and, alas! for him, THORP, the younger, too: and THOMAS ROBERTS, all gone!

Gone! Are they gone, who brightly shone
 Oh gloomy, chilly night?
 Now left alone, we deeply moan
 Their much lamented light.
 The Prophets, too! The Prophets, too!
 Why do they cease to cry?
 Will not kind heaven the lamp renew?
 Must, too, the Prophets die?"

Long is the list, and magnificent to revert to:
 these men had all their faults, their eccentricities;

they all of them, too, possessed a broad individuality of character, it strikes us, wonderfully unlike the more modern Minister; they represented a state of Society—or *most* did—more free and unfettered than ours; they had not trimmed themselves down to a “a pale unanimity.” But, whatever the breadth of their mental proportions, they have long since left us; and we only revert to their names as illustrations of the rapidity with which our Eminent Men depart, not only from the world, but from the memory of survivors, too.

Did you know DR. EDWARD ANDREWS, of Walworth? Our boyhood’s Enthusiasm was often called to his costly Temple. Magnificent man! Endowed with all the most eminent attractions of Genius, in a most affluent degree; yet, who now pronounces his name? or, who ever culled the flowers to bind a garland round his headstone? At one period, one of the most Popular Preachers of the Metropolis. His Chapel, (although, perhaps, it would not strike the eye as so splendid now) appeared in its munificence of fancies, extraordinary then;—the stained glass, and the Aaronic and Mosaic figures, the Baptist and St. Paul, in Carving—the rich, loud organ, and the Altar Piece—all this, and the Geometrical Pulpit, gave you, certainly, no idea of the Dissenting Conventicle; and, once, when, indeed, we were little better than a boy, we ventured to doubt the propriety of all this, for our ideas were cast in a mould

of the most simple Puritanism, (Blessings upon our dear and long since sainted instructor,) "God," said the Doctor, "should be worshipped with the best of every thing, my boy:—best Architecture,—best Painting,—best Music,—best Sculpture,—best Poetry,—and best Genius." You may depend upon it it was a settler; and now that we see the sophistry, we are yet more disposed to admit the argument.

And Edward Andrews was endowed with Genius. Like most Men of Genius, like all men of lofty Genius, he held his worth too cheaply; he never could appraise himself at his proper value; there were few things, by all account, he could not do; yet perhaps there was scarce anything he *attempted* to do,—Musician, Painter, Linguist, Philosopher, Poet, he was a wonderfully many-sided man; a Wit and Humourist, he yet illustrated the strange perversity of Humanity, by yielding his faith to the narrow dogmas of the most cold and frigid Hyperism; but the people would crowd to listen to the outshinings of his genius. His was the power that could seize the abstract fact of Science and hold it up replete with the beauties of Poetry, as an illustration for the Pulpit. His Fancy was daringly imitable; Humour he could not altogether restrain, although he reined it and made it most subservient to the purposes of instruction. He blurted his sentences forth after a similar fashion to George Dawson; but then as

they came they gleamed radiant from the mint of Genius, and deep-heartedness, which is, (may we not say ever?) the companion of Genius. Alas! for the quick glancing glory of that grey eye: Tongue, must we hear it? Eye, must we see it no more? Their like we have never found since, and never shall.

All London, at one time, heard of the Eccentricities of Dr. Andrews. He was so perfectly free from Conventionalism—so wholly a child—he did not know that what he did, and said, was strange. It lay upon his mind—what could he do but utter it? We very well remember, one Sabbath morning, after pursuing his way through his discourse, happily, and beautifully—noticing all the particulars beneath the two first heads, he came to a dead stand. “Now, look,” said he, “as I came up those pulpit stairs, I had all the parts of this Sermon well written on my mind; and, now, I cannot call to mind this third Head. Organist! strike up a Symphony, or a Doxology;—it will come—it will come, presently!” and, then, while the organ played, as simple as a child he leaned over the Pulpit, and when the tones ceased, “Yes,” said he, “yes, I have it; how remarkable!” and, instead of giving us the lost Head of Discourse, he branched out into a Dissertation upon the laws of Relative, Suggestion, and Association. He returned to the “Head,” however, afterwards. So the crying of

a child never produced in him any irritability ; He would, sometimes, look at the mother and say, "Poor thing ! Poor thing ! Better take it out—won't be good !—won't be good !" And it was as easy for the Doctor to say sweet, good, bright things, as for a child to pick up shells upon a sea beach ; his mind and heart were full of them.

To any one familiar with both men, he suggests immediately a resemblance to Hartley Coleridge. Exceedingly alike in their personal appearance, the likeness is yet more striking in mind ; their foreheads so similar ; and both covered in just the same way, with the black hair grizzling into grey ; their half-buried, half-lazy, shambling, shuffling, down-looking walk ; their slovenly appearance of dress, their half-wild, yet wholly, gentle manner, when spoken to. Then their sins were very much alike, alas ! and so were their virtues ; both led a lazy life, and both had offers from Frazer, and other eminent Publishers, by which they might have obtained a competence in a year or two. Andrews enjoyed the writing of loose Fragments, like Coleridge's "Marginalia," in any sort of books, and Coleridge might have written the glorious Drama of Andrews, called "Sampson." Both of them loved the Fine Arts, in their own way ;—both were fountains of awful tenderness,—both entranced all companies they entered,—both would stay to kiss a child in the

street, or take it from its mother's arms, and carry it some distance from pure love to it; and both died at the same age, and neither left behind any adequate recollection of Genius or Power. Andrews has gone to forgetfulness, and Hartley is fast hastening on his way thither.

Another name with which we often associate that of Andrews, was Hamilton, of Leeds; but here we give the palm to our friend of London. He was more truly free, although the disciple of so much sterner a creed, or rather the same creed, held in so much sterner relations. Like Hamilton, he has been accused of a barbarous dissonance. Like Hamilton, he could not curb in the pinions of his luxuriant fancy. Like Hamilton, his soul was larger than any sect; but he did not, like Hamilton, perpetually attempt to trim down his soul to the dominions of his sect. Like Hamilton, he bound up his beauties within small sententious circles. Thus, in an oration for a Member of his Church, he closed by saying, "What can I say to describe to you a passage to Heaven so beautiful and gentle as this? What shall I say but that *the spirit passed from the body as music flies from the string.*" Was not this, too, an image worthy of Hartley Coleridge. And sometimes those sentences were laden with gold, and oppressive in their sublimity. In a sermon from the text, "The King's Daughter is all glorious within," he described a recent visit to the House

of Lords, and strikingly told how his eye was fascinated by an illustrious personage, who had borne up the heaving Continent upon his shoulders. "He looked again," said he, "and *the silvery grey of his hair was flecked with the blood dust of the battle shower*—he was not all glorious within." And how striking sometimes was the accompanying action. Once, we remember, the close of a funeral sermon, after a series of remarks of uncommon force and brilliancy, was electrical. The finger was turned to the vacant Seat in the Pew, and he uttered the word "*Absent!*" A second or two only elapsed, and the finger was pointed upwards, and the word "*Present!*" thrilled like a Hymn of Consolation through the Chapel. And the glory of all these things was only the more perceptible, because apparently so unpremeditated. All things said and done, were said and done off hand, and in a tone that might surely appear gruff, but for the music of sensibility, which turned its otherwise harsh cadences to the divinest Harmony; so bluntly he shook out upon his auditors words and allusions which each was a Poem. The mention of some topics seemed instantly to transport him. He could describe with enrapturing fervour the progress of a spirit through future Ages in knowledge and wisdom; he could describe a Cherub winged upon his mission through the infinite spheres. The most Entrancing figures of Earthly association appeared

to crowd upon him ; he felt the difficulty of selection. No man ever revealed more plainly than he, how much more he felt and saw than he was able to utter ; his eye revealed it. The figure and the phrase were beautiful, but from that rough and careless tongue, yet quivering with sensibility, they became overpowering and sublime.

The Sermons of Dr. Andrews are published, but out of print ; and now, doubtless, quite unknown. We shall scarcely apologize for presenting to our readers several Extracts from the volume ; but they give no idea of the hurrying brilliancy which glanced perpetually over these compositions in the course of their delivery. Then, again, these Sermons were wonderfully illuminated by their delivery ; not that the Doctor was an Orator. He spoke wholly without art ; he never sought to inflame, or to enrapture :—in speaking, in fact, he sought to do nothing, but just talked on,—and while talking, it seemed to you as if words and ideas happened to fall, in that strange beauty of combination, almost without volition on the part of the Preacher. He was fond of pictorial words, but in the spoken style of his Discourse, the image was frequently far more continuous and prolonged. The written Sermon has sometimes the appearance of additional finery, which, of course, deducts from real worth. Without any separate introduction, we will take, at random, a few of the

illustrations of the Doctor's thought and eloquence.

"Let us beware of charging God foolishly. The insect that flutters on the surface of a stupendous pile is ill-qualified to survey its proportions, and to offer criticisms upon the wisdom of the architect." * * * *

"Awful, the idea of a World ceasing! Even when a Moth expires on the Microscope of the Naturalist, the Mind becomes pathetically affected—a living being has made its exit from our world, its little heart has ceased to beat—its wings will no longer shine in the sun! But how is this thought aggrandized, when we rise to a city deserted, and sit with Marius on the Ruins of Carthage; or, with Jeremiah, on the wasted Plains of Judea, when the Elders have ceased from the gate, and the young men and the virgins from their music. But, oh! think of a world perishing!—the music of the Spheres;—the Moon's voluptuous lamp;—the Sun's golden flambeaux—all the decorations of Heaven rent, and the mighty business of the World at an end! Then, how dreadful to have to say—'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved;' suns have risen and set; Prophets have harangued; miracles have blazed; the Saviour has died! The Holy Spirit has descended; Conscience has thundered; the world is burnt up;——— and———we are not saved!" * * *

"And what a Hallelujah will that be!—what

a meeting on the banks of the river, when our bliss is secure ! how delightful our first walk in the garden, after the Day of Judgment is over, and we are safely received into the Paradise of Light ! What recollections ! what anticipations ! —glittering Angels and lofty Cherubims gliding by upon fanning wings, making Heaven's odours more delightful, and flinging everlasting fragrance through all the air ;—flowers, bright as stars, and tremulous as a tear ;—trees, whose shadow is illumined with golden fruit ;—fresh swelling cadences from distant harps—and sudden bursts of Chorus from different companies, lost in the whirlpool of Praise. Oh, my soul ! sit down and ponder these things ! and then tell the dull Earth it is unworthy of thy love ! Let Dagon already feel the shaking and fall,—immense and heavy—from his pedestal, never more to be reared. Now let the strain begin, and Night, dark Night, cover all the gemmed vanities that rise between us and the Mount of God ; Strike up, Seraphs ! our hearts beat in unison, and Thy Sacred Name, oh, Jesus, be my song !”

The cold, in temperament—the unideal—cannot tolerate this profuse outpouring of Language. The Preacher was essentially a Poet, and he could only express himself as a Poet. Look at the following :—

“ The Testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of Prophecy,—the Old Testament Saints saw His glory

in the beaming Altar,—in the glittering targets that were hung round the Temple,—in the drop of light that marked the Priest's upward eye, when he devotionally looked to Heaven, and blessed the people,—in the many sounding silver cornets which, with one accord, were uplifted in the sunbeam, and inflated by pious breath. It was the trumpet-march of the Redeemer!—Already—already—they beheld the blood-stained Conqueror from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah: embodied in the field of distant vision they beheld the Man of Sorrows,—the Man of War: His adored Name was written on their hearts, and they rehearsed it from the shields of their immortality.”

Unquestionably much of this appears to be in very redundant,—in very bad taste;—and the mind of Dr. Andrews was truly an undisciplined mind: it was crowded with every sort of learning; and his speech in public and in private abounded with every sort of allusion. Peace to his memory! Looked at now, at some distance of time, it appears to us the most extraordinary Preaching we ever heard. The thought was not profound, nor, perhaps, very original; but the analogies were so numerous and so perfect, and the information was so various and extensive; the eloquence was not of a continued and artificial character: but it was so sharp and sententious, yet so dazzlingly pictorial: and it was the word of so

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hearty a man—so free!—so unaffected, in the Pulpit Ministration! That kindly, genial, sunshiny face smiles on us still; and those words, withal, so humoursome, too!—Dear Spirit,—Kind Teacher,—Hail!—and Farewell!

DR. RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.

“AND let me beg you to be quick about it, sir, for Ministers are soon forgotten.” We have quoted it already ; and he who spoke it is an illustration of the truth of it. Hamilton has passed rapidly out of sight, and from the mind, and from the memory, and his biographer, Dr. Stowell, has done more than any one else to hasten him on to forgetfulness and oblivion ; that rag of a book, the professed memoir of one of the most accomplished men of our age, reminds us of a torn surplice hung over the limbs of a saint of Michael Angelo. It is not enough to say it is a bad biography ; it is not going too far to say it is the very worst biography of an eminent, of a glorious man we ever read or saw, always excepting the memoir of the illustrious Wordsworth by his Nephew. If a biography should be a literary likeness, to preserve to the survivor the lineaments of a beloved Teacher, or to hand

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down to other days a full length picture of distinguished mental worth or moral excellence; who, in the name of all Crayons, Daguerrotypes, Pens, or Pencils whatever, could ever make out from this book, what manner of man Hamilton was? Impossible! You look vaguely around you—you miss everything—you find no features delineated; you have heard of Dr. Hamilton's conversational powers, but no illustration of the lively vivacity, the sparkling wit and humour, are to be found here; you have heard of his scholarship and literary reputation, but you find here nothing that informs you of the books he most loved, of his library; nor do you gather much information touching his general attainments; you can form no idea of him as a Preacher. The work of Stowell is most worthy as a delineation of Hamilton from the fine characterisation of Dr. Harris, which leaves us in profound regret that his pen was not employed in perpetuating the memory of this eminent man.

But enough of the book; only this may be said, that it comes opportunely enough, in the day which has produced the life of Arnold, by Stanley; of John Sterling, by Carlyle and Hare; of Foster, by Rylands; of Buxton, by his Son, and others equally worthy, to show to us that it is yet quite possible to write a very bad biography of a very great man.

Ministers are soon forgotten; but there must be

interest enough felt yet in Hamilton to make some sketch of him interesting ; for his position as a preacher was most unique ; and, perhaps, his power on the platform was greater than in the pulpit ; for there he, unquestionably, felt a larger amount of freedom ; and his was a nature that pre-eminently desired to feel its freedom, and could only in its freedom express itself completely. In the Pulpit he ever felt upon him the weight of office ; to those who had beheld him on the Platform, his thoughts appeared to move in shackles, his manner was constrained, it did not possess that exultant elasticity, which gave to his manner and his speech, at Public-meetings, a wonderful comminglement of sublimity, set off by shafts of wit, of playful humour, and glowing language. But in the Pulpit he was a different man ; and he evidently felt that to be different ground. His fame in his ministrations was most ripe at the period of his death. Dr. Harris says of him, " he was himself a myth ;" so he was, and, for the greater portion of his life, there hung about him a mythical character ; his popularity was great, or rather, his notoriety—he was talked about ; but from earliest days we associated with the name of Hamilton, the vendor of obsolete words, the large purveyor of classical quotations, and allusions ; we thought of him as a quaint retailer of everyday philosophy, bound up, compacted and condensed in the form of aphorisms, or set off and

illuminated by a string of brilliants. We were, about fifteen years of age perhaps, when one of the first performances of Winter Hamilton fell across our path, a young inquiring boy, with a capacity to see funny things and to moralise upon them; that performance was the ill-fated Sermon before the London Missionary Society; a sermon of which it is difficult to pronounce whether it was attended with more woeful consequences in its delivery, or on its publication; certainly a series of dread events awaited in the first, and most emphatic was the doom pronounced upon it in the last event. It was a Mammoth of a sermon, and frightened hosts of those who heard it. The Preacher had intended to deliver it extempore; but failing in this, he had to produce it from the pocket beneath the folds of his gown; this was not easy, nor was it very easy to find the place taking up the thread of his discourse,—the lights were dim, but the Preacher held on for a space of something better than an hour, when, to the utter dismay of his auditors, he uttered the words “and now, after these few preliminary observations, I shall detain you with the following topics of discourse:” at those dread words, our informant (then a student at Hoxton,) declared to us, there was heard a rustling through the mighty host, troops of people left the building, and the discomfited Preacher was under the necessity of curtailing his sermon of many of its fair proportions. But a

lengthy review of this Discourse fell in our way, and to us it seemed so radiant with the hues of fancy and of history, that we ceased not to stir ourselves until it was in our hands. Our trousers' pockets in those days might almost have been dispensed with; our stock of cash was small, we could not buy it; but we borrowed and waded through it, by the aid of Lemprier's Classical and Johnson's English Dictionary. Fact, we assure you; and the Introduction, therefore, must appear rather jocular, in which our Preacher says, that • "the sermon was intended for popular impression. He was determined, though surrounded by learned and eloquent preachers when he delivered it, to sacrifice all pretensions to learning and eloquence himself. He affects not the *concio ad clerum*, his appeal was *ad populum*. His only fear is, that in the attempt to renounce all ornament and to disclaim all effort, he may have fallen into a simplicity too meagre, and contented himself with statements too trite." And yet, surely enough, the discourse abounds with historic, mythic, and classical references, and in its delivery could only weary those who heard it: brilliant as it is, it supposes so much previous knowledge and thought, that it not only completely failed in its object as a popular performance, but received from most Reviews a complete and merciless maltreatment.

The impression produced by these circumstances

upon our mind, was that produced generally throughout the country ; our preacher was regarded as a Pedantic Book-worm, with capacities for wit and eloquence buried beneath a pile of Classical and Etymological brutalities. This was undoubtedly a wrong opinion, but then, our dear Doctor was himself responsible for it ; he could be simple, but it was only at home, and among his own people. Every where else he was attempting, and never, surely, did any Preacher before him, adopt, in his attempts, such a high-sounding Phraseology ; his words were all forty-seven pounders, they were all too big for the sentences they appeared in ; they were large pictures cut down to fit small frames. The organ of language is sometimes the result of large acquaintance with literature, sometimes of strong and irrepressible genius in the use of words. Dr. Hamilton had not the last ; like all men of defective power in verbal expression, he made up the loss by a more complicated mode of expression ; and his language was not Saxon, it was Classical, not that it flowed and arranged itself after the models of antiquity, but that the user would, any time, reject a plain spoken, gruff, independent, Gurth the Saxon, for a polished, bright-spoken Atticus, or Cæsar. We know, indeed, one gentleman, who went to hear him, when his sermon abounded, especially, with these customary Barbarisms of Learning ; and he said, upon his return, that the language was neither

Grecian, or Hebraistic, or French, or Latin, but simply the Hamiltonish Dialect, composed and compounded in a very unusual manner of all these." And the following translation of our beautiful twenty-third Psalm, into what may be called the Hamilton dialect, is very characteristic ; it is not too much to say, that it affords a tolerable specimen of the method in which he not only spoke but thought ; at the same time the implied satire is obvious.

- "Deity is my Pastor, I shall not be indigent.
- He maketh me to recumb on the verdant lawns,
He leadeth me beside the unrippled liquidities ;
He reinstalleth my spirits, and conducteth me in the avenues of rectitude, for the celebrity of his appellations. Unquestionably, though I perambulate the glen of the umbrages of the sepulchral dormitories, I will not be perturbed by appalling catastrophes ; for Thou art present, Thy wand and thy crook insinuate delectation.

"Thou spreadest a refection before me, in the midst of inimical scrutations ; Thou perfumest my locks with odoriferous unguents, my chalice exuberates.

"Indubitably benignity and commiseration shall continue all the diuturnity of my vitality ; and I will eternalize my habitation in the metropolis of Nature ! ! !"

A mode of discourse like this could scarcely be Popular, it sometimes seemed that Dr. Hamilton

could not express himself simply—nay, the more simple the thought, the *less* necessity there would appear for a cumbrous toga, the more certainly did he seek some strange lingual paraphernalia as a channel for its utterance ; it appeared as if he would not come to the point. A friend of ours, the Secretary to a College Committee, wrote to him touching the character of a young man about to be admitted to the College, a member of the Doctor's church ; "How happy," began his reply, "I am, my dear Brother, that you do not inquire of me touching the quadrature of the circle, or the nature of fluxions, but on a matter so simple as this ;" and the letter closed with inquiries whether our friend were still a Teetotaler ; the Doctor averring his determination to adhere to his glass of small beer, "at present the extent of my vinous bibulations." And yet, frequently in private, who so simple as he, until you struck the awakening chord ? although, perhaps, never giving that loose to the reins of his language which characterised his writing and his speaking. We well remember, in the Educational Controversy of some years since, laughing heartily ; some unfortunate grammatical slip of Dr. Vaughan provoked him, in his reply he signed himself "Yours, my dear Doctor, in all bonds, save those of Priscian." He dearly loved of all jokes a classical joke.

The nature of our Book, does not, however, admit of our concerning ourselves so much with

the literary character of the Preacher, and still less with the detail of private character; it is with the Preacher we have to do, and even here how much depends upon our own personal sympathy. Dr. Hamilton never appeared to us as an Orator; his character was rather Bardic; his words did sweep forth as Vatic words: they were too high wrought for ordinary discoursing—too magniloquent and pompous—but this was more marked from the sudden jerking of his sentences. They reminded you of soldiers falling upon each other's ranks; the sentences stood up five foot high, all properly pipe-clayed and polished; they gave to you now the idea of fellows most uncomfortably close together: the word to halt had been given in such a hurry that they had not time to get into their places without inconveniencing each other. And yet we say the character of the matter of those sentences was perfectly Bardic—they stood up like ancient warriors girt for battle, but clothed with Druidic vestments, and crowned with the oaken fillet wreath. The English language has no style like this, it is indeed Barbaric pearl and gold—but it is Barbaric—we muse and wonder, startled and amazed that the reader of Horace and Virgil should ever come to this. He may have admired Tacitus, but the brevity of the Historian could never have induced this style; it is most unnatural, and therefore most inelegant. You cannot escape from the idea haunting you that

there is affectation too ; it struck you in the manner of the Preacher, until the more sobered and quiet delivery of later years, he stood like an impersonated Bodleian Library. We thought we heard the chuckle of the scholar in almost every sentence ; and in our younger days we were wont to call him Bently Hamilton, or Busby Hamilton : Nay, perhaps, to our young imagination, he was a very Porson ; he stood, head slightly inclining over the right shoulder, ruminating his words—big words—some of them large enough for a Red Indian—uncommon words. We needed often to take old Bayley and ask his advice and direction. We knew none such. In those days he seldom spoke without Classical allusions and Horatian quotations, Hellenic derivatives, and Latin proofs. Then, they appeared to fill his mouth, for his enunciation could upon no principle of rhetoric be regarded as graceful ; the words seemed to be pronounced while eating ; there was about them the jaunty appearance too of careless scholarship ; there was pre-eminent ease and self-assurance, but it struck us as if Professor Porson should appear among us dressed as Beau Brummell. We could never escape the idea of Pedantry, and yet, by all accounts, we were somewhat mistaken. His memory so instantly started some significant antique allusion, and he could not forego the pleasure of it. “Give him a gossamer,” says

Harris, "and he would float away on it to infinite space."

In these later days, when judgment had ripened in us, and when, perhaps, Hamilton had dropped, as useless incumbrances, some of the more gaudy of his feathers, he reminded us more completely than any man we have been privileged to see in the Pulpit, of the men of the Old Theology, and the Old Pulpit,—the Theology and the Pulpit of the times of the last Stuarts; and, perhaps, we may mention the first of the Georges;—the man who thought in folios;—whose combinations of words were like heavy armed artillery;—their learning was ponderous;—their attainments immense. They took it as a matter of course that all their audience comprehended Greek, and could read Euclid. As you read their Sermons, the last words you feel disposed to quote, are, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." You feel that the poor had little concern in the matter; "Plutarch's morals," christianised; Plato made the mouthpiece of a higher lore. Their preaching reminds us of those Grecian Philosophers who confined all their teachings to the inner gardens, and never condescended to the Portico, far less to the Market-place. Those men were a kind of Christian Stoic; their times demanded it, and they fulfilled the conditions of their times; their Theology was stern, for they reversed the order of things. They did not attempt to impregne He-

braism with Christian truth, but, contrariwise, they sought to inflame Christian forms with Hebraistic ideas, and sentiments. It was the fault of those times, and of the men of those times, that they had more faith *in*, and a clearer perception *of*, the lightnings illumining the clefts of Sinai, than the blood-drops that trickled over the stones of Calvary. Most tenderly we write it, as we believe it, without any invidious or unkind feeling to the Holy Men long since gone to God ; They preached a Christianity subservient to Hebraism—not a Hebraism subservient to Christianity.—To that Theology. “The veil of the Temple was not rent in twain.” To those men the dispute was vital, “whether in this mountain, or at Jerusalem, men should worship the Father.” Venerating, as we do much in the genius of the Pulpit, of the times to which we refer, we do dis-siderate Catholicity. The Old Testament was more frequently referred to than the New ; and the New was steeped in a light caught rather from the Schools of Greece, than the Divine Paraclete ; and that was an exclusive, and but partially human gleam, like the source from whence it came.

The Mind, and Theology, and style, of mental communication adopted by Hamilton, belonged to the age and school of those men ; to the school of Barrow, and Howe, and Tillotson, and Charnock ; and, in a greater degree, than may be at first

apparent, to Jeremy Taylor. The sweet Catholicity of Taylor's soul, in no way interferes with the generalization we have offered above. Hamilton, in spirit, might have written the "Liberty of Prophesying," and Taylor, the great poem on "Missions." Nothing that Hamilton did, unless we make a solitary exception for the delightful little volume on the Sabbath, the "*Horæ Sabbaticæ*," had a popular stamp upon it, or a popular life within it; all his words are clerkly, all his works are fenced round with a *cheveaux de frize*, of distant etymologies and topics of thought. The last subject upon which we heard him discourse was, "on the Existence of Moral Evil, as a Necessity in the Order of Divine government." It was not an extraordinary occasion; it was a usual Sabbath morning discourse, at his own chapel, from the text, "Shall they prevail by Iniquity?" and it was a reply to some assertions of John Foster, of Festus Bailey, of Milton, and Pope. The order of thought pursued was perfectly abstract and metaphysic, and neither Preacher or people appeared to regard the Sermon as an unusual one, either in topic or method. And upon the preceding occasion, when we stood within the walls of Belgrave Chapel, he was pursuing an argument for the Immortality of the Soul, from the Eastern conception of Transmigration and Metempsychosis—his method of treatment of the text. "The Mystery of Godliness; God mani-

fest in the Flesh ;" which is among his printed discourses, is also an illustration ; we have not read it, but we heard it, and well remember the flood of light which appeared to fall from the text, as the Preacher identified the allusion with the Isiac or Elusinian mysteries, and the meaning of the homage to Ceres or D  met  r, to the mind qualified to receive the instruction of the discourse, was, indeed, rich. Every Sermon contained a large quota of learning and thought ; the mine was full of precious lore ; yet, we do not remember to have heard Dr. Hamilton, upon any occasion, when we did not feel some regret that he did not rather appear to occupy a Chair of Theology, or Moral Philosophy in a University, than fill the office of Pulpit Ministrator. And this feeling did not so much arise from the thought that topics, so full of instruction as these, were beyond the range and reach of Pulpit Effort, but that they were invested with so little popular sympathy in their delivery.

There is a Doctrine which many, both wise and holy men, have held, and which, we believe, more hold than wish to avow it,—the Hindoo Doctrine,—the Doctrine of the Druids,—of the Romish Church,—of many English Clergymen, namely, that of the propriety of reservation in Teaching,—of the fitness of all minds to receive the whole Truth ;—in fact, of an Exoteric, and Esoteric Doctrine ; and, at the risk of shocking some prejudices, and offending some notions of

conscientiousness, we may say, that it appears to us that much may be said in favour of it. Was it not a principle of Christ's Teachings? and, therefore, he spoke to the people in Parables:—"I have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now." What did the Apostle mean by "milk for babes, and meat for men?"—Unquestionably, there are Doctrines underlying all others, absolute, and indispensable. But even those are beheld, by advancing minds and growing experiences, in light wonderfully different to the feeble glimmerings which revealed them to the eye in the first birth of the Soul. As the Soul advances, the Sense of Infinity expands; and Sin, Law, Atonement, Sanctification, are seen to be far more Infinite than at first they appeared to be; but then, this we have especially to guard against, and this is difficult; that our Exoteric Doctrine, and our Esoteric shall not contradict each other, the one must include the other; in fact, the Preacher should talk to his Auditors from the light of a past experience, and use a rude speech,—the language of a land he dwelt in once,—a language he was once compelled to speak, but which he has now relinquished for one more lofty and refined. We may attempt to conceal it; but, it is a fact, that Theological Language, in our country, is very arbitrary: You may use a phrase confessing one meaning to it, but your friend confesses not indeed to another, but to one

much larger, and far more inclusive. This is the state of things. We very much fear that, in some instances, it is even worse than this, that the Doctrine is absolutely disbelieved, while preached ; and, that the reserved Doctrine is a direct negative to the verbal one. This is Sin : but short of this, is it not right to say, " Lead on your pupils by degrees ; they cannot rise at once to you : you did not rise to that place, by a single beat of the wing ; but you can descend to them !" It is the quality of superior Minds that they can run back again through the phases of a former experience, while conducting others on, and up, to the higher regions of Faith. Do not kill the Soul with too much light ;—do not crush the Spirit by forcing too much upon its convictions. You have lived in every Mental Climate, and, now, you have ascended to the clearest, but, remember the days when *your* Faith was also in the fens—when you beheld the things, so bright now, through a misty exhalation—when your prospect was bounded by a low, flat level, and not by distant Prophetic mountain peaks.

Now the impression upon our own mind by the Sermons of Dr. Hamilton, was, that he too held this reservation of Doctrine, and that in its fullest extent. It is difficult to reconcile apparent contradictions ; his admiration was strongly excited by the Men, and the Deeds of Antiquity ; and by the choicest thoughts of the great men of Profane

Literature. The "*Nugæ Literaræ*," and other performances of the same stamp, reveal a kind of mental battle between the narrowness of received opinion, and the fullness of subsequent vision. It is delicate ground, and we would not willingly utter a word which might throw a false colour around the Doctor's memory, but the fact is certain, his Pulpit Discourses present a very different impression of doctrine to his own Literary Life. The terms in which, at the close of the Lectures on "Future Rewards and Punishments," he cuts off the holders of the modern doctrine of the Annihilation of the Souls of the Wicked, from Christianity, from Christian Fellowship, and, by implication, from Salvation, too, are very dreadful. With that Doctrine we have no sympathy—emphatically none,—but that condemnation appeared to us to have no Scripture warrant, and to partake of a spirit which only caused us to mourn for its association with so much that we honoured and esteemed. But Hamilton's character was two-fold ; the man in the Pulpit was not the man in the Lecture Hall : you could not but feel, (it was certainly the case with the writer) that he perpetually aimed to contract his views to a limited standard of thinking, that the horizon of his vision was larger than that of his congregation ; but that he dreaded lest it should seem so. Something of this is admirably expressed by Alfred Morris, in his funeral sermon for him.—"He might possibly

have been improved, had the generosity of his General Literature more copiously baptized his Doctrinal Conceptions." Thus we have two men ; we have the broad and catholic understanding freely expatiating through all the fields of truth : and we have the more narrowed and contracted apologist for creeds : and here, we confess, there has appeared to us the weakness of Dr. Hamilton ; his religious attainments, and his ministerial character, did not enclose his Literary and his Lectoral character—the one looked askance at the other : We have thought of him as we have seen Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy—his Literature was something apart from his Religion. Passionately attached as he was to the pursuits of Literature, he appeared half ashamed of them in connection with his religious life and character ; and thus there was imparted to that character an apparent inconsistency ; and to his Theology an apparent harshness, very unlike his own more soft and genial spirit.

We are perfectly aware what a wide topic this is for discussion, and that there must be two views upon the matter, arising from views utterly different, upon the nature and design of the Ministry. In our conception of the matter, without bating a jot of our hearty faith in the great fundamental doctrines of the Christian Theology, it appears to us that all that can be done to refine

the tone of the popular taste—to elevate the ideas and conceptions of men—to enlarge and widen the foundations of their understandings—to fit them for the perfect Law of Liberty—all that can be done by Ancient or Modern Poetry—all that can be done from Literary Lecture Halls, or the Political Hustings—all that can be done by Criticism or Eloquence, it is within the sphere of the Christian Minister to do. If he possess energy sufficient to attend to half a dozen duties instead of one duty, he is fully justified in attending to the half dozen, if he brings the proper spirit, the mind of intelligence, and piety, and love, to his duties—let him fear no charge of inconsistency. The lazy and the illiterate will say otherwise; they will shake their cap and bells, and bray, but the men of a similar spirit to himself will hail him on, and he will feel that, while his views of Humanity widen, and his experience enlarges, his conception of the meaning of Christianity, its grandeur and its necessity widen too.

Now, it appeared to us that Dr. Hamilton did not feel this, and it may also be said, perhaps, that very few Ministers do feel it. The ministerial duties are looked upon, for the most part, as merely sectional and hortative. They are not regarded, ministers do not regard themselves, as the guides and directors of general opinion. Politics, Morals, and Literature are not looked upon as parts of Religion, as tributary streams to

the great ocean of Religion. The Minister of Religion is set apart to the maintainance of his creed, to the perpetuation of a round of observances, to the conquest of impulses in himself, and to the deprecation of them in others. For the most part, he is the Soldier hired to fight against Individualism, in life and in thought. If he be, therefore, a man of large intelligence, he is frequently placed in collision with contending ideas of duty, and it not unfrequently happens that the Universal and Catholic is compelled to yield to the Local and Sectarian. With a very deep and hearty respect for this truly glorious man, we must say we are compelled to seek for the cause of Hamilton's inadequate sympathy in some principles like these ; or could it be that the intellect was so much more generous than the heart ?

We have already intimated our opinion that Dr. Hamilton bears some resemblance to JEREMY TAYLOR. To no one else, certainly, can we look, as the Taylor, of Nonconformity ; for, in the sublimity of his conceptions, he was often equal to Howe ; while, in the play of fancy, and in the ready grasp of all learning, he possessed aptitudes which we do not find in that illustrious man.—Those readers, familiar with Taylor's "Contemplations on the State of Man," cannot fail to institute a sort of Plutarchian parallel between the two Writers. We notice the same severity of Sentiment, frequently exaggerated,—the same

profusion of Imagery, the same love for Classical allusion ; although, with Hamilton, it seldom went beyond allusion, while, with Taylor, it was very frequently Illustration : the same disposition to use an obsolete phraseology. Then, who does not recognise the same affluence of trope and figure. Poetry, of the highest order, in Taylor, flowing, like a river, through the Discourse—in Hamilton, sparkling like torchlight reflected in the stalactical structures of a cavern, or the angles of crystals of some hoary rocks : this is the great difference between them. The style of Taylor was ovaler ; that of Hamilton was angular : the one measured, and steady, and equable ; the other sharp, hurried, pointed, broken. Taylor's style shone and reflected back forms and figures, like a mirror ; in Hamilton the same mirror was shivered into a thousand fragments. May we say, that it usually reminded us of a workman, capable of great things, frittering his time upon little things,) what Johnson says of Milton's "Sonnets," "carving heads upon cherry-stones." All that he did was fragmentary ; the curious Criticism and Scholarship of the *Nugæ Literaræ*—the magnificent Pindarics of the "Essay on Missions," the comprehensive arguments of the "Essay on Education,"—of all his Books, that which has the most practical relation to the times, since, in it, he may be said to close the argument touching the parties responsible for Popular Edu-

cation, :—still all appears to be fragmentary.—Sermons and Orations only impress us the more with the idea of the immense resources of a Mind never taxed to its utmost; we exclaim, after reading,—“ Oh, that there had been given to him some great suggestion,—some all-involving idea,—some master-thought, which might have absorbed his powers,—have made a more ample drain upon his scholarship, his eloquence, and his arrangement of plan !”

If we refer to the sermons of the Preacher, that to which we should be most disposed to look for illustrations of his method and his power would perhaps be the Bicentennial Sermon at Stepney Meeting House. “The influence of the Pious upon the Age in which they live.” How it may have affected those before whom it was delivered, we have no opportunity of forming a judgment, but truly to those capable of feeling the impressions descending from a lofty spiritual ancestry, the influence must have been most potent and stirring; there is in truth little of what we include in the idea of a sermon here, little of Exposition, little of the Imitative; it is the Didactic of Sectarian History, and if the mode of the Sermon had been cast aside, it might have been mentioned as no unworthy companion to Macaulay’s “Essay on Milton.” He took the Lollards, the Puritans, and the Nonconformists, as Types of Classes of Religious Reformers; but

omitting the reference to the interior portion of the Discourse, our readers shall read the Exordium and the Peroration, for both, and especially the last, are eminently illustrative of that broken, knotted, and ragged style in which he delighted to indulge.

“AND ‘one generation passeth away and another cometh.’ There is nothing constant but vicissitude. Nothing abides but the great law of change. It is with melancholy reflections that we mark those ancient convulsions of our planet, in which whole races of the inferior animals, once inhabitants of it, have perished, leaving but their frail shell or huge skeleton behind, embalmed as in their very destruction. But how far more sad and solemn is the thought, that entire successions of our fellow-men, at numerous given points of time, have been swept into the dark recesses of the earth, and have been reconverted into its dust. They lie not in the integrity and the inviolate security of such lower tribes ; in majestic chambers, in the sarcophagus of deep hid, incorrodible alabaster and marble. Our graves are not built like theirs, of the everlasting rocks. Our forms do not retain the impression of our habits, and proclaim the history of our lives, from untold ages. Man, in comparison, quickly sees corruption ; yet, though his physical relics do not survive—though the granite and porphyry rest not as tombstone over his remains,—though he asks but a

little Earth, and that almost upon the surface of his dwelling-place, he leaves memorials which attest his superior greatness. Other creatures have perished, and some of their kinds have not been renewed. But the human being lives on, however his generations disappear. Still every one in those generations has found his time to die, and his place of rest. This is an overwhelming meditation! When we wander among the ruins of olden cities,—when the excavation brings to light the traces of their life and the arts of their invention,—what a lesson does their present silence teach. What a dread sensation strikes from their depopulated solitude! Here the Craftsman plied his toil! Here the Sage pursued his abstraction! Here the Merchant accumulated his wealth! Here the Noble paraded his pomp! Here rose the clamour and swarmed the multitude of the undistinguished masses, in their meanest conditions and humblest homes! Where are they all? the once busy, crowding, actors, of this deserted scene! And this is but a contracted field for observation. It is only a small specimen and instance. Ye who ever saw the sun, who ever lived on earth, who ever breathed this vital air; Ye mighty men of old, men of renown,—Ye nations, which have not bequeathed a name,—Ye kingdoms, which have not retained a shadow,—Ye buried hosts, Ye vassals of oppression and victims of cruelty,—who can court your throng and

conceive your number? Ye are to us unknown and unnoted as the exhaled dew drops of the morning, as autumn's fallen and withered leaves:"

And the following is the Peroration of the same Discourse.

"You are surrounded by holy dust. Ye are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses. Others have laboured, and ye have entered into their labours. The heir-loom is only in your keeping. Yours is but a trust. Remember them who have borne rule over you. Live in the past. Revolve your period. Live in the Future. Renew your youth. Forecast your age. Shame not your fathers. Rob not your children. Centuries this day speak to you with their awful voice. They open to you their dread remains. Their shadow now revolves upon your dial! They find an index and circle in the legend of your history! Learn from them how short your individual time is, and how frail you are. Make your own day and generation memorable. Weave a bright link between the Century which now closes, and that which now begins. Let that new age find more earnestness in the past. Arouse every energy. Grapple every difficulty. Let the mantle of your fathers rest upon you. Be baptized in the room, and instead of the dead. Coeval as you have been with strait and with danger, so shall you be coeval with fullness and triumph. Though former ages rose around you as dark and stormy billows,

the future shall glide at your side as the soft swells of a summer sea."

In some of the Sermons of the Doctor, it would seem as if nothing could add to the brilliancy of the effect, produced by the combination of images; and contrary to Rhetorical rule, and usual custom, he sometimes was in the habit of placing the most dazzling array of fancy in the very foreground of his Discourse. Many of our readers must be familiar with his Exordium to the Sermon on the Last Judgment.

"Suffer me to relieve emotions, which the recital of words like these cannot fail to raise, by an allusion to a well-known fact.

"When Massillon pronounced one of those discourses which have placed him in the first class of orators, he found himself surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The temple was not only hung with sable, but shadowed with darkness, save the few twinkling lights of the altar. The beauty and the chivalry of the land were spread out before him. The censers threw forth their fumes of incense, mounting in wreaths to the gilded dome. There sat majesty clothed in sackcloth and sunk in grief. All felt in common, and as one. It was a breathless suspense. Not a sound stole upon the awful stillness. The master of mighty eloquence arose. His hands were folded on his breast. His eyes were lifted to heaven. Utterance

seemed denied him. He stood abstracted and lost. At length his fixed look unbent; it hurried over the scene, where every pomp was mingled and every trophy strewn. It found no resting-place for itself amidst all that idle parade and all that mocking vanity. Again it settled; it had fastened on the *bier*, glittering with escutcheons and veiled with plumes. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man 'at his best estate,' of the meanness of the highest human grandeur, now made plain in the spectacle of that hearsed mortal, overcame him. His eye once more closed; his action was suspended; and, in a scarcely audible whisper, he broke the long-drawn pause—'*There is nothing great but God.*'

"It would be in vain for me to attempt his power of impression; but it may not be wrong to covet his depth of feeling. And while these words are yet vibrating on your ears, and are harrowing up your souls, I take the abrupt and sublimely affecting sentence and mould it to the present theme,—*There is nothing solemn but Judgment.*

"The thunder-storm is solemn: when the lightnings, 'as arrows, shoot abroad;' when the peals startle up the nations; when the dread artillery rushes along the sky. But what is that to the far-resounding crash, louder than the roar and bellow of ten thousand thunders, which shall

pierce to the deepest charnels, and which all the dead shall hear ?

“ The sea-tempest is solemn : when those huge billows lift up their crests ; when mighty armaments are wrecked by their fury ; broken as the foam, scattered as the spray. But what is that to the commotion of the deep, when ‘ its proud waves ’ shall no more ‘ be stayed,’ its ancient barriers no more be observed, the great channels be emptied, and every abyss be dry ?

“ The earthquake is solemn : when without a warning cities totter, and kingdoms rend, and islands flee away. But what is it to that tremor, which shall convulse our globe, dissolving every law of attraction, untying every principle of aggregation, heaving all into chaos and heaping all into ruin ?

“ The volcano is solemn : when its cone of fire shoots to the heavens ; when from its burning entrails the lava rushes, to overspread distant plains and to overtake flying populations. But what is that to the conflagration, in which all the palaces, and the temples, and the citadels of the earth, shall be consumed ; of which the universe shall be but the sacrifice and the fuel ?

“ Great God ! must *our* eyes see—*our* ears hear—these desolations ? Must *we* look forth upon these devouring flames ? Must we stand in judgment with Thee ? Penetrate us now with Thy fear ; awaken the attention, which Thy trump

shall not fail to command ; surround our imagination with the scenery of that great and terrible day. Let us now come forth from the graves of sin, of unbelief, of worldliness, to meet the overture of Thy mercy, as we must perforce start then from our sepulchres to see the descending Judge. Judge us now, that Thou mayest not condemn us then. Let Thy terror persuade, that it may not crush us."

And those who have heard the Doctor will remember, how deep and truly touching occasionally was his pathos, both in sentiment, expression, and utterance ; notice the following description of a departing saint :—

"And oh, the immediateness of this joy ! There is not a computable point of time. It is not a sand fall. It is scarcely the twinkling of an eye. There lies my friend. He hastens to depart. Death is upon him. The change has well-nigh come. How little intervenes between his present humiliations and his awaiting glories. I tremble to think what in an instant he must be ! How unlike all he was ! How extreme to all he is ! I bend over thee, and mark thy wasted, pallid frame, —I look up, and there is ascending above me an angel's form ! I stoop to thee, and just can catch thy feeble, gasping whisper, —I listen, and there floats around me a seraph's song ! I take thy hand, tremulous and cold, —it is waving to me from yonder skies ! I wipe thy brow, deep and

furrowed,—it is enwreathed with the garland of victory ! I slake thy lip, bloodless and parched, it is drinking the living fountains, the overflowing springs, of heaven !”

Vain would be the attempt to bring within the limits of these poor pages, any adequate review of the beauties of Hamilton ; yet we propose to ourselves something more complete than we have presented as yet. Would that our feeble fingers could twine a worthy garland for his honoured grave ! the glory and the beauty of his genius is yet comparatively unknown. Do we say too much, when we claim for him a rich power of descriptive force, transcending Bancroft, and frequently rivaling Macaulay. The topics he chose afforded little opportunity for the shafts of wit or ridicule ; yet who, reading his papers on the Comedy of Shakspeare, or his somewhat unjust and unphilosophical attack upon Phrenology—who can doubt that he possessed powers equal to any of the famed Edinburgh Reviewers. In search of the glowing words of our author we look in vain through no composition of his pen—the difficulty only is in selection—the beauties are innumerable. To close our illustrations, we turn to the volume on Missions, and strike out two bright Agate stones,—the one, THE PLACE TOUCHED BY THE FIRST MISSIONARY SHIP—the other on the PROBABLE FUTURE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA by Christian Missions :—

“ We conceal not that a tender partiality fills our minds towards an island on which Quiros, in 1606, left the Emblematic Cross, but which, nearly two hundred years afterwards, received the doctrine and influence of Christ Crucified. The Physical features of that spot draw forth our delight. That isle of palms—that palace of corals—that dream and enchantment of beauty—with its music of waterfalls—its intersection of hills—its shadow of dingles—the tropic bird calling among its woods—the dolphin disporting among its waves—opening its bays where fairy shallop and pinnacle might moor—lifting up its peaks as a signal to the storm-tossed mariner, and welcoming the approach of the stranger by its waving trees and spicy gales ! Who can think of such a picture unmoved ? And all the attendant circumstances of that voyage clothed it with a sacred charm. The ship which bore the Missionary band was more venerable to us than the vessel of Theseus, which the Athenians constantly repaired—more precious to us than that which wafted Virgil, could be to the heart of Horace ; and we would have only spared it to be turned, like Argo, into a constellation, floating in its depths of liquid Azure, still a memorial and an auspice, anchored midway between the Cross and the Dove.”

Our last citation, as we have already intimated, shall be the Prospects of Africa—is it too much ? is it but Poetry ? we would fain hope not ; we

would fain hope, that the day is dawning over that wonderful and insulated realm; and that Civilization may be borne to that most outraged and stricken quarter of our Planet.

“Africa!” says the Essayist, “that realm of wonder, where still moulder the ruins of Thebes, with its hundred gates, where still the Sphinx glistens on its mysterious streams, where the Delta still yields its miracles of fertility, where Death cannot, after three thousand years, destroy the dead, whose Eld is so illustrious, and whose heraldry is so renowned. She shall soon stretch out her hands unto God; scenes rise to our faith, such as never could be painted by our philanthropy. We see you, you golden-roofed and minaretted cities, reposing in your greatness, with your schools, your hospitals, your asylums, your temples—crowded with life and gladness; the “old man with his staff in his hand for very age, and the streets full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof!” We see you, ye noble Churches, your order and the steadfastness of your faith, how ye have rest, how ye are edified and increased, varied but united, purer than when your Cyprians and your Augustines ruled you! We see you, ye majestic ports, thronged with every bark, a cloud of sails, a forest of masts,—your stores of merchandise—not without many a lading of Bibles, your multitude of seafarers, not without many a levy of Missionaries, for lands

where there is still no vision ! We see you, ye peaceful villages, set against the mountain sides, shaded by the palm, and wreathed by the tamarind bud, echoing with songs of patriotism and religion ! We see you, ye mighty Commonwealths, that need not envy the Senate of Utica, nor the Army of Carthage, rich, generous, free, only curbing wrong, only decreeing justice, only conquering peace ! Land of demoniacal inflictions ! by which every tyranny spends itself ! which at this moment, to its Great Desert, is the Slave Chase to the World. Weep no more ! The blessed Jesus bade thee Hope when drawing near to the Scene of Death that he might be crucified in weakness ! sinking beneath the weight of the transverse of his Cross ; Thou wast summoned to bear the load. Thy sable, woolly-headed man of Cyrene, Simon, who, as thy first trophy, is called “Niger,” was for thee surety then ; on him fell the dignity through him on thyself !—for which confessors and martyrs would have borne a thousand tortures more, a thousand deaths again ! And soon shall that Cross be carried by all thy people and nations—not compelled, as was their ancestor. Ye people and nations, ye shall take it of your own accord, the symbol of your salvation, the signal of your Hope, the light yoke of your obedience ; glory in nothing save it ! Teneriffe, lift up thy voice from thy throne of clouds, nor Atlas refuse to prolong the

mountain cry ! Break forth into singing ! Gambia, Senegal, Congo, waft that strain upon your tides ! And thou, oh Zaira, through all thine awful solitudes, rejoice and blossom as the rose."

We hope not to be called to an account for these citations ; they have been lengthy, and yet they are one-sided ; they do not display the soundness of their author's mind ; they disclose rather the powers of description and of poetical sensibility, than the fullness of ratiocination. It is the old story again ; we are exhibiting a brick, that you may judge of the Architecture of the Building ; the proportions of this mind were very noble, and while we read even now, as when we heard that voice, now hushed for ever, we are reminded of some magnificent structure, a glorious pile standing in the midst of Refinement and Civic splendour ; the pavements are orderly, are beautiful in their forms of Mosaic and Arabesque ; the lofty columns rise fluted, and foliated, and collonades, and galleries,—sweep away in the infinite vista ; the eye is left amidst such pomp, to conceive more than it sees ; it pauses before the richly draped Caryatide, or breathing form of sculptured beauty ; but whether admiring the detailed proportions, or doubting their strict architectural propriety ; whether standing enraptured and entranced beneath the coping, or the arch, or while so enraptured, venturing to suggest a dissent from the strange interblending of styles,

where Saracenic, and Gothic, and Grecian, all festoon and interblend, till sometimes the graceful becomes the grotesque: in all these suggestions of such a building, we find no inapt illustration of the mind of Hamilton; it was a poem—it was a classic myth—it was an antique scroll. And again, we say, as we said in the introduction to these remarks, it is sad, that no adequate and capable finger could be found to write a fitting inscription upon that funeral urn: better than three years have elapsed since his death: better than eighteen months elapsed between that death and the publication of his *Life* at all. There must have been a warm glowing of affection, one would suppose from this, in the hearts of his brethren. Long was the time, before Dr. Harris decided that he would *not* perform the task,—and then came the book; it had better *not* have been written; the work of a man, utterly unable to conceive, or analyse a mind like that of Hamilton; and thus, all that might have been made visible of the building, is left to crumble from sight. Tadmor is in the wilderness,—and when a few years more have passed away, few will be the feet treading to gaze upon the beautiful carvings of its pillars and shrines; few will turn an eye to the dear and cheery face of Him, who loved all that was lovely in Humanity, in Literature, or in Art.

It is fitting now that this Memorial should close ;—

“What is writ is writ, would it were worthier.”

No name in the volume more truly deserves a tribute of well-proportioned worth ; and now, as our eye runs over the lines we have penned, we find them faulty,—but not cold—not depreciating—we do not attempt to stain the marble placed over his remains, with words intended to under-rate his genius and his worth. Of Hamilton, as a Preacher, we have not been able to write ourselves, in unfaltering sympathy. We feel for him the fullness of admiration—but, admiration, not without a perception of obvious blemishes. We imagine that no one can feel partial to the composition of the Doctor’s, when he determines to be sententious ; and we cannot acquit him, altogether, of the simulation of sentiment. Jeremy Taylor has been charged with pushing his figures to extremes, and placing forced constructions upon his propositions ;—thus, with the subject of our present criticism—the Dedication to Dr. Harris, of the Second Edition of the “Essay on Missions,” sounds very much like inflation. Dr. Johnson was a double character,—the author of the “Rambler,” and Boswell’s “Johnson,” were two different people. Hamilton was a double character. There was a side which was “natural,

simple, affecting ;” there was a side which was Extravagant and Pedantic : but he was a glorious and magnificent being, full of splendour, and full of beauty. He cumbered his spirit with too much plumage ;—he was too fond of showing the brilliancy of his wings ; had it not been so, how much more lofty had been his flight ! As in many another instance, the display of his booklore intercepted the lustre of his better genius. He derived too much from Antiquity, and too little from breathing Nature ; and this veneration of Antiquity gave also a veneration to Antique forms,—to the antique spirit. Hence his faith, and the mode of proof, and all the topics at once of his perception and reflection, were inscriptions copied from Ancient Tombs and Monuments. He manifested as little knowledge of, as sympathy with, the modern and more catholic schools of Philosophy and Thought. He was more a Sorbonnist than an Eclectic.

If we did not believe that our Death, as our Life, is part of a great procession beneath the eye of Infinite perception, and Infinite wisdom, we might well sorrow that in the prime, and majesty, and heat of intellectual freshness, this lofty teacher was, to us, prematurely struck down.

REV. JAMES PARSONS.

THE Preacher of all preachers in England, who would meet the most universal award of superiority in the Pulpit, is James Parsons, of York : he is still most eminently popular throughout all England, but the intoxication of fame, which must almost have turned his young brain dizzy, has long since ceased to exercise the bewilderment of its power. Wonderful was the excitement in the religious world of London when the young Massillon of York was wont to make his appearance there. The most spacious Temples of Independency were thronged hours before the service. We have heard, though what degree of truth may attach to the legends we know not, innumerable stories of persons continuing in the chapel the whole of the intermediate time between the morning and the evening service, to secure sittings ; around all the portals, thronging crowds gathered ; the staircases, and the chapel yards

filled with people. straining the eye to catch a glimpse, or the ear to catch an intonation from the extraordinary and inspired boy; or going away in despair of sufficiently gratifying ear or eye; and all within, a dense and compacted sea of heads,—aisles, galleries, window-ledge, pulpit-balustrades—the mighty masses forgetting all discomfort, and hushed, and breathless, beneath the spell of a voice low as a whisper, yet capable of shaking the stoutest spirit,—like an echo through a sepulchre.

And in that day he was as potent in York as in London: Lendal Chapel was crowded, while, every Sabbath evening, the young Preacher poured a long and rapid torrent of imagery, description, invective, declamation, and appeal. There, not infrequently, the loftiest peers of the realm—such as Radnor, Roden, or Carlisle—were seen wrapt in attention, in the plain and humble conventicle; there, the most famous barristers, intending to snatch a lesson in oratory, found their spirits caught by the strong winds of a mighty impulsive eloquence, in the burning genius of which all the petty orators of the senate, the hustings, or the bar, quenched their glimmering tapers; there, the loftiest and the lowest felt the power of that thin, slim figure, the Christian witchery of that vivid blue eye, and the momentum of the raised or waving hand. “I never did hear anything like it before, and never expect

to hear anything like it again," said no contemptible critic to us once, when talking of those old days of Lendal. The Preacher was imperial over his audience; and the spare frame, slight, weak, and, as most then thought, soon to exchange the robes of the ministry for the shroud of death,—this all added to the impression, as the orator, at last, sunk exhausted on the pulpit seat, or was borne, as we understand was not unfrequently the case, nearly fainting, from the pulpit; while a corresponding number of fainting forms were borne from the pews.

Does the reader, who only knows Mr. Parsons by a more modern reputation, find it difficult to realise all this?—the writer never witnessed the magician of twenty or twenty-five years since, but he is intimately acquainted with his pulpit performances twelve or fifteen years ago. The writer was then a kind of boy clerk in a London-office; often had the name of James Parsons been pronounced with wonder, and rapture, by those who had heard him; but it had never come within the reach of our opportunity to hear. We had seen a likeness too, and a very good one, of all places, upon a snuff-box; but we were not exactly our own master; boys were not so lawless then, as now; we were expected to be very attentive on "the means" in our own local chapel, in the neighbourhood of London; the preaching of the man of York had a smack of Arminianism

in it too, or Baxterianism, at least, quite as bad, which the Independents, who received their educations and impressions two or three generations since, could scarce tolerate; nor did they altogether relish the impetuosity of manner, and the rush of the excitement attending on the ministry of this young man; so happened it, that we never heard James Parsons, we shame to say, till fifteen years of age, though living at no great distance from the scenery of his enchantments.

But one Tuesday, in a winter which now seems many years since, we found ourselves, thronging with a vast multitude, into the Poultry Chapel, where the usual dense aggregate of people gathered together; we took possession of a seat; and, after the Service of song, and prayer, and reading, a man, of all men apparently, remarkable for a timid, hesitancy of manner—a bashful fear to encounter the eyes of the people—stood before us; but, eh! and alas! no, sirs! not a word;—the text was utterly unintelligible; till some dear, kind, nice old lady, into whose pew we—an impudent boy—had thrust ourselves,—an old lady, with a quiet, kind precision of manner (every chapel has such old ladies; how often have we been indebted to them, in the course of our ramblings, for the comforts of books, and pews, and cushions; so this old lady,) placed before us the text—a terrible text surely—capable of wonderful suggestion and amplification:—“Thou hast

restrained prayer before God." Meantime not a word was heard ; we stretched our neck, we strained our ear—not a word ; the babbling of a far off brook among the mountains,—the drowsy hum of a hive of bees at evening time, so it seemed to us, and like other drowsy sounds, it had the effect of putting us to sleep. We had been up, hard at work writing, the greater part of the previous evening, and but for this, had now, perhaps, been wending our way home ; and now this,—a crowded place, a comfortable cushion, a nice corner,—a distant part of the chapel, out of sight,—an exhausted frame,—oh, my demure brother, could even thy superior genius have withstood the influence of such poppies !

Not long—surely not more than a nap though—but what a change ! We woke, as the whole of the vast congregation, stirred by the passion of the orator, hung dread and breathless upon one of the most effective and touching and forcible passages within the compass of his oratory—"The Curtains of Hell had been drawn aside by the hand, not of Prophet, or Apostle, or Seer, but by the Master himself." The Preacher was describing the unanswered prayer offered in Hell. We can never forget the defiant gaze of the eye. Even at that distance it kindled over us. No longer hesitating and trembling, but fixed ; and the words, the intonation, strange, like no earthly tone ever heard ; low, yet most audible, not so much from

any exertion of force, as from the deep stillness. Every cough subdued, every sob suspended, until at last the climax was reached, and the Preacher relieved at once himself and the people; but the voice itself,—a most unnatural voice—the cadences of wailing winds were scarce more mournful; the words sighed themselves forth; the tone was one pre-eminently of subdued emotion; it was as if the spirit overflowed with pathos, and with pity, as if every chord of the heart were capable of deep response and passionate entreaty, but all reined in and controlled by a commanding resolution. Meantime, our absorption and self-abandonment was complete. During the time we listened, oblivion of all beside the tremendous words, seized the hearer; it was a suspension of the functions of thought; a captivity the most perfect to the enchainment of rapid and forcible words and images.

James Parsons must be judged by those days. Like most men and minds, he has travelled through three eras. There was the day of young Conviction, when his heart palpitated with passionate Earnestness, when he leaped into the arena full of Energy and Zeal, the child of belief; the belief giving fire and fervour to heart, brain, and tongue. In those days his style was characterized by a tropical luxuriance of discourse. Language did not so much flow as foam along. The climacteric word (of this we shall give illustrations presently), like

a rock or break, gave a force to the rapid water which it could not otherwise have attained. With years came a more subdued style. Reading gave a more finished polish to the diction, the imagery hung more chastely over the language, yet most ample, most affluent, and men of a more precise tone of mind would still say, *too* luxuriant; still it was the period of transition. Life had deepened, as it does with all of us, into a more really serious and tremendous thing than even in former days. This was the least hysterical period of Mr. Parson's fame—it was the most legitimate. In his earlier and later years, we think we have seen too much of the paroxysmatic style of discourse, in the first instance, arising from over-balanced conviction; in the latter days, dare we say, from inadequate conviction. In the middle period to which we refer, we recognize nothing strained to an unnatural degree, the thought and the language, as they ever do in all true eloquence, balanced harmoniously together. Referring to those times, we find trophies of Eloquence of the most signal beauty and force. We have seen them invested in their delivery with a tragic grandeur—the impersonation—the apostrophe—the prosopopæa—complete. The soul held mysterious intercourse with the voice. The mastery of the voice was wonderful.

We cannot well suppose, that our Preacher selected MASSILLON for his model. The plan of the two men, in their treatment of subjects, is so

essentially different, yet it is not too much to say, that Mr. Parsons is our English Massillon ; and, in the volume of Sermons, published beneath his own sanction, and with all the advantages of his criticism, there are many passages, and some Sermons, which may safely be compared with the best performances of the French Bishop. The structure of the minds of the two men is in some points alike—great is the similarity in the selection of their themes ; great is their faith in terror, as the instrument of conviction, and conversion : in other points, their Pulpit Method materially differ. The Frenchman selects a text, having reference to a previously determined subject. The Englishman selects the subject from the text ; and the Preacher of York ought to have developed over the whole of his Oratory a breadth of judgment, and compass of character, no whit inferior to the Preacher of Clermont. We do not desiderate in the style inferior power, or inferior flexibility ; but, we do desiderate inferior culture and inferior independence of tone and thought. As Orators, had Massillon and Parsons preached at Versailles, or York together, we scarcely can believe that any hearers could have given the preference to the accomplished Frenchman ; for, obviously enough, differences are not preferences. The spell of Massillon over the hearts of his hearers, royal or provincial, was, indeed, mighty ; but something, indeed considerable, of the same appearance in the

Pulpit too ; a modest, downcast, furtive-glancing manner, not quite free from the Affectation which invariably attends diffident and bashful men,—altogether relieved from violence of gesture, or vehemence of delivery ; quiet—and presently, perfectly collected.

Ah ! that quiet manner,—is not this much in Oratory ; noisy braggarts do but display, usually, their own heartlessness and ignorance ; and all Oratory may be said to be worthless, in the very degree in which it is thus noisy ; the irresistible force of a quiet power, creeps over you,—you feel the words tingling along the blood,—dim spectral forms hover before the eyes,—*and still the magnetic stream runs on.* You suspend your breath in fixed feeling,—you are passive before the magnetist,—your eye dilates to catch the vision rising before the spirit,—you feel that the Preacher's eye is on you—it fascinates you,—you cannot release yourself from it,—you would not if you could,—*And still the magnetic stream runs on.* You surrender yourself to the dominion of your master,—he clasps you in the slumber of genius,—and now you are clairvoyant. It is,—it is the day of the final judgment, you see or seem to see, a million snakey fires piercing through the windows of the chapel,—fold above fold they coil in spiral press,—the roof of the temple is rent,—the whole infinity is stretched before you, each word from the Preacher adds something to the terror of the impression—

for still the magnetic stream runs on. He has launched you upon a sea of fire—each word is arrowy, sharp pointed, like live lightning. You feel that you are drifting on to some dreadful bourne, which yet you do not see. At length, *one word* falls upon the soul, more dreadful than a clap of thunder ! another ! another ! You are whirled away, as in some dread tempest, through fire-girt mountains ; you are oppressed by a sense of horrid darkness, and most painful light, struggling together ; you do not feel that you are in the world of spirits, and that spirits are about you ; you do not feel at all, you do not think at all ; you are there—it is done, the award is fixed ; black, desolate shores lie all around ; black, dread chafing seas, covered with the wrecked hulls of tempest-stricken vessels ; you are doomed,—you are too agonised to shriek ; the suffocating emotion of despair is too intense to allow you to pray ; you are wrapt in a painful sense of conscious unconsciousness, from which you are roused to your boundless gratitude and joy, by the ceasing of the flow of the magnetic stream. Three thousand people are unanimously coughing, to confirm you in the half belief, that you are on earth, and in the Pulpit before you, apparently ignorant that he has said anything remarkable, the Preacher is collecting his electricity for another attack upon some other soul.

Such was beyond all question the preaching of James Parsons, twelve years since.

Nor thus alone—borne along upon those quiet waves of voice—the hearer visited far other scenes,—was the subject of far other impressions. The imagination of the Preacher found itself peculiarly at home in the scenery of Terror or of Joy; and the voice of the Preacher, it must be said, peculiarly adapted itself to the state of intro-vision in the mind of the hearer. We have already noticed that it much resembled, not only in itself, but in its influences, the murmur and the music of mountain torrents; and, gradually, you see, word after word has unlocked a vista. The Preacher has talked to you of Heaven; he will take you by the hand and lead you thither; he utterly disclaims any assistance from the Painter; he tells you he will not have it that you shall derive your light from the canvass of Martin, or Claude, or from the melody of Mozart or Handel, or the wildering pomp of Spenser or Milton; yet he pours around you affluently the ideas and conceptions drawn from their notes, and colours, and images. *The rippling waves of Voice, like a stream,* have conducted you hither. Had they been loud, or boisterous, you could have defied them: as it was they hurried you along to a quiet cloud-land; the lamps of the chapel glimmered and shone, like thrones, through the blue deeps, all impalpable. The haze of a golden

light fell over you,—you caught the distant warbling of Hymns, and discerned, far off among hills of emerald and sapphire, the sea of gleaming glass. Winding your way, still onward, by the notes of the wave, you struck a path upward to the clefts and heights of the tall Delectable Mountains. Angels crossed your pathway,—a strange effulgence rested still above you, saying, “Come on!—come up!”—the restless fronts of far off buildings bore stars,—a city shone in the distance, fenced and surrounded with gleaming battlement and turret; *and still the rippling stream* murmured us on. We neared Heaven, floods of harmony saluted us—it was the Land of Beulah—and now the lightnings of Voice cleft, as it were, in twain the marble fortresses, and it stood revealed to us; the spirit sank suffused, overwhelmed, with the glory and the grandeur,—A Coolness fell upon the soul; it was the shadow of the Tree of Life beneath which we were sitting. We arose and found ourselves amidst the marble halls and alabasters of the inner court, and the fountain of the Waters of Life flashing before us, and scattering upon us its blessed spray; *and still the ripple had not ceased of our own wave* that guided us hither. We heard it calling us still, and now it sang as it sported along, of deathless destinies,—of the tides of future being,—of the calm fields in the distance,—of thrones unattained and unseen; it seemed to itself in its own

Infinite world, and we awoke to find ourselves where we were; not, it seemed so much because the wave had ceased playing, but because *we* had ceased to hear it in the far solitudes of Heaven, to which it had travelled.

Such was, beyond all question, the Preaching of James Parsons twelve years since.

Thus we see immediately the faults and excellences of our Preacher. Thus we see, too, how greatly he is indebted to his voice for its power, aye, as much as mountains are indebted to the music of their echoes, and the melody and the enchantment of their mountain streams. His preaching is eminently Objective, it deals with things of the eyesight. The comparison with Massillon suggests immediately one great difference. The mental and moral dignity of the Frenchman, gave his whole bearing dignity. Dignity Mr. Parsons pre-eminently lacks, and those who have studied his style, or even glanced at it, will immediately perceive the reason; it is because there has been in the one instance no Introvisionary life. Mr. Parsons has not thought his sermons—he would appear to dread thought; he has not led a life of mental communion; he knows nothing of the sophistries of the understanding, and therefore he knows nothing of the higher moods of faith; he shuns all modern questions; he does not attempt to understand the modern form of Infidelity, its Subjective or experimental form; he lacks the dignity of

Massillon, because he cannot preach from the text, "We speak that we do *know*;" he does not verify the appeal which Christianity makes to the human soul. It is thought which invests the Preacher with real dignity; it is the knowledge of human nature which pre-eminently crowns with success. No Preacher can, in the long run, be greatly successful, or greatly useful, who does not know well the human heart. This knowledge can only be obtained from the study of ourselves. Massillon spent many years in study and retirement. Yet he knew the world well. He was able, in a wonderful manner, to thread his way through the passions of men. His pictures of mental life are striking, from their dramatic reality. When asked how he should know the world so well, who had lived so far from it, he replied, "I have learned to draw them by studying myself." Yes, this descent into self is the source of all power. Our knowledge of ourselves is the guage of our dominion permanently over our fellow-men. It gives vigour, and reality, and originality to thought, and pungency and potency to utterance.

The life of the modern popular Preacher is quite inimical to this. If he is a star, he must, perforce, be a wandering star. It is a most unnatural thing to suppose that people would give in support of any cause, unless served up beforehand with a dish of eloquence. Thus, for the Popular Man, there is an unending life of excitement, of *feteing*, and din-

nering, and cold collationing, and *dejeneur a la fourchetting*, and of suppering. Contrary to the instincts of his better nature, he is compelled to live for Effect. In his Preaching there is eminent danger of the sacrifice of Usefulness to Effect. It is a bad thing to be treated with too much kindness by the world. We sink from manly teachers into petted and spoiled children: we forget our mission. Instead of vigorous councillors, we sink into lackadaisycal ladies' men. Instead of the life within being all in all, all in all is in the life without. The fold of the robe upon the shoulder, the speck of dust upon the coat, is of more importance than the influence of a thought upon the spirit, or the weight of a custom upon the life. All this is the result of the Eloquent Sermon System, the Pedestrianising Eloquence which, amongst its other gifts and graces, our age also is favoured with. And a life passed thus—and this, again, we say, is the life of the Popular Preacher—must prevent the exercise of the inner faculties, must remove also from the possibility of sympathizing with the doubters, who are struggling through roaring seas, if haply they may find the sure haven of a faith.

All that we mean to imply by the above remarks is, that Mr. Parson's life, at the first, unquestionably the most Popular Preacher in England, has operated most prejudicially to his permanent fame. He does possess the power, or did, to give to the religious literature of his country what might have

taken its place with our Pulpit Classics : but judging from the specimens within our reach, the profounder moods of thought, and the power of introspection—powers and moods which he must possess—have been wholly, or all but wholly, uncultivated ; and let it be added, that, in the immensity of his travelling and his preaching, his denomination has given him few opportunities for their cultivation.

It is a nice question, is it not, How far a man should surrender the immunities and endowments of his proper individuality to serve any denomination whatever in the world ? for, let it be remarked, that never, by such surrender, does he permanently serve any *thing* or any *one*.

But if our Preacher does not challenge our thought, he challenges, beyond any man living, in the Pulpit, our zeal and our piety ; and the demands made upon us here, are not fulfilled so easily as those made upon our intellect ; we feel our utter, utter prostration, before Mr. Parsons' model ; the consistency demanded is wonderful,—this is no common surrender to Christ. The Roman Catholic assigns as a reason for the sign of the Cross upon different parts of the body, that each part is devoted thus, and consecrated thus, to Christ :—the Cross upon the Forehead is the consecration of the Intellect ; upon the Heart, the consecration of the Affections ; upon the foot or the Hand, the consecration of the Active powers :

—and this is demanded by our Preacher ; he and Finney, of all men living, compel the question—“ Who then can be saved ? ” Meantime the demand for zeal corresponds to the demand for self-consecration. Standing in the aisles of Surrey or the Tabernacle, we frequently felt that we were listening to one whom no charge of fanaticism, or vulgarity of association, could possibly deter from duty ; in the sternness of the demand made, we thought we read an iron-pointed inflexibility that would laugh at sands of fierce torrid heat, or forests of dense impassability ; we thought we saw there the idealisation of modern martyrdom, with “ All for Christ,” and “ None but Christ,” upon its shield ; this man, thought we, will cling pertinaciously, wherever thrown, to a rigid and determined, an almost Puritanic, Pietism ; no apology of conventionalism will operate to turn him from the path of simplicity ; the parlour, the drawing-room, will be made holy by the holy atmosphere about him. We thought we saw there, if that were possible, too *unworldly* a demeanour, a disposition to overleap the pales of propriety—not ungracefully certainly, but still to overleap them, if the interests of Christianity were to be served :—we thought we heard his answer, quiet but stern, from his study door, “ Any way to save souls ! ”—not a thought, not a word, not a visit, not a note, not an anecdote,—but the hidden meaning of it would be—to save

souls ! His Sermons are invocations to the very chivalry of Christianity ; his appeals to loiterers upon the road to Christian truth rousing, irresistible, terrible. What a church, we have thought, must his church be ! With such a Noah,—such a preacher of righteousness,—it must be the very ark of the age. But, alas, alas, how small,—the requirements, how stern. On looking upon that form in the Pulpit, swayed by the sublimest and most real feelings that can give inspiration to heart or tongue, how few, thought we, can appreciate the ideal of *such* a life ; how few, for years, can come to such a Preacher and say, “ I will follow you,—stern as your counsels are,—stern as your requirements may be,—I, with you, will learn the lesson of self-renunciation ; I, with you, will say, ‘ All for Christ, none but Christ.’ ”

But we will confess it at once, we do not admire the genius of this style of Preaching ; we will go farther, and say, we conceive it to be of the most dangerous kind. Forcible preaching is most dangerous, if the force be expended upon one theme—one topic. As the finger that sweeps the harp, and evolves music from the chords, is itself most callous, (notwithstanding the impressions it produces, as it is seared and hardened by the efforts it has made to attain excellence,)—so, frequently it must happen that the heart of the Preacher is untouched amidst all the affecting descriptions and appeals which shake the souls of

his auditors. To others they are fresh and new ; —to him they are common-place,—and to him they become common-place in proportion to the frequency of their repetition ; for, advancing souls do not repeat themselves,—and this constitutes the great danger of the utterance of any moral sentiment, or Christian sentiment, which either has *not* been, or is not *immediately* practised : and the same thing must be said, not only of the utterance of such sentiments, but the hearing of them,—even this, that our faith becomes proportionably faint, as we listen to the repetition of what we do not believe ; and our moral character becomes dead, as we listen to moral precepts we do not practise. The source of the decay of Mr. Parsons' popularity will be found in this, that his mind has not advanced with the advancing times : He repeats, to a great degree, the same appeals he repeated twelve years ago, but in the depth of his soul, *they are not the same vitalised convictions they were then*. The mischief of this style of Preaching,—as of all styles purely Rhetorical, or Oratorical,—is, that it always walks on stilts. If the Preacher should be a Teacher ; if he should enlarge the mind,—communicate instruction,—infuse new ideas,—if, like Socrates, among the Athenians, and our Divine Lord among the Jews, he should walk among the people, and show how much the Public Instructor is of the people,—if he should be, and do these things, then the

modern style—the stilted style,—the rhetorical style, has signally, remarkably, failed. Beyond all things this great lesson should be taught the young Preacher,—“Clothe thyself with Earnestness, as with a garment!”—earnestness, developing itself by its strong sympathy,—by its entire individuality. Beware, we might well say, of inculcating a piety from the Pulpit you do not intend to realise in the Parlour! Better that the piety of your Pulpit be of a *low* order, than that it be higher than the piety of your every-day-life: Scepticism will be saved the opportunity of many a sneer, so long as the Teachers of Christianity are whole-hearted, whole-bodied men. Now, our objection to the Pulpit method of Mr. Parsons is, that it is (and we say it with the sincerest deference to him, and respect for him,) lop-sided. It is not equable in its flow,—it is segmental Christianity,—it is not circumferential. In Massillon, whom we have mentioned so often, the same tremendous characterisation obtains. In the Sermons of Jesus, the terrors of the Lord are sparingly introduced. In Massillon and Parsons they form the staple topic of discourse. The Sermons of Jesus produced ineffable love and peace in believing. These Sermons produce appalling terror and alarm. Convictions are brief in proportion as they proceed from the operation of physical causes of terror. In all instances vehemence of manner produces very short-lived

influences. Truth, to be effective, must appeal to the whole soul. The stature of Christian manhood is only attained that way : the blow is felt, but it produces insensibility. The exercise of all the organs only results in the health of all.

And now we have said this much upon this style, not only of the most Popular Preacher living, but the most popular style of Discourse also. Certainly most people seem strangely enamoured with it,—strangely indisposed to preach that “God is love,”—and to believe and to hear that God is love, and so we have hysterics, and agonies, and thronging multitudes watching for the Advent of Fire, and feeling considerably satisfied with themselves, because well frightened. Oh, if we might whisper something that we have felt, in the ear ! that we might say—“Good Christian people ! your large congregations, and rapt attention,—your ecstatic agony and hysteric terror, are not very complimentary to yourselves, your Preachers, or your faith ! Oh ! have you not learned, then, the Powers of the World to Come are very calm, and mighty, and still, within the soul ? Do you not know that Terror is the first and lowest round in the ladder by which we ascend to God ? And yet you like to lie and live ever there. It is not highly complimentary to your Christian taste one should think.”

It, perhaps, yet remains to say something upon

the more distinctive peculiarities of Mr. Parsons' style, as a Mental exercise—the most prominent feature is the climax, and here he stands confessed as a Master—not that his climax is always honest. We are forced, sometimes, to see the trick of art. The climaxes of Cicero and Burke lie concealed; we feel them, we do not see them. It is true that, with Mr. Parsons, we frequently see them, but do not feel them. The climax is frequently merely verbal,—a word selected for stronger inflection—and, in this, the name of his imitators is Legion. When merely verbal there is danger lest the climax degenerate to mere clap-trap. In its noblest form it is like the succession of the tides, when every tide is mightier and more impulsive than the last,—each argument more conclusive,—each expression more muscular,—each image more radiant. The power over the climax developes more tact, than Genius, yet it is frequently the most efficient portion of a Discourse; and, when it is judiciously used, it is far more potent over an audience than the most subtle effusions of Genius.—●It is Artificial, the true Artist conceals his art,—the bungler displays it. We will cite an illustration of the concealed climax, from Massillon, by the side of one more fully displayed, from Parsons :—

“I figure to myself that our last hour is come ! the heavens are opening over our heads ! Time is no more, and Eternity is begun. Jesus Christ,

in his Glory, is about to appear in his Temple to judge us according to our deserts; and, as trembling criminals, we are here waiting at His hands the sentence of everlasting life or everlasting death. I ask you, now, stricken with terror, and in no wise separating my lot from yours, but placing myself in the situation in which we must all one day appear before God in judgment, if Christ, I ask, were at this moment to appear in this temple to make the awful partition between the Just and the Unjust, think you that the greater number would stand at His right hand? Do you believe that numbers even would be equal? Would ten Righteous persons,—such as were not in the doomed cities of the plain,—be found amongst us? Nay, should we find a single one? I know not,—you know not! Oh! my God! Thou alone canst tell who are Thine, and who are not! Divide this assembly, as it shall be divided, at the Last Day! Stand forth now, ye righteous! where are you? Chosen of God, separate yourselves from the multitude doomed to destruction. Oh, God! where are Thine elect? what remains as Thy portion.”

The good Bishop suffers from translation—who does not? The following is a perfect specimen of Mr. Parsons' method in dealing with the climax. The reader will note the relative vehemence of the defiances, he will not fail to conceive the brilliancy of the eye, alternately raised and depressed

—the hand gently raised and clenched, and the voice trembling beneath the weight of subdued passion and emotion. “One thing alone is required, that you should ascertain your interest in Christ, and have the witness of the Spirit with your Spirits that you are the children of God; and when that is done, all is done, and Death is to be feared no more. No, my brethren, then shall you look him in the face as he comes with the heavy tramp of malignant fury to strike you down, and, as the dart gleams in his uplifted hand, bare your bosom for the blow, and exclaim, ‘*Strike!* I fear thee not; STRIKE! thou art conquered; STRIKE!’ thou art but the last commissioned messenger of mercy to herald me to my Lord; STRIKE!—and as the frame-work of clay falls beneath the blow which you invite, your last song of tremulous triumph shall be, ‘FALL! FALL! FALL! frail mansion! for I know that when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’”

But we must present our readers with one or two specimens of Mr. Parsons’ more continuous manner. Take, for instance, the following citation. “And truly there is nothing which should keep your desires from heaven. No! not that delightful circle of home, where the parent’s eye may glisten as he looks upon his child; and the child may smile with joy because it gazes on its

father : or, more loving still, when it looks upon its mother ; there is nought even there which can abstract the desires from heaven, and the only modification of that desire should be, that children and parents, and brethren and sisters, should all meet in heaven. No—there is nothing ; when here we meet round the table of the Lord, and Christian comes by Christian to taste the bread and wine, which shows forth the Lord's death till he comes—till we all meet as by one electric impulse upon the spirit, till we all blend together in one, being members of His body and His flesh, and His bone—there is nothing here that can abstract the desires from heaven ; the only modification of that desire must be, that those that break the bread and drink the wine may have fulfilled at last the glorious promise—‘ Verily, I will no more taste of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.’ Onward and onward still, from year to year, and from day to day, must the Christian spirit press in its desire towards heaven. It will be, my brethren, but a little longer, and then that desire shall be fulfilled, and mortality will be swallowed up in life. The portal *shall* be entered, and the spirit shall gaze round on the wonders of its completed salvation. What pearly gates are these ? What jasper walls are these ? What golden streets are these ? What splendid palaces are these ? What

immortal trees are these? What crystal streams are these? What amaranthine bowers are these? These are the spirits of the just, and I see my parents, my partner, and my children, and they beckon to the entrance. There is Jesus, whom my soul hath loved, and now I behold Him with the glory of His Godhead. And there is the overshadowing splendour of everlasting happiness, which breathes blessings on all beneath it. And this, *this* is heaven! Earth, I have nothing to do with thee—with thy dull days, and thy nights of darkness! I have left thee with thy storms and tempests; I have left thee with thy distressing temptations, and thy polluting scenes; I have left thee with thy sorrows, thy bereavements, thy diseases, and thy destinies. This, *this* is heaven! Am I come there?—then redemption and immortality are mine. O brethren, in the body or out of the body, can we tell? Have not your desires expanded and extended till even now you listen to the song, and inhale the atmospheres of heaven? We must come back again to earth, till the will of God remove us; but as we descend to the world of mortality and of sorrow, and of sin in which we must breathe a little longer, we cannot but send our desires to Him who has gone before us, ‘When shall I come and appear before God?’ ‘Oh that I had the wings of a dove, then would I flee away, and be at rest!’ ”

The sermons of Mr. Parsons do not display the imaginative faculty, which is the concentrating power, but fancy, which is the grouping power. He does not select one image, and let it do its work. He does not embody and clothe a colossal idea, draping it round with appropriate language, or leaving it undressed, to win and awe the hearts of the people. Like all men of mere talent, he walks not unfrequently a circuitous path to convey his fancy to the mind. He gives you his gold in the form of leaf, not ore. The one bold image does not blaze over the mind ; and the redundancy in reading the sermon not unfrequently palls upon you. But this is not the case in hearing. An affluent stream of images, uttered in quick succession, attach the mind so much more forcibly when uttered than when read. The mind must be steeped in bewilderment—dazzled by rapidly glancing beams. It is only the higher order of oratory that will bear the Microscope of Meditation. Oratory like that of Jeremy Taylor's or Edmund Burke's is at once lofty poetry and profound philosophy. The following may serve as illustrations of Mr Parson's power in binding figures together :—

“ We cannot form any idea of that state of existence, in which the process and power of death shall be unknown. When we look around us now, we cannot perceive an object in which death is not to be found. Every inspiration of every

breath tells of *death*; every throbbing of every heart tells of *death*; every beating of every pulse tells of *death*; every period of life tells of *death*. DEATH not only appears in the snows that have been scattered upon the head of age, but it appears in the brightness that flashes in the eye of infancy; and in the tinge that lights up with beauty the cheek of youth. DEATH is in all the seasons—in the showers of spring, in the sunbeams of summer, in the ripeness of the autumn, in the storms and blasts of winter. He is in the cloud, and in the sky, and he is in the mountain, and in the valley. HE is in the grass that clothes the fields with verdure, and in the lovely flowers that seem the very elements and emblems of beauty and perfection. There is not a motion, there is not an object, there is not a sphere, there is not an event which does not tell of DEATH. He comes forth from behind the veil, where he perhaps may have enshrined himself in a mask, and while we are gazing around us, he stamps his foot upon the territory of the material universe, and waving all around it his dread ebon sceptre, proclaims in a voice of thunder:—‘ALL THIS IS MINE!’ and none can gainsay nor deny.”

And yet another extract, on the same fruitful theme of death, a favourite one with Mr. Parsons.

“All the demands and characteristics which are applied to the Christian in the present state of existence are those of toil and labour. For

example;—we are to walk, we are to run, we are to plant, we are to reap, we are to watch, we are to wrestle, we are to fly, we are to press forward. Whether we occupy the more public and honoured stations which belong to the Church of Christ, or whether we exist in more ordinary and less responsible stations, we all know that ours is a hard and toilsome course. The task of resisting the propensity of in-dwelling sin; the task of enduring the various afflictive dispensations which are imposed upon us by Divine Providence; the task of bearing the obloquy, the scorn, and derision, in various forms, of ungodly men; the task of contending against the powers of darkness; the task of acquiring the high and ultimate attainments of Christian knowledge and Christian holiness; and the task of attempting to diffuse, against the prejudices and depravity of men, the kingdom of the Redeemer even unto the ends of the earth; these constitute our work, a work which we are to do with all our might, and except we do it we cannot work out our own salvation, nor rightly honour that Redeemer whom we profess to serve. Now, when we have finished, as hirelings, our day, when we die, or when we sleep in Jesus, it is like going to rest; the body rests in its grave, the soul rests in the Paradise of the Lord, surrounded by the elements of a sweet and balmy tranquillity that cannot be ruffled or disturbed. Are we Labourers? Then we leave the field and

lay down the implements of our husbandry. Are we Travellers? Then we terminate our long and wearisome journey, and cross the threshold of our Father's mansion. Are we Soldiers? Then we take off the Helmet, and the Corslet, and the entire Panoply of war, and lay down the weapons of defence or of assault—the Spear, the Shield, and the Sword. Are we Mariners? Then we heave over the last Ocean-billow, and enter into the desired haven. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet; and oh! how sweet is the slumber and last repose of those who have believed in Jesus, and who have wrought for God! No suffering, no cares, no uneasy recollection or foreboding anticipations to disturb *there*; no appalling dreams *there*, no irksome and unhealthy nightmare to spoil or mar *that* placid rest. Every jarring noise is hushed; the winds are still; no heavy tread, no loud tramp, no awakening roar, no trumpet-sound startles:—all Nature pays the deference and tribute of silence whilst the Christian sleeps. 'They enter into peace and they rest in their beds, each one who has walked in his uprightness.' 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.' 'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' How happy, my brethren, for you and for me, if as Christians we

labour, that as Christians we shall rest when we shall have fallen asleep !”

These citations are from the middle period of Mr. Parsons’ ministry. We can scarcely think we tire our readers by the presentation of extracts, in all probability so little known ; and, which, moreover, furnish a better idea of the manner of this eminent Preacher, than anything which can well be said in the way of criticism, or description. With one other extract, however, we will close our catalogue of citations, and this is from the celebrated Sermon before the London Missionary Society, in the year 1827, when Mr. Parsons was but in the first prime of his manhood or youth. The extract betrays all the faults of his style—all its rapidity—its excellence—vehemence, declamation, appeal, and apostrophe.

“ Yet especially refer to the examples furnished within the Church of the Saviour, by the contemplation of which, we best can ascertain the character of our own day, and the station after which we ought to strive. And oh ! how far are we beneath them ! *Will you think of Him*,—the great Example,—the appointed Pattern, whose steps it is our duty to follow,—who came down from Heaven, the Messenger of Mercy,—who placed before him one grand object from which he never swerved,—whose meat and whose drink was to do the will of Him that sent him, and who gave himself in entire and perfect devo-

tion to the business of his Father, and for the Redemption of mankind? *Will you think* of those honoured heralds who first went forth at the command of their Lord,—men, who, for Jehovah's honour, and the Saviour's Cross, sacrificed all their earthly good, and were content to be esteemed 'the filth and offscouring of all things,'—men, who laboured with unruffled patience,—men, who reared the monuments of their diligence, and the trophies of their success in many climes and Empires,—men, who met the King of Terrors, as he came to end their career amidst torture, and racks, and flames, having the Sacred name of their Redeemer as a charm to cheer them, when they died, with the certainty of an immortal triumph. *Will you think of those* who issued forth in the high spirit of reformation, to awaken a slumbering world, and braved the angry tempest, that burst upon them, amidst the thunders of Antichrist, though they themselves should be crushed beneath its bolts? *Will you think* of such a one as Whitfield, the fervor of whose spirit, and the extent of whose labours have enshrined his memory in a radiance almost peculiar and alone in the Annals of the Faithful;—and of others in modern times, some of whom have fallen asleep, and some of whom yet live to work for him 'who shall build the temple of the Lord and bear the glory.'—Oh, yes! there are those before us, passing as in

a procession of splendid array, in whose presence we may well sink, confessing our insignificance—ashamed of our misapplication and indolence! *And shall we not arise* to emulate their virtues, and to catch a portion of their fire? *And shall we not arise* to seek the power that shall lift us above the Elements that oppress and clog our progress; and strive, in holy ambition, for the renown of sacrifice and ambition. *And shall we not arise* and follow on, in noble, chivalrous exertion, which shall fight for the cause of God and man, caring nothing for the monsters of the moral desert, there breaking the fatal spells, and overturning the dark enchantments of Hell, and giving to groaning captives the emancipation and privilege of immortality? *Shades of the departed—give to us your mantle! Spirit of the living God, descend thus upon Thy people! and then shall the Church go forth, 'fair as the moon, and clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!'* ”

Thus we have attempted to give some idea of the Pulpit powers of Mr. Parsons, but we have described rather a dead, than a living, man. He is now stout and heavy in his appearance, and his composition and his delivery are alike shorn of their ancient beams. At times, still, there rays forth an intimation of the power that captivated and enthralled so many thousands, and again, as of old, his tones and images rivet the attention;

and certainly he is heard as well at home,—nay, perhaps better than abroad. He does not carry about with him Sermons composed on purpose to “take ;” he does not, like one or two other Celebrated Preachers and Doctors, by-the-bye, reiterate again and again, and yet again the same Discourse preached, printed, and sold nearly a quarter of a century since. There are, indeed, some men to whom it is an era in their history, popular as they are, to produce a new Sermon. Two men celebrated in their way, known for many years to each other, Preaching together—one deservedly eminent,—the other, as we venture to think, very undeservedly eminent, and both Doctors,—Said one to the other, “that was a New Sermon I preached to-day, how did you like it, James?” “Pretty well,” replied worthy James, “but I think I’d stick to the old ones, Robert ; they are the best.” But notwithstanding the immensely varied labours of Mr. Parsons, and that repetition necessarily compelled upon such labours, it must be said that he carries with him freshness of matter, and newness of Imagery and Impression : and still wherever he goes—to Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, or any of the mighty Cities and Towns of the North, the Chapels are usually thronged within and without, to listen to his voice. His own Chapel is not particularly large, and the state of the Independent Denomination, in York, cannot be said to be flourishing,

when compared either with the other towns of Yorkshire, the size and population of the city, or the talents of the Eminent Preacher. Mr. Parsons' income, from his Congregation, cannot be large; and this places, certainly, in a very striking light, the fact, that he has refused repeatedly (so we understand) invitations to some of the largest and wealthiest Churches of his denomination.

THE PRINCE OF LIVING PREACHERS—so he has been called, and perhaps the character is scarcely too high. Recently we must confess, to having heard him, and having been disappointed. There is so much demand made upon the action of Thought in our time; the power of Speech is possessed by most men, now-a-days, too, in so large a degree,—the power of Eloquence, too, is possessed by very many men in so large a degree, that it would not be wonderful if the fame of the mightiest Preacher suffered some diminution. But we suspect Mr. Parsons' mind has not kept pace with the advancing mind of his age and nation. It may also be said that severely prostrating sickness has reduced his powers, and perhaps the influence of disease was at work long before it was visible and felt. But be this as it may, in many portions of the British Empire he is Imperial still; and our memory travels back to those times when over our young mind he was all imperial. If it is great now-a-days to see the heavy body of the stolid

farmer-like looking man instinct with life, or rather exercising, against all calculation and expectation, a spell so powerful over the vast audience, what must it have been to see it, in the day when it, too, was a light thin framework of a body, so frail that you almost expected the soul to rend it, in its efforts of eloquence and power. We did not then know Goethe's celebrated image by which he describes Hamlet as an Oak planted in a glass Jar or Vase ;—but it surely typified the body of the orator. We could have wept for the apparent pain with which he spoke—the apparent bronchial affection of the throat ; At that time it seemed to us the indication of weakness, and suffering, and premature death. Then the face glowed with pity and beseechingness ; now it seems simply stern, or something more. How often have we walked six weary miles, and returned as many, standing the whole period of the service, watching with a kind of reverence the downcast head, and eye furtively glancing, to us the symbols of so much power. How often have we strained the ear to catch, if possible—to travel over the thousands of heads—the first tones of the voice, the rapid muttering, and then that cough in the gallery, and the quick, sharp eye of the Preacher, darting round, determined, apparently, to have no coughing *there* during *his* speech. This appeared to us the token of power then. It seems to develope the want of power, and true self-command now,

and then the first hurried climax. Words like the gently unloosened winds, and another period of comparative silence, a hush, as of Death, a wailing, and a longing, an undefined desire, a quickening of the pulse, while the Preacher turned rapidly the leaves, and always seemed to us, as if by magic, to light upon the right quotation, and the winds again, the winds, wailing louder, louder, from their caves, even as when we hear them among the high tree tops, presaging and prophesying a storm. The second climax was reached, and we felt our own eyes starting, half with terror, half with wonder, so rapid the flight up, so rapid also the descent. But now the matter was more continuous and sustained, the quotations were not so numerous from Scripture. The first half of the discourse usually consisted mainly of quotations and simple statements, but now the sentences began to fall like flakes of fire about us—it scarcely took at all a stretch of the imagination to believe that the being before us held lightnings in his hands and eyes, and darted their forked arrowy fires over the assembly. Strange, indeed, no simple monosyllable affected us so before. We did in those times believe the Preacher clad with supernatural power. He electrified his pronounciation—he placed his words as we place wires—he made them the channels of a current of fire. As we now read of Mesmerists, who communicate their power to

objects, and thus make mute and dead things alive with a magnetic force, so did he with the words he used. We pronounced them, they were powerless—he pronounced them, and they clove the soul in twain. Those days are past. At that time Robert Pollok was to us better than Milton, as a Poet, and James Parsons greater to us than Demosthenes, as an Orator, but in neither instance is it so now.

REV. ALFRED J. MORRIS,

OF HOLLOWAY.

How is it that the Preacher and the Teacher have, in these good days of ours, become separated? It was not always so, and it ought not to be so; certain it is, however, in the present age, that it does not at all follow that you shall receive anything like a remuneration for the time you expend upon listening to a sermon; nay, even if the sermon be eloquent, and in some measure effective, it does by no means follow that you shall carry away with you re-kindled emotions, far less new thoughts. You seldom say to yourself, "I never saw it in that light before:" you seldom feel that because you attended that service, *that* mist was rolled away from *that* dark passage; you do not often feel that at any rate your doubts have been grappled with by a muscular master; you do not feel often that you are with a man, and before a man, who respects your convictions, who will

reason with you from the centre of the understanding and the reason ; in fact, you seldom say, " Master, we know that thou art a Teacher sent from God."

The men of the modern Pulpit do not commend themselves to their hearers by their enlarged knowledge of Human Nature, by the elevation of character and sentiment, resulting from a life of profound self-inspection ; or, if they develope this greater power, how seldom is it combined with aptitude to communicate : the character is wanting in geniality, the spirit wraps itself up in stern moodiness of thought—the electricity is *there*, without a conductor—you feel that *that* man could magnetise you if he would condescend to do it, but he will not stoop to humour, he will not allow his soul to ooze out ; thus it is, that the Preacher and the Teacher unfortunately stand apart from each other. In the one instance, you are compelled to say, with Hamlet,

" Words, words, words ;"

In the other instance, you say, " Oh thoughts ! why do you not clothe yourselves in fitting words."

Well, but do you know ALFRED MORRIS, of Holloway ? for this man, beyond almost any other of his day, has set the worthy thought in the frame-work of worthy words, and both in the frame of a most eminently worthy and beautiful manner. Most happily for him, he has not yet been lionized

through the pulpits of the country.—let both you and I pray, good reader, that he may never be,—and thus, from the silence and comparative obscurity of his fame, compared with that of many of those whose names are written in this book, he has had proportionate opportunity for mental excavation and digging in the Soul-mine.

Popular in the general sense of the word “popularity,” Mr. Morris is not, nor is it likely that he will be. His Preaching is too calm—too aphorismatical—too dignified, to suit the popular taste, even of Independency. He speaks too much from the intuitional, and too little from the sensational. Then again, in the largest sense, Mr. Morris is not, nor ever will be, an Orator—he is not much a man of the World—perhaps not a Man of the World at all, although a Phrenologist would say, not wanting in Secretiveness, or Caution. He is essentially a Hermit in life and thought; we suppose so, for we have no means of knowing, save by his Pulpit appearance, and Pulpit sayings. Two things give currency to the fame of a popular Orator; either the possession of a Mannerism, an Idiosyncrasy of appearance, voice, gesture, stamping *that* man in his talking as one altogether unlike any other, or the utterance of words altogether beyond count, compared with the number of ideas. Now, Mr. Morris possesses neither of these fortunate peculiarities; he has his manner, but it is neither

gaudy, nor meretricious, nor noisy, nor eccentric. His voice does sometimes rise, but those who love him best, and treasure his sayings most, feel then inclined to say, "Speak lower! oh! speak lower! whisper it to us in that soft undertone; use the soul as much as possible alone, in speaking to the soul!" And then he is seldom wordy; he seldom uses a word too much; you seldom feel that another word could better have served the purpose of *that* one—*never*, unless the Speaker has been hurried along, as he sometimes is, by a more impetuous and impulsive emotion, than that which characterises his ordinary style. Of no Preacher may it be more emphatically said, that Words represent Things; and, therefore, those who want words can never feel much satisfaction in attending Holloway Chapel,—but those to whom words are the sheathing of ideas, the shell which must be cracked to disclose a kernel,—will find perhaps every Sermon wealthy—suggestive in the highest degree. From those quiet hesitating formularies of speech will gradually be disclosed wedges of shining ore. The work is not all done for you when the Sermon is done; you may beat out that thought for a lifetime.

And therefore we called Mr. Morris a Hermetical Thinker and Preacher. He, also, in common with the best spirits of our age, eschews the Dialectic method, alike as a method of obtaining the truth, or communicating truth, or teaching

truth ; he does not present his thought wrapt in the formulas of Logic. He presents to you his thought ; he takes pleasure in his own volitions and thinkings : he does not set them forth as man-traps to catch unwary understandings. His style lacks continuity, because of its more weighty excellence,—because it is eminently intuitional. His words come forth like tones from a shrine ; they are like stray utterances, like the songs of some secluded spirit in a cave : and, indeed, this Preacher reminds one of some sealed and hoary Hermit, pacing to and fro in the loneliness of his grot. Look at him wherever you will, his eyes seem to be struggling to pierce through some encumberment, into the far immensity ; they give you the idea of eyes foiled with their own travellings, but undauntedly trying again ; and thus the spirit travels to and fro. You feel that this man has known what it is to be walled up within the cold stones of the understanding. He has bravely broken his way through, and escaped from, prison. You could figure him, in the Middle Ages, contenting himself with a cell, and shrinking from confraternity with society, so that his spirit might be free of the Universe ; to walk hither and thither ; to bend before the Cross at midnight, while the stars sparkled, and the dews glittered on the unkempt hair. Hermits there are, now-a-days, and they are the world's best teachers too : for, to know a world, a man must

to a great degree, go out of it, and shut himself up where he may survey it without partiality or passion, or spleen. Thus, in the Olden time, the lone thinker hied him away to woods, to claustral solitudes, to chambers excavated from beetling rocks: He sat upon the ancestral moss of the hoary tree, he looked down a thousand fathoms into the depths of his own soul, while the silences descended around him, and echoed through the solitudes their million voices.—Ah! why, in these days, have we forsaken the world's eldest and best Preachers. To the Hermit of old how frequently went the Monarch for counsel; the Statesman fastened his steed by his gay housings and caparisonings to some ancient tree, and there left him, while he sought the deeper recesses, where the man of meditation held his inner communings by the well or the grot, named, from him "Holy." Out of the Hermit Life the fine gold is ever dug. The superficial attainments,—the prattling, twaddling, mawkish, blue-stockingsm of the tea-table may, indeed, be picked up at Mrs. Simper's Circulating Library; or, from the delightful and instructive Discourses of the Rev. Orthodox Twiddlededee: but, if a man would be an instructor,—if he would be instructed, it holds—now as in the olden time, like the almost divine Pagan,—he must travel to the grot to meet Egeria; or, (and this figure is far more in keeping with the subject,) he must go into the

wilderness for forty days, if the Angels are to minister to him,—he must retire into the mountain apart to pray.

Thus, then, we say there may be Modern Hermits ; we do not mean a race of men who shall fancy their piety is in proportion to their dirt, men of the uncombed hair and the unwashed skin. Many of our students, and others, have a trick of abstraction and vacancy ; we sometimes meet with interesting green-horn youths from College,—so we believe they usually denominate their roost—with a sleek, footman-looking, whitey-brown appearance about them ; moral mulattos, determined to impress you with the idea of their profound obliviousness to all around them, while you unfortunately found them oblivious only of their own vanity. Yet there are, indeed, modern hermits, men who live alone ; and let the reader ask himself, whether it is more painful or more glorious to live alone ? for, upon his reply to that question, will depend much of his own determination to inner advancement. The truth is, the greatest spirits *must* live most alone ; the highest archangels must be the most isolated of created intelligences. Is it painful, or is it glorious, that as we advance to the higher mountain peaks of the empire of thought, we cut ourselves off from the channels of human sympathy ? There are those upon whom reserve is thrust, as a terrible necessity of their moral being, the eyelids of their outer

senses are closed,—pressed down,—until a brother of their own soul crosses their way ; and then,—then,—the wings rustle and flutter ; the soul communes with the sense : but until that brother come to unlock the nature, they sit silent and solitary in the cave, waiting for the charmed word to be spoken, the *Ephph-atha*—now throwing a plumb line down into the deep spiritual stream ; now turning over the pages of some of the great buried old men of yore, if haply they *may* be embraced as brothers. Oh ! is it not a sublime sight this, of the Hermetic Spirit sitting and waiting by the pool, till some Angel come by, and disturb for it the wave ?

Whether we may say all this of Mr. Morris, we do not so well know. This surely we may say, that when we heard him, his golden sentences came to us often like the short, weighty, condensed syllables of those brave old writers, Thomas Fuller, or Owen Feltham, or Sir Thomas Brown. Not rich with the mellowing pomp, the stained glass glory of the last of these, but say sentences composed of the quaintness of the first, and the glory of the last ; for, preach whenever he will, his sermons appear to abound in the short aphorisms which so reveal the thinker—sentences that hang round the memory like verbal or mental amulets—sentences which reveal the world into which the speaker has travelled—sentences like the hill tops, chaining the horizon round, marking

out the character of the country, and its boundaries and beauties.

We well remember threading our way to hear him some months since, at a time when our heart was well nigh broken, for the prop of life had snapped beneath us, and we had but just come from the grave of our wisest councillor, or dearest and closest, and most treasured companion—our household angel. We surely were in no mood to think—we could only feel; and we thought that tears and agonies had so petrified the heart to stone—that no ordinary Pulpit ministration could reach us. Our Hermit came that day to talk upon the Friendship of Jesus. He knew nothing of our heart-breakings, for we knew nothing of each other, or each other's whereabouts; and upwards of two hundred miles separated between our homes; but never can we forget the beautiful words, full of divine beauty and divine light, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Feeling flowed forth, bathed in piety—sentences baptised in "the beauty of holiness." We felt the discourse so personally and entirely, no wonder that it seemed a message to us. Beautiful was the distinction drawn "between thinking of Christ, and thinking to Christ—between soliloquies *upon* Him, and conversations *with* Him—between thinking of Him as a thousand years ago, or a thousand miles off, and in our own room." And yet more touching was the

remark in reference to our great Friend, Jesus, that "if we look from the providence to the Person, it is a mystery ; but if we look from the person to the Providence, all is clear ; if we stand by the side of our sorrow, we cannot understand it,—but if we stand by the side of our Friend, and look at our sorrow, we comprehend it."

Sentences like these have all the antithetic quaintness of the men of old, chastened from a coarseness which sometimes soiled their beauties : such sentences reflect themselves permanently on the memory. Ah, my good friend, Firstly, and Secondly, and Thirdly, are very fine things in their place : far be it from the present poor writer to undervalue method, and order, and arrangement,—but suppose you spent a little less time on Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly, and upon first, second, and third remarks, " under the first general head of our discourses," and, instead of this, gave us sharp, vivid sentences, striking like nails into the memory, and holding many other things together there. How think you ?—might it not be more profitable to us, and, let us hope, to thyself, also ?

Thus, suppose we go back to our own memory for some aphorisms from one of Mr. Morris's Sabbath evening discourses. An evening in August,—a discourse upon the intercession of Abram for Sodom,—to us a most memorable evening :—strangely enough, as the speaker pursued his way through the deepening twilight, the wild hurry

and turbulence of the elements solemnly sympathised with the subject: the crashing thunder rolled over the roof, and the glaring and vivid lightning glanced upon the cold stone arches of the chapel, and white stone pulpit. Such circumstances touched the imagination: the mind more readily transferred its sympathies to the terrible moment when the Patriarch held communion with God, while the yet uncommissioned fire hung over the doomed city: more readily, as the bolt rattled in our hearing, did we hear the roar and see the sudden outblaze of the elements, as they fell on turret and tower—as they wrapped the vast and ancient civilization in flames of ruin. Thanks to the quiet and unpretending manner of the preacher, the spell continued upon us: the terrible recall of devouring judgment—the rushing down of the sudden night, and cloud, and fury, from the solemn clouds, where had slumbered the avengements of violated law.

But we revert to the Sermon and the occasion now, only to collect an instance or two of Mr. Morris's Aphoristic method; to make this one Sermon an illustration, as doubtless most of his sermons might be made, of the peculiar mind-life of the Preacher:—

I.—“How beautiful and generous was the meeting of Abram and the angels! (Men.) I think we could very well part with very much of the splendour and refinement of our high civili-

zation for the open-heartedness—the open-handedness of those Primitive Ages.”

II.—“Abram invites the disguised Angels to partake of refreshment; ‘a morsel of bread,’ this is the height of courtesy. It is the truest politeness. He does not say anything about the well-fatted calf, or ‘the seethed kid.’ True politeness springs from sensibility, and it always *depreciates* the favours it confers, and magnifies the favours it receives.”

III.—“God says, I know Abraham, that he will command his house. The world looks for men abroad; God looks for men at home. He passes by the highly emblazoned achievement, and notes the quiet beauty of Domestic Life.”

IV.—“Abram’s mode of intercession with God, to our advanced light, must appear Blasphemous. ‘Will God destroy the Righteous with the Wicked?’ God does destroy the Righteous with the Wicked now,—what then? we must all die; the manner of our death is of little import. Death may be a very great blessing,—to the Righteous it is so. Abram’s mode of address to God is an illustration of the necessity of a mode of speech from God to man then,—very different to that He adopts now. I suppose He could not have spoken to men,—I cannot see how, in those days, He could have addressed them at all,—if He had not spoken more with reference to their darkness, than His dignity.”

V.—“Of what wonderful use Saints are in society—not merely by their influence, but by the mere fact of their existence ! They save society, how frequently, we do not know.”

VI.—“God values more our intercessory prayers for others, than our selfish prayers for ourselves. Oh ! Christian people, remember your Priestly character and office, and bear the names of your friends upon your breastplates when you pray !”

Now, can the reader see the mind of the Preacher ? His manner is not rapt and inspired ; rhapsody he is unable to indulge in ; Aphorism, bound up with alliteration and antithesis this has appeared to us to be the leading characteristic, and mode of his style. Striking remark, novel presentation of Truth. Thus we heard him once observe upon the moral evidence surrounding the conversion of Paul, that “he was just the sort of man to be converted in a hurry. His conversion could never have been by degrees—slow and gradual—his experience would be volcanic ; he would leap into the Kingdom of Heaven at once :” and this was followed by some admirable observations upon the preservation of mental identity, in the modes of conversion : and one other remark served us as a text to ruminate over, from the same Discourse ; “that the conversion of sinners now shows us that they can better serve God where they are, (in sin,) than where they might be.”

This preaching is eminently suggestive—it is the Preaching of a Teacher. It is eminently above the mere common-place phraseology of the most of our modern Pulpits. In listening, you are called to labour; the Preacher does not do the work of the Hearer. He calls upon the Hearer to exercise his own powers of thought: he holds up a torch within the soul, and says, “Behold!” The light streams through the understanding, but it descends deeper than the understanding. The Preacher speaks in hints. It is a poor business that of proving all you advance, let the auditor prove it. To revert again to the remarks made above, by Dialectic forms, we cannot hope that Truth will be much advanced; all *they* can do, is, to test the *quantity of Truth*. The perception of its *quality* lies deeper,—lies indeed in altogether another region. The instincts of Man revolt against the chains of Logic, and mathematical squares, and sections, and angles, as the crucibles of belief or unbelief. He will only be a useful Teacher who, knowing something of the form—something of the method of the synthesis, and analysis, in the discipline of his own mind, casts them mainly behind him in his efforts at public instruction, and speaks not from the operation of machinery *upon* him, but from the pressure of inspiration *within* him:—Inspiration—the result of mental communication,—of earnest travail after the Divine life,—of the irrepressible voice of

God within the soul, heard as the result of prayer and devout meditation,—of silence, and foresight,—the child of Silence,—of long pondering over the words of the men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Wind,—pondering, disturbed as little as may be by Man's comments, and interrupted as little as may be by the darkening veil of Human Tradition.

We have lingered thus with the name of Mr. Morris, and continue to linger, because we wish all success to this kind of preaching. We are sick, to the very soul, of elegant preaching, and of, elegant preachers too. The influence of Robert Hall and Dr. McAll, and other eminent living preachers, among the foremost of whom we may name Dr. Harris, has been most disastrous over the mind of the young ministry. The driest, dullest, and most wearisome thing we know aught of, is elegant preaching. The introduction into the Pulpit of papers of highly diluted Spectatorism, abounding with tropes, and images, and curvetting sentences. Preachers like Mr. Morris break the spell of this mere elegant style,—not that they are inelegant, but that really elegance forms no portion of their thought in preparing for the Pulpit, compared with the weight and worth of the thought; the main question is—what can I give to the people to inspire them with holy affections? the next question then is,—how can I convey it, so as to be most easily apprehensible

by the people? Sad is the influence of a tortuous and winding phraseology: no Preacher should ever dream that he has exhausted a subject, or can exhaust it, in a single discourse. To all young preachers we would say, hunt up ideas, furnish your mind well with ideas, and store the minds of your people with ideas—with ideas clearly and perspicuously expressed; teach them to think. The Teachers of the English people are apparently afraid lest they should begin to think; lest they should be taught to think. Oh, there are some wise dunces, who are afraid that if they part with their mental wealth they shall be bankrupt, while others are thriving upon their riches. Poor mortals! Yet such have we seen; how carefully they have hugged the book lest it should be borrowed, and thus others know as much as themselves. How carefully they have treasured an idea; how indisposed to help you in a difficulty; they dreaded lest you also should become wise as they. Poor fools! poor misers! they forgot that it holds true in this, as in other matters, that diffusion is accumulation; to hide the lamp under the bed is to deprive ourselves of light as well as others. If a man would become mentally wealthy, let him scatter, with a liberal hand, the ideas he has already attained. There are ministers whom we know,—what knowledge have they diffused?—what new ideas have they communicated to the people?—they have rounded

their periods, and kindled their imagery—have they done so much? Why, as we understand it, the man who has embraced the interests of the ministry, who has ordained himself to the work of public instruction, should consecrate all to his people; he is theirs; they have a right to the results of all his reading and his thinking; he should pour into his public discourses the illumination of all his books, and studies, and sciences—they have a right to it; he should make all—however varied, however miscellaneous—adapt itself to them. For what has he been educated? Languages, elocution, history, science—why has he studied them? Are they not laid by as soon as the College-rooms are left? People ignorant, unlettered? Nonsense, my brother! Doubtless, they were illiterate, and thou wert lazy; and an illiterate people and a lazy pastor ought to get on swimmingly together! But the writer of this does not believe there exists a people that intrepid intelligence and energy may not raise. The curse of the age is fine preaching; it is morbid and pestilential. The want of the age is plain, intelligent preaching,—Preaching suggestive and illustrative,—Preaching absorbing all that eloquence can offer, but eloquence adapting itself (without which it ceases to be eloquence,) to the wants and status of the people; availing itself of the lights of history for illustration; or of science for confirmation; or of philology for elucidation;

and holding all so aloft that they may reflect their rays upon the genius of Christianity, and develope its superior lustre, adaptability, and power. To attempt to say fine things in the Pulpit is a solemn sin; and fine sermons (like all other finery,) are very evanescent in their influence. Let the fine sermon system die out as soon as possible, useless as it is to God and man. It devolves upon a few men to show to those not gifted with so much moral courage that there is everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by the adoption of a more honest system of instruction. Intelligence will ever hie away to the man able to teach. If an illustration is wanted, behold it in Mr. Morris's elegant (if small,) and crowded chapel,—crowded evidently with men and women thoughtful and earnest: and men baptised into a similar spirit, if they would make the experiment, would meet the same results in any ordinary town in England. Certainly it is time the experiment were made; nothing can be more deplorable than the condition of dissenting churches, with regard to pastors, all England over.

We will revert to one or two other salient points of Mr. Morris's character, as a Teacher. Conspicuously enough, he is Non-conformist, which is saying a great deal for him, in these days of Dissenting Conformity; for, although Dissenters are very angry with anything like State Interference, many of them lie prostrate beneath the

Tyranny of Opinion, and are not at all indisposed to interfere pretty largely with one another. Mr. Morris may be called a Conservative Non-conformist. He, too, like Mr. Binney, and some others, has something yet to learn, if his general principles are characterized by Truth: he has faith in Truth, but fear of Catholics, and on the whole, thinks that Truth will be finally victorious, if we help her by a little bit of old force. This is no place to discuss that matter. Although this is rather surprising in so stout a disciple of the ultra Heroes of Non-conformity. No doubt there is truth in the doctrine—"that I may know what manner of man you are, show to me your gallery of Heroes." It is an age of Hero-worship. Perhaps every age has been an age of Heroeikonism. It is indispensable to Man to pay homage and reverence to some of his fellows; but, in our time, the disposition to admire the human above us, has taken a shape and form more definite than it ever assumed before. It is not generally known that Mr. Morris was the author of a series of "Sketches," which appeared in "The Non-conformist," and which excited some attention, some years since,—a Non-conformist portrait gallery. A man must, on the whole, resemble what he most admires; he may be inferior in the depth of the tone to the men whose images he carves, but he will be like them; and, perhaps, had circumstances demanded, he would have done

precisely as they did. The gallery of Mr. Morris includes not merely or mainly the men who were the founders of the Puritanic life and faith, but the faithful Non-conformists in many a walk and sphere ; for the spirit of Nonconformity is in the refusal to be bound and hampered up by social or ecclesiastical usages and observances. Hence, when we sometimes see our friend enter the Pulpit without the gown, and sometimes with it, we think we notice the indication of a spirit that would dare, in more important matters, to step aside from form and rule. It may be that he is less disposed to interfere with the ordinary programme of things than he was a few years since, and, perhaps, will be less disposed to interfere as years pass along ; for what man does not become timid and indisposed to do the unusual thing, by continuing in his solitude, among his thoughts and his books ? It is easier for such men to write the eccentric than to perform it ; unless, indeed, such eccentricity is a portion of character, and the result of a prevailing idiosyncrasy of mind. And this further leads us to say, that we imagine John Foster to be, perhaps unconsciously to himself, Mr. Morris's model or ideal. His character of John Foster, in "The Non-conformist" gallery, in many points is his own :—hear what he says about him,—“He could not build the house of great conclusions on the sands of common report and familiar truths ; he could

not be content with shows and seemings, even of the clearest and fullest form ; he was not to be satisfied with the shells awarded serious thinkers by the moral monkeys of the world. He weighed each portion of merchandise ; rang each piece of mental coin ; scrutinised each vote tendered for truth. A proposition uttered to him,—the first effect was not belief, but inquiry ; a fact stated, and he “ asked questions.” Prevailing opinions, received theories, common customs, were fair matters, he thought, for examination ; many of them he found, alas, for *post mortem* examination ! And the things that were to be discovered to be true and genuine, were not the goal of his investigations,—they could not be received as ultimate realities ;—they were surfaces, counters, windows, locks,—indicating, representing, revealing, opening truth, which to him was always ‘ the great deep,’ ‘ the true riches,’ ‘ the inner room,’ ‘ the hid treasure.’ The process was, of course, slow, but the results were blessed ; and he might well ‘ like his mind for its necessity of seeking the abstraction upon every subject.’ Such a man’s life is to be estimated according to the number—not of his nights and days, his eatings and drinkings, his walkings and restings, but—his thoughts, and feelings, his ponderings, and solicitudes,—“ the visions of his head,” and “ the searchings of his heart.”

Such appears to us the Portrait of Alfred Mor-

ris—John Foster, in the Pulpit; and, therefore, (and because fitted for the work of the Pulpit,) inferior to John Foster; yet a man to whom John Foster would have listened. Conceive the glorious old British Essayist transformed into a gentleman, than which we could scarce imagine a feat more miraculous, and you may form some idea of the man of Holloway,—a man certainly more politic and civic than dear John ever was. Mr. Morris would never walk down four miles in a grey old ink-stained study-gown, and walk up into the Pulpit of a crowded Chapel, in ignorance of his condition and dress. It may be, that such entire abstraction is not desirable. No! in figure a very great difference between these two men—the careless slouching gait of the one—and the nonchalantic air of the other. Foster, in his abstraction, was wholly regardless of life; he seemed, sometimes, to cut the last mooring, and sail away through the pure Seas of Thought. Morris, we dare to say, never does this: his abstraction is seldom entire. Look at the shock head of Foster; a tangled mass of hair combed into propriety with brambles—very different to the polished frontispiece of Morris—light, flowing, Saxon locks, and graceful rounded marble forehead. The head of Foster was more of the Philosopher—the head of Morris more of the Poet; and the Style of Foster is very often (like the style of the present writer, by-the-bye, a

comparison beginning and ending there unfortunately,) very slovenly. The style of Morris is picked; not that he cares much about this matter, but that the graceful Mind must express itself gracefully. No doubt external physiognomics reveal internal characteristics. Foster's mind was moulded in our hard Northern Counties—Morris's in our more flexible Southern, Saxon climes.

While we have been reading this over we heard you, oh, unfriendly reader, and ungentle critic, "pooh, poohing! pshaw, pshawing!" you have not liked this comparison between the Prince of English Essayists, for such Foster is, and Alfred Morris; and we have only to say, have you heard him? Well,—and do you know him through his public teaching? If you do, you have heard him to little purpose, if the Analogy has not before now presented itself to you, and if you have not heard him,—who are you that you should snarl over what you know nothing about?

In conclusion, we may ask Mr. Morris to do two or three things, which will enhance the freedom of his Ministrations, and with their freedom their value. The Mould of his Discourses, why adhere to the old skeletonising method? We perceive that in most of his Sermons he has the Anatomical structure complete. Surely this can never be tolerated for its beauty; furthermore,

we notice that these divisions are the only common-place portions of the Sermon ; leading one irresistibly to the conclusion that they are mapped out, knotted down, without any especial mental evolvment, or volition, or meditation. With most persons this method of head-making is a mere apology for baldness of ideas—a plan to assist and cobble up diseased memories—a kind of peg, the value of which is shared between the Pulpit and the Pew, frequently to the checking of thought in the Preacher, and preventing the flow of instruction over the mind of the hearer. In conjunction with this, may we not say to Mr. Morris, “Dilate a little more ;—diffuse a little more ;—the gold will bear beating, and not be very thin then ;—the thought will bear spreading out,—your volume is worth opening ? We see the Title-page : we would hear the flow of its language, and the moderations of its varied sounds, and notes of its discourse.”

We threw ourself back in our study chair, as we wrote the last sentence. We wondered if there was anything more to say ; and as we sat, how naturally, how easily, we traversed the miles, till we found ourselves in the quiet aisles of Holloway Chapel—so chaste—so hushed, for the slow, hesitating words of its preacher—for the most part, so slow, so hesitating, that they seem to you to ramble carelessly forth, sauntering, as it were, along the highways of speech, until more than

usual thought demands a more than usual emphasis. We noted the curious expression of those eyes—full of meaning, full of lustre, full of love; and the texture of that stubborn-looking lip, saying, without a word, as plain as ever lip said with words in this world, “I have thought it over, and I *will* have it so:” and while in that chapel, and beneath that ministration, utter strangers as we were to the man and all about him, we found that man *can worship*, and *can teach*; these two great intentions of the Christian Temple are fulfilled there. There is not the appearance of a broken mechanical Papistry in the place, but heartiness and earnestness, as if the people did believe in a God, and a Cross—which it does not appear to us they do believe in *all* places: there is not the appearance of indifferentism, as if the people would say, “We wonder whether that thing repeated for the thousandth time, will be said as well as it was on last Sunday.” There is an expectancy, and an upcasting of the eye, as if the mental thread were preparing to string the golden beads or pearls which the speaker may let fall.—And this we believe is a self-educated ministry. Mr. Morris had none of the advantages of academic instruction, or but few of them: he has carved his own way. All honor to him! we like the men who have carved their own way, like John Foster, in this particular, too, (for *his* academic lore was next to none.) Mr. Morris has

been the excavator of his own teachings and thinkings ; and our impression has long been, that the men who have been their own teachers are pre-eminently fitted to teach others. One would wish that, in every Pulpit in our land, instead of the Rev. Orthodox Tweedlededee, who ministers so frequently, we had some one like Mr. Morris, who would believe something, think something, and say something to the purpose, to the waiting immortals around.

REV. ROBERT NEWTON, D.D.

BUT what, then, shall we say of the Pulpit of Methodism? It has occupied a peculiar position in its influence over the mind of the country. When it first began its work, it was a most real and vital thing, and it gave birth to most real and vital things; and still the most *elegant* pulpits of the land are perhaps those belonging to the Methodist body. Through the large towns of the North, how spacious are the chapels, and how vast the congregations!—excepting, indeed, in those places where those naughty Reformers have spread their poisonous leaven. With a few exceptions, such as the Cathedrals of Dr. Halley, in Manchester, and Dr. Raffles, in Liverpool, and the great Metropolitan Temples of Nonconformity—with these exceptions, we say, Methodism boasts the possession of the most costly pulpits in the land. But we wish to speak with great respect, when we say we doubt whether the work within

is equal to the work without ; for, in a word, this pulpit may be said to be characterless ; it has not now what it had once—individuality : once it stood alone and apart from other Pulpits ; it claimed to be the bearer of a distinct message to the people ; and the triumphs of the Methodist Pulpit are among the most glorious and significant in the History of Preaching. Through the northern, and especially through the western counties of England, the stirring words of humble and plain-spoken men shook the souls of rough colliers and miners. A review of the History of Civilization in England would be quite incomplete, which did not include the Development of Methodism within the Community during the last century. Its effects were as instantaneous as those which followed the preaching of Peter the Hermit. Populations the most densely crowded and benighted—the most stolidly ignorant and embruted—were moved by the rude oratory of men, wholly unlettered, but who were able to say, “Whereas I was once blind,” now I see. Refinement sneers at their style, but Religion marks its usefulness. Methodism now is too proud to use this instrumentality ; but it has not supplied another of equal, not to say of greater efficiency.

The last Preacher of genuine Methodism, the last who from the Conference Pulpit spoke in the strain of the old time, was WILLIAM DAWSON ; we

will not say that preaching like his suited the structure of our personal religious life. He could give but little spiritual aliment, but most wonderfully could he rouse the slumbering convictions of the soul. Coarse and intolerant, he was fitted to cleave rocky hearts—unless we commit ourselves altogether to the superiority of the system which implies the superior force of gentle words dropping like the still rain, or quiet snow, and, penetrating, like them, the most arid soils and rocky substances. Dawson truly spoke in thunder;—literally in thunder,—the terrors of the Lord ever gleamed round the Pulpit in which he spoke; he had but two words, but he uttered them in a wonderful variety of cadences—“REPENT or be DAMNED.” His was a style strange and eccentric in the highest degree, and when he preached, strong convulsions rocked alike the Pulpit and the Pew.

Some of our readers, perhaps, heard that strange discourse delivered, as we understand, in many ways, from the text “The Lord shut him in.” After announcing his text from the Pulpit, the first movement of the Preacher was from it, this, said he, won’t do. He went down the Pulpit stairs, and, standing in the large table or class-leaders’ Pew, he supposed himself to be Noah, the Pulpit to be the Ark which he was building, and his hearers around him to be the ungodly world to which he was preaching. Meantime

he was preparing the Ark, and while talking he was gradually mounting, step by step, the Pulpit, till at last he reached the door, then, slamming it to, he shouted "The Lord shut him in." And now the flood, the thunder, the lightning, the fall of rocks and crags, and the shrieking of perishing sinners rose around, while the Ark, the Ark, drifted safely over the billows, amidst the terrors of fire, and thunder, and storm. As in most preachers of his class, there was a rough Histrionic Power; his words and his actions too, were most graphic. There was a strange sermon from the text, "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit," &c., &c. The colloquy between the Preacher and some person he supposed to be beneath the Pulpit, down in the miry clay, is often spoken of as a singular illustration of his power of graphic painting and something like ventriloquial speech.

The tale is well known of the pedlar, who, when Dawson was preaching from the text—"Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting," pressed through the crowd, up the Pulpit stairs, and gave up his measure. "Break it, sir," said he, "break it; it was short." And to his imagination and conscience, all the sermon appeared to be levelled at him. My dear reader, all this may appear very coarse to you, but in fact do we not want now some preaching like this? Are you to scale other men's

requirements by yours? Forcible preaching to you may drop most lifelessly and useless upon other ears. We confess we should not like to attend the ministry of William Dawson long, and yet would to God that among our Itinerant Prophets there were some strong, coarse, rugged pictorial souls like his, to awake the moral Bosjesmen of our country to some dim twinkling religious perceptions!

Is the Pulpit of Methodism at present most appropriately represented by DR. NEWTON? Certainly we think not, and yet his name is the most attractive in all parts of England, and we have gone with thronging crowds to the largest conventicles in the country, in London, in Liverpool, in Leeds. We have heard him upon great occasions and upon small occasions, and we cannot understand it; there is something mythical about the man, he is the most famous preacher in the world. So say his admirers. We have read his sermons, we have heard them delivered, and we do not remember that we have ever been benefited by a single new thought, new illustration, or new impulse. Once, indeed, we heard him say, in Oxford Street Chapel, at Leeds, that "Prayer was like an arrow; shot up to heaven it brought back a blessing on the quiver." The figure appeared to us not of the best, but still good; and as it was the only one, we took it and were thankful. But turning over Bishop Hall's

Contemplations, six months after, we found our arrow there. The only good thing we ever had from the Doctor was borrowed. There is nothing ill-natured in these remarks—the fame of Robert Newton is extraordinary in England and in America. We, the humble writer of this book, must be wrong; two hemispheres cannot be at fault, and there are men whose presence is their power. Whitfield cannot be seen in his sermons, wonderful as was their effect in delivery. We read them as among the tamest of human compositions. John Elias also, of Wales, as mighty a master as Whitfield himself among the mountains and people of that glorious and lovely land, yet, dead, he will not speak thus. We can conceive, too, that power leaves a man, that we have no right to judge the man of half a century by his thoughts and his tones to-day. It is fifteen years since we heard Newton first, it is eighteen months since we heard him last. Again, we say we cannot understand it; thought or language; we cannot, we never could detect: truly, truly, among the hundreds of Local Preachers of our acquaintance, we know very many in mental structure apparently far taller than Robert Newton.

But his manner, says the reader, what do you think of his manner? Excellent! easy! and, in many particulars, perhaps, even graceful. No doubt, in Youth and Manhood, there was a perfect and self-possessed dignity, which wins won-

derfully in popular estimation. No doubt, the tones of that voice then were thrilling and shrill ; and yet, in wonderful combination, full of compass and of power. We surmise all this, for we have not heard it ; but a friend of ours, a Clergyman from Louisiana, who heard him preach in the Hall of Congress, in America, declared to us that those tones were so marvellous and electrical, that when the Preacher gave out the hymn

“ Would Jesus have the sinner die ? ”

He felt a tingling and creeping through the blood of his whole frame ; and many of the writer's friends have attested this wonderful power. If this is the case, there is nothing marvellous in the extent of the Preacher's fame ; this magnetic force touches the highest point of Oratorical Power—but we have neither felt it nor heard it. We said so once to a good friend, and he told us that our heart was not in a right state ; very likely.

So that we seem, you see, to be quite unfit to attempt any sketch of Newton ; and yet there is a fascination about the subject, compelling us to go on a little further,—a fine figure,—a fine voice,—a manner dignified and stately,—a profusion of anecdotes,—a commingling together of *hauteur*, condescension, and affability. These are the things we have noticed as most obvious in Dr. Newton. We remember, once our duties called

us to a small country-town, in the extreme north of Yorkshire, and finding our Doctor was to be there, attending some Missionary services, we went to the Chapel; and truly we heard, that afternoon, several most remarkable things. It was at a time when Dr. Campbell was exciting, in many Methodist bosoms, no little amount of ire, by his somewhat too free and copious animadversions; and we remember that one portion of our Orator's address ran thus:—"Yes, my brethren, Dr. Campbell may be against us,—and the 'British Banner' may be against us,—and the 'Christian Witness' may be against us, and the 'Christian Penny Magazine' may be against us, but, praise the Lord! so long as we have the penny a week, and the shilling a quarter, we shall go on conquering and to conquer." That speech appeared to us most remarkable. We were scarcely well recovered from our surprise when we were startled by a most singular Missionary anecdote. "And now, friends," said the speaker, "we are frequently told that we have no hold on China, but," said he, "I say, we have a hold on China; for, two or three years since, a gracious couple, whom the Lord had remarkably blessed, went from this country to Hong Kong, and, when they arrived there, they began to inquire how they might best avail themselves of the old Methodist means of grace; they began to look about them, and they found first one Methodist family, and

then another, and then another dropped in : and now there are nineteen souls meeting in class, in Hong Kong, so that we have a hold on China."!!!

We thought our Preacher might as well have thrust a lady's needle into the skin of a whale, and have said,—“ We have a hold upon him.” Nineteen souls, to 300,000,000, did appear to us a rather small proportion. We had scarce recovered our propriety, when our Orator began to recommend his hearers to take the simple letter of the Word without question and without comment. He was laughing at some modern quibblings on the literary difficulties of the New Testament, when we understood him to say, “ Bless you ! I never could read a chapter in Greek in my life, so I am not much troubled that way.”— We say we understood him to say this ; but it seemed such an astounding thing for a Doctor of Divinity to say, that we could only believe that our ears deceived us ; and, yet reason as we may, the impression is there. This is precisely the kind of talk which renders the respect of the hearer to this Preacher an impossible circumstance ; and although we fear we may offend many who love Dr. Newton, the simple truth is, we left the chapel that afternoon, ashamed that the truth of Christianity should be presented in that guise. The tradesman, we thought, who should speak thus of his business, would only be laughed at for his pains. Men who have been

well flattered can bear to hear a little reproof, can tolerate a little diminution of their aggregate of praise. A circumstance greatly detracting from the worth of Robert Newton's Discourses is, that however excellent they may be, they are mostly recitations; they have been repeated again and again, and yet again, during the last twenty-five years. We have known the delivery of a sermon from the text, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth," at least six or eight times. There is a story of a commercial traveller who heard the Doctor preach at York, and heard the same Sermon delivered at Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. The frequency with which the same sermons are repeated is, indeed, no secret. All who have been in the habit of listening, know well that this is the case; and, indeed, almost expect to hear a Discourse delivered before. Affection for the Preacher of an ancient date and day crowds the chapels still, although the preacher is shorn of his strength.

Yet a wonderful Man is Robert Newton. Where shall we find the other man who has travelled and re-travelled—crossed and re-crossed, so frequently and so rapidly, the whole breadth of the land. Certainly his labours have been Herculean; incessantly travelling; incessantly preaching; incessantly speaking. The greater part of his life has been spent on Coaches, on Platforms,

in Pulpits, and in Railway Trains. His name has usually been the signal to gather immense congregations around him; announced upon the platform, his name has produced a wild tumult of applause. Nor, in this country alone, in the United States of America the effect he produced was very remarkable. When he was introduced at the twenty-first Anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, every individual in the vast assembly rose to his feet. As we have before observed, he preached in the Chamber of the Representatives of the United States, before most of the Members of Congress, and many of the most distinguished citizens. Returning to England, he resumed his labours here, and with unwearied energy and unabating rapidity, he continues travelling and speaking. And the Author of the "Wesleyan Takings" awards to him an amount of Praise, which we cannot, for a moment, concede; because, as we have said before, we do not know such a man as is there described. Those who appear to know him better, speak of him as a great Pulpit master, possessed of all the ingredients of the most commanding and able Preacher. He is, with these persons, a modern Whitfield;—full of grandeur, eloquence, thought; a Roman, of the noblest proportions, in person, speech, and mind. We quarrel not with those who find all these noble lineaments; we have not found them. The man appears to us altogether another person;

we do not understand how it can be, but we must, most assuredly, be wrong: as our friend said, and as many, not our friends will say, "Our heart is not in a right state."

It scarcely seems just to have devoted this space to mere negation of praise, while saying nothing of the philosophic Dixon, the eloquent Stewart, —the instructive and full-minded Arthur; but we must leave all that we might have said about these, unsaid, for the present: nor, may we venture to describe certain Entomological curiosities we have seen buzzing about in various Methodist Chapels, gaudy and noisy. We have not done justice to the Methodist Pulpit, but we must forbear saying more about either Lion or Insect.

DR. JOSEPH E. BEAUMONT.

A REVIEW of the Pulpit Oratory of England would be very incomplete, however that did not present something more even than a passing notice of Dr. Beaumont. There are few towns in England, (we might almost say there are few in Great Britain,) where his voice has not been heard, and the style of his Oratory, alike in its verbal and oral characteristics, is very peculiar. No style can be conceived better calculated to impress and to arouse a vast, popular audience. He reminds us, in many particulars, of Robert Hall's description of Toller of Kettering. "The simple declaration of the Truth, of truth of infinite moment, borne in upon the heart by a mind intensely alive to its grandeur. Criticism was disarmed; the hearer felt himself elevated to a region which it could not penetrate. All was powerless submission to the master of the scene." All that can be said of Beaumont's preaching is, that it exhibits a

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heart all alive, full of honest and of noble impulses, and deriving additional power from the charms of a peculiarly well furnished and observant mind—a mind awake to every kind of beauty—an eye kindling with rapture at every scenic impression,—a memory well furnished with the stores of historical anecdote,—or scientific allusion;—or the graces of verbal elegance and diction.

The preaching of Dr. Beaumont is wonderfully calculated for extensive popularity. He will ever be a Popular Minister who is able to interpret, by ANALOGY, his meaning; and Dr. Beaumont is the very Prince of Analogical Preachers. His figures abound throughout his Discourses, but they are not mere tropes of speech; they are at once graphic delineations, and perfect symbols. You feel that you understand the subject better by them; that they indeed form a part of the subject; that they are the body, containing the soul, of the discourse. There are some Preachers who will lighten at you, and thunder at you, and meandering-rill you, and purple-violet you. They will send forth a host of figures to buzz about you like flies, nay, to annoy you, and creep about you like yet more loathsome insects; but you feel all the time that it is labour thrown away; that you, for one, are certainly no nearer the mark; nay, that the dizzy noise has perhaps carried you farther away from the meaning. Nothing is easier, and nothing is more worthless, than this kind of

Preaching, wholly impressionless and pointless, as it ever is and must be.

A time there was in the History of Speech when every figure was a thought, and had a most obvious meaning. The time, perhaps, was, when there was no speech without figures; every word was synonymous with some natural sound, and all words again shaped themselves into simple and clear analogies with natural things. The first style of Oratory is, and must be, eminently figurative. As we enter the Council circles of primeval tribes, we find how they abound with illustrations, drawn from what is observed in Nature; and even the ordinary speech of everyday life is full of the rich and abundant imagery of the waters, the woods and the sky. In the advancement of the human mind these words become combined with the more abstract moods and dispositions; and the words, therefore, and sentences, are only adapted to the more thoughtful. There are, then, two classes of Speakers;—the first, appealing to the senses, and through them to the Imagination, and through the imagination to the Passions;—the second, appealing to the inner world of introspections, of volitions, and emotions, and through these to the *Æsthetic* or Reasoning faculty. This explains to us the reason why the audience of the first must ever be so much larger than the audience of the last speaker. How few auditors, in a large assembly,

have passed beyond the life of the sensations. The lowest life is the sensational life ; the lowest mind-life is sensational. Intelligence, in its lowest regions, draws analogies, and augurs from the thing seen to the thing unseen. How popular, therefore, will he be as a Speaker, who can command stores of figure. This is the secret of the fabulist's power, hence the mighty influence of the parable,—hence, sometimes, the force of an allusion to some well known object in nature, or to some household circumstances. To such a mind,—to one disposed to lay itself out for such illustrations, the whole world is a mighty gallery crowded with objects. Every History,—every Science furnishes them ; every room presents them ; no day can pass without them. The greatest of all lips have seized upon these methods to convey truth, and this method is so simple, that it is not denied to the humblest to be somewhat expert at it. The truth, itself, was perhaps distant, and ideal, and only remotely perceived ; but the figure was truly a mirror, at once, and an interpreter. We started with pleasure and surprise to find a difficulty melting away.

The Master of Rhetorical Analogy we have called our dear, good, meek-spirited Dr. Beaumont, or shall we call him Bishop Hall, the Younger? We have often heard him quote the quaint and beautiful gems of that sweet old con-

templatist ; and his mind appears to be fitted, in similar scenes, to indulge in similar lucubrations. It is his method not to put things after one another, like a logician, but by the side of each other, like a painter. Nature is to him the great Museum of Symbols and Figures. He reads, as we have said, the moral significance behind all things visible. We know of no Preacher who could, with so much propriety, adopt the famous saying attributed to Hermes Trismegistus :—
“ Omnia quæ sunt in cœlo, sunt in terra terrestri modo ; et omnia quæ sunt in terra, in cœlo cœlesti modo.” To him all the things of heaven have earthly forms, and every earthly form is capable of some spiritual interpretation. How can we manage to procure, for illustration, two or three instances ? Here is, first, a fine figure on the mysteriousness of the destiny of the Human Soul after Death :—“ All that we know is, that the Soul never, *never*, dies. Like a mighty river, the tract of which you can follow from region to region, and from soil to soil, but which at last, bewildered, you lose, by the river entering into a deep and embowered wood—you can follow it no farther. The wood is so thick, the forest is so dense, you cannot go after it, but you hear it dashing on by the furiousness of its roar. So is it with the Human Soul. You cannot follow it after death, but you know by the intimations which reach you that it is immortal.” Again,

“ You cannot touch the deep foundations of the Christian’s Peace. When the winds are up and raving loudly, you see the trees torn up by the roots, the waves of the sea boiling, and ships dashed to pieces upon their surges ; you are, perhaps, inclined to say, How tempestuous it must be below, a thousand fathoms down ! Ah ! the winds have never reached those waves, there all is Peace. There is a large mass of waters the wind cannot reach—it is all on the surface. And so let wealth depart—let political influence decline—Death come—let all the winds from Hell be unloosed—you cannot touch the deep foundations of the Christian’s Peace. You have only seen the surface ; in the deep within all is Peace, Peace.” But without searching through memory’s lumber-room, now other illustrations to the same point will presently come to light.

A plain spoken man is the Doctor too ; did ever any body misunderstand him ? We should think not. Did any body ever think him occult or dark ? Surely not ; for his figures always appear to be the very figures just needed to make the matter plain. We smile, sometimes, at the rough earnestness of the man,—“ I know,” said he, once, “ that it is the order of nature for parents to teach their children ; but I know that it is an order, that the God of nature and grace often smiles upon and blesses, for the children to teach their parents. I do not mind how the

matter goes on, so that it goes on. It is with this, as it is with the dew; some say that the dew falls down—that it comes from the sky; but, according to the most abstract and recondite philosophers, dew rises up from the earth—it ascends, but does not descend. I do not care whether it is down or up, or up or down, or down and up, or up and down, or both, so that it does but come, and enough of it to refresh all the waste places of the earth. So with regard to knowledge,—I do not care which way it is; whether it goes from the parents to the children, or from the children to the parents, or both ways,—any way, every way,—the more the better.” Yes, there is through all the talking of our preacher, a most daring bluntness. Our good friend, Thomas Beaumont, Esq., the very eminent surgeon of Bradford, in Yorkshire, and the brother of the subject of our present sketch, is one of the most accomplished speakers in England. We have heard him in his own Town, in Exeter Hall, in Covent-garden Theatre, and in many of the towns of the north; but he, unlike his brother (who, however, it may be remarked, is a Physician, and not a Doctor of Divinity), in this, is one of the most polished and graceful of speakers; you are astonished at the ease, the fluency, with which volumes of Ovidian or Virgilian derivatives come flowing over your tympanum. Thomas rounds every sentence—finishes it;—his sentences look

like stones after they have passed beneath the hands of the lapidary ; Joseph throws forth his sentences rough and strong ; his stones look like those intended for a museum—to polish them would be to spoil them ; since even their very defractions and uncouthness are a part of their history. It may be noticed, again, that the one brother chooses words pleasing rather by their tone ; the other, those pleasing by their power of awakening poetic suggestions.

We have often been delighted and instructed with the repetitive fulness of passages of the Doctor's sermons. We quite wonder what sort of hand we shall make at transcribing from memory passages which, when delivered, startled and touched all who heard them by their condensed and yet most ample beauty. The text for exposition was, " Jesus stood in the midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you ; and when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side."—" I suppose if you were to take all the figures, types, shadows, and symbols, prefiguring the coming of Christ—all the sacrificial altars and bleeding lambs of the Old Testament, and all the services and offerings of Faith, prescribed in the New—if you could take them all, and put them under an exhausting receiver, nothing more would be left than this, ' He shewed them his hands and his side ; ' and could you take all the methods by which the sinner comes to God—all his conver-

sions, vows, prayers, and sacrifices, and put them under an exhausting receiver, you would find this left alone, the reaching hither thy hand, and putting it into the side; the recognition is here of the two elements of our salvation, the water and the blood—‘Out of his side came blood and water. He that saw it bare record.’—I saw it, said he—not blood alone, but water with the blood; not water alone, but blood with the water; the blood *and* the water—the water *and* the blood—I saw it, says Saint John.”

We have spoken of the manner as repetitive: words are frequently used—perhaps comparatively synonymous—and yet every word conveys another meaning, or rather a higher meaning. Thus, speaking upon the pain of our Saviour’s Crucifixion, and alluding to the hand—“The nerves,” said he, “are the centres of feeling, the rivers of feeling, the canals of feeling, the railroads of feeling, the telegraphs of feeling; but the source of feeling is more remarkably placed in the hand; there are bundles of nerves, families of nerves, congregations of nerves.” The inference, then, was—how great must have been the pain of the Saviour. Thus we notice how our preacher piles expression upon expression; yet we do not remember that we can charge him with the utterance of expletives, or with a tautological mode of speech. Those who would sacrifice instruction to the nicety of rhetorical taste, may nibble at this method;

but to us, whose plainer and less learned judgment would prefer the useful, these figurative and verbal climaxes seem to be the very riveting points of instruction.

We do not know that we ever beheld the Doctor in the heat and full Tempest of his power ; but from what we have seen, we judge that must be a sublime spectacle. We are, we will confess it, fond of unclothing our men in the pulpit ; we are fond of forming, from what we see them performing, a judgment of what they are capable of doing,—we are fond of plucking a Peacock,—heartily fond of pulling off mentally the feathers which have been mounted for the occasion. Do our readers know Holywell Street in the Strand, of solemn and melancholy notoriety ? that street whither the followers of the ball and the masque go to procure their false dresses,—their japan and varnish ; their tinsels and fluttering rags of finery ; whither the stage actors go to procure their tin coronets, and plush robes, in which to strut forth for a night, the mock Kings of an Hour. It is very terrible, but very true ; there are religious and mental Holywell Streets, where Coxcombs of the Pulpit procure false visages, and purchase or borrow their feathers, with which to trick themselves forth in the guise of Eagles ; but you may with half an eye detect the borrowed wing ; you say immediately—all this is unnatural ; this man could not talk thus by the fireside, these ideas ?

this language? His? No! No! it is the old fable of our long eared friend in the Lion's skin. So there are other men honest men; who do not always appear to us as they are capable sometimes of appearing; the sails only swell when the winds blow toward the Haven.

Our preacher has delighted us, has instructed us, has elevated us; but we have ever thought of him, as we indeed could conceive him; and as we have heard of him,—for he can raise a tempest,—or hush it into silence. His power is great,—he can breathe out his pure, beautiful, quiet, and blessed sentences and emotions, and figures softly as a summer gale at twilight,—or he can hurry his words along, and brood over the pulpit like a very storm Spirit; while every breast heaves beneath the volumes of his power. We have been pleased to notice too, for we have seen him upon some such occasions, that the moments of the greatest rapture and passion in the minds of the Audience, are those when he is most collected: he just hovers and flutters above the people like an Eagle dipping his wings in the sunny cloud, or rainbow,—or if you prefer the simpler figure say, a skylark skirting the fringe of the distant cloud,—every eye is upturned to the distant wing,—you hear the voice, you see the wing up there, there, beating about in the deep blue of the Heavens, a thing of glory, and beauty. Will it pass out of sight? will it enter the infinite and travel away? Wildly, wildly

wanders the winged voice ; breathless is the silence as the notes flow on, it is rapture, rapture ; for it is Nature flying to the bosom of the Father and the God ; and suddenly you are relieved, for the beautiful singer is on the sward, in the nest, at home. So suddenly does our speaker in his best flights, drop from the most elevated regions, releasing his audiences from the deep and wrapt attention with which they had followed him in his flights.

After these remarks, then, it is almost unnecessary to say Dr. Beaumont is a glorious Platform-speaker, for his humour is happy, and flows along cheerfully without a ripple or a current. There was a time when the impediment to his speech, resulting from the roof of his mouth, was very seriously felt. In consequence of a surgical operation, he has a silver roof, and about twelve years since, this appeared much to interfere with the freedom of his utterance, and, perhaps, as all would do in similar circumstances, he used proportionate physical exertions to deliver himself. We remember he once spoke at an immense Anti-Slavery Meeting, at which we were present, and over which Lord Brougham presided. The exertion he used was prodigious, and the audience became somewhat impatient of it. Large audiences are not usually remarkable for their perceptions, and in this instance the defects of delivery wholly blinded the hearers to the beauty of several of the

figures ; we remember one unusual and touching in its significance—the likening of freedom to the ranunculus blooming at the foot of the Alps, beneath the snow-sheltered, and guarded even by unkindly and inclement elements. But he has conquered now, for the most part, the difficulty experienced then, and the impediment rather adds to the impression of his oratory than deteriorates from it. Who shall say to what extent James Parsons is indebted for his fame, to the combination of a voice so singularly fitted for ideas, tinged with most funereal associations? We have never been able to sympathise with those who think that now, or that during the latter years, the impediment has at all deteriorated from the impression of Dr. Beaumont's speech ; it lends rather a truly wonderful variation to the tone ; we do not remember any voice capable in the Pulpit of sinking to so deep and thrilling a bass as his voice.

Dr. Beaumont is singularly felicitous as a Platform speaker ; yet he is almost the only speaker whose style upon the Platform does not materially differ from the style of the Pulpit ; the same love of the play of fancy, the same proneness to anecdote and illustration ; he plays over his auditors, not like forked but like sheet lightning ; you see power, but power in perfect good humour ; there is no strut, no attempt, no cant ; all is so easy and natural, and yet the voice rises and rolls ;

for, whatever we may say about impediments, it has compass, and as the lightning plays, it brings innumerable things to light—dews, hanging upon the petals of flowers, or raindrops, trembling on the thorn; brings, at the same time, into bold relief, the tall dark mountains, and makes the stone, lying at the foot, sparkle with unwonted brilliancy; or lights up, with strange loveliness, some tarn among the hills, or river winding on its way. Is not this the character of the Platform-life of Dr. Beaumont? Here lies an illustration: we did not hear it, but we will use it; it is from Exeter Hall, and few speakers, who stand upon those most Cosmopolitan boards, create more excitement, or bring about them the peelings of more deafening applause. The following extracts are from a speech at one of the May meetings of the Sunday School Union:—

“We must all surely admit the value of education. (Hear.) Everything is the better for being educated; every person is the better for being taught. If you educate a stone—(laughter)—what a very great improvement you make in it. Before you educate it, it is nothing but a hard, offensive substance, against which, perhaps, your foot strikes as you walk, and from contact with which you experience a very uneasy sensation, and, pushing it from you, hope you have done with it. But educate that stone—let the mine-

ralogist get hold of it, let the lapidary set to work upon it, peal off the incrustations, the enveloping laminæ, and come down upon the hidden virtue. Give the stone the true cleavage, and out comes its real beauty; and that which before was a rough, uncouth, noxious, and offensive thing, becomes a beautiful, sparkling gem, fit to adorn the finger of a nobleman, or to glitter amidst the gems which grace the diadem of the monarch of a free country. (Cheers.) And all this comes of educating a stone! (Hear, and laughter.) Educate a vegetable, and what an extraordinary improvement you bring about! what a revelation of beautiful colouring matter! what an innumerable assemblage of delicate tinting! what a large gathering of odoriferous essences! and all this in what used to be regarded as a common weed, and so slighted that scarce even a sparrow would condescend to peck at it! Educate it, I say, and out comes a delicate flower, flooded with beauty, flashing with lustre, and fit to be held in the hand of the Queen of England, when she meets in the Crystal Palace the representatives of the population of the world. (Cheers.) So much for education even among inanimate things; but come to mind, the immaterial substance of mind,—come to that gem, that wondrous product of Omnipotence and benevolence,—educate that, wherever you find it, in America, or England, or Africa,

under a black skin, or under a white skin, for mind is always the same :

“ ‘ Skins may differ, but affection’—

Ah, and intellection too—

“ ‘ Dwells in black and white the same.’

(Hear and cheers.)

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Well, but this is a Sunday-school Union. It is delightful to find union somewhere now-a-days, (Laughter, and loud cheers.) It is a perfect elysium to find union here,—real union, not nominal; actual, not shadowy; positive, not professional. I say it is good. (Hear.) That which has very much puzzled philosophers is the dew-point. I mean that particular temperature of the atmosphere, and that particular moment of time, in which the rank, rhymy, ropey, noxious vapours of the night are turned into the beautiful, rich, fruitful dew of the morning. There is, however, some point of time and some temperature of the atmosphere when this happy transition is effected, and when the rank, clammy, thick, viscid, vexing vapour of the night is transmuted into the delicate, lovely, pellucid, heaven-manufactured dew of the morning. (Cheers.) It was thought, Mr. Chairman, some time ago, when an attempt was made to form a union under the name of the

‘Evangelical Alliance,’ that, perhaps, we should there find the dew-point; and we certainly have groped for it, and sighed for it, and sometimes almost imagined we had found it; but, somehow or other, it has eluded our grasp, and we have yet to discover the delicate dew-point of Christian union. Well I really think I have found it here, (Cheers.) This is a great union; take care you don’t let anything occur to interfere with its existence as a union.

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“When I think of Sunday-school teachers and their work—their quiet, their unostentatious labours,—and compare them with the labours of some others whose operations fill a larger and more important place in the public eye, I confess that the former rise before me invested with an extraordinary charm and interest. Some grow old in dropping buckets into empty wells, and only drawing nothing out, or classifying butterflies, or arranging shells—all beautiful in their way, and intellectually interesting; but not touching the moral character—not reaching to the crystal within. Each of these adornments of a secular or philosophical kind which we gather about us on earth, are of value whilst we are here; they shed a charm about life and sweeten our lot; but they do nothing for us as heirs of immortality. Regard, then, the moral and spiritual character of your Sunday scholars, remembering that you are

indeed working for eternity; so that when you come to stand before Christ you may hear him say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these little ones,' in doing so, 'ye did it unto me.'"

Now, have we succeeded in presenting to our readers any idea of the character of this eminent Preacher? Every citation has, surely, abundantly justified our high estimate of him, as the master of Rhetorical Analogy. To speak, with him is to utter a figure; and usually our readers will see a figure which answers two purposes; first, from its being usually so instructive in itself, and from its conveying so perfect an idea of the topic to be illustrated—a mind eminently observant and reflective,—seizing the outline, especially, of a fact, or of an event, and investing it with a lovely and altogether unexpected light. You see, in all that he says, it has gone so entirely through his own mind. In every picture he sketches, so graphic;—in every narrative, so clear;—in every figure so perspicuous;—you see that he sees all he paints from within; the copy of the picture lies upon his own soul.

Minds of this character do not reason; they are impatient of the long process; they are faithful to their impulses, and their instincts. Thus the features of the style of Beaumont are those we have described; vivid picture-painting—rousing appeals to duty and to conscience: bold and manly statement. His action is sometimes vehe-

ment: always considerable, sometimes not a little eccentric. Strange are the freaks we have known him play in moods of apparent unconsciousness with both Bible and Hymn Book, and equally strange the freaks with his own hair. He sometimes thumps the cushion not a little; he sometimes, and often, folds his arms upon his breast: yet he does not strike you as extravagant. True, he is vehement, but his manner, and his matter, weigh each other,—and all looks so natural! You see nothing of the priest in all this. You see a soul alive. You see, you feel certain that you see, a simple soul full of bright things made brighter by piety. You desiderate profound thought; you do meet strong, good, common sense illuminated by the corruscations of Genius and Poetry.

It may be perhaps quite unnecessary now to say that Dr. Beaumont has been for many years the almost isolated leader of the Opposition in the Conference of Methodism: there he is a Black Sheep, a marked man, a brave great man, because fulfilling loftily and heartily, duties devolving upon him by the delegation of his own conscience, amidst an amount of insolence and calumny, of which we can only form some idea from the rumours and hints reaching us on the outside.—Dr. Beaumont, however, has a far larger share of sympathy through the more liberal denominations of England, than any other minister of his own

body, and he well merits that sympathy. We know that we compare wonderfully great things with small, when we denominate him the Hampden of Methodism in England. We are where we cannot see much of what goes on,—and we are of a temperament not to feel a great deal of interest in the cabals of Sects; but we can venerate a lofty conscientiousness everywhere.—We sometimes fancy we can understand and weigh our friend better than wild reformers can—our brave Doctor.

“You are very laudatory of this man,” says a good old gentleman, with spectacles on nose, who supposes there can be no such thing in the world as disinterested affection—“do you know him?” Not at all: once, and once only, we met him and shook hands with him, and drank a cup of tea with him. We thought he rather wished us away, and that we imposed a little upon his interview with some dear old friends of his—beloved friends of ours. We respect the sanctities of a tea-table, and of social interviews. The next most atrocious thing to murdering a man is to Gilfil-lanise him; but then we found in this Doctor such a quiet, unaffected, simple-minded soul—so full of easy goodness, and happy, quiet humour, that we could not but yield our love where before we had yielded our admiration. No airs, no nonsense, no starch, no condescension: no—a plain, simple man, who was yet obliged to say some

good things because they were in the way to be said. Look at his likeness, then—it is to be seen often enough : yet his face is more childlike than that—more simple, less constrained. An eloquent tongue in the pulpit, a warm hand out of it, has our artless Doctor.

THE WELCH PULPIT.

LITTLE enough is known in this country of the great Welch Preachers, those masters of Pulpit power; and relics of more primeval style of Christianity, and Oriental style of Discourse.—

We have nothing in England that can at all match the Religious life of that remarkable people. Religion, in many parts of Wales, takes the place of our fairs, races, and plays: it is to many of the inhabitants a matter of the same import and moment. Religious services form the amusements, the excitements, the very business of the people; and there is very much that must be regarded as simply beautiful: possessing but few books—following the same round of observances from day to day, and from age to age—living in a mountainous country, and, from their isolation, bigotted to their own forms, and deeply impressed with the superiority of Wales to any country on the face of the earth, their life, religion, and man-

ners, regarded from the narrowing confines of our civilization—which we compliment by denominating broad and intelligent—appears contracted; but bringing our sympathies more into unison with theirs, and judging them from their nationality, their character, their religious life, then, is not untouched with rays of the most exquisite beauty: they are a most primeval people—a solitary fragment almost of a lost race; for the efforts to identify them with the Ersic or Iberic people seem far from clear.

Their religion, then, is impressed with the character of their own ethnographical and mineralogical development? it is wrapped, like the first, in a cloud of solitary majesty, and, like the last, it is stern, granitic, and hardy. That Wales is a highly cultivated, and refined, and educated nation, it is impossible to assert; it is not possible that such a country and people, situated as they have been, could be highly cultivated; but the proportion of their education is beyond the average of many of the Counties of England. We have felt some considerable degree of indignation, when we have heard the base accusations of the hired lacqueys of government levelled against the morality, the intelligence, and piety, of the old land of the Cymri; for we have known it well: time was when we found a Prophet's Chamber and a Prophet's Bed in hundreds of the Welch villages; as we passed along we have met, English as is our

tongue, thousands of people in many hill-sides—we have met them amid the ruins of the tottering castle, or in the market-place, or court-house—in the rifted glen, or the wayside chapel, and through the whole land, we have only perceived kindness and hospitality, rude, but real intelligence, obtuse, perhaps, but capable of grappling with the matter presented to it. We have never sat very silent when we have heard or read the attacks made by the interested tribe, unable to compute the value of the people, or the worth of the land.

And may it not be adduced as a proof of the superiority of the mind of Wales, that only within our own times the voices have been hushed of three Preachers: great among the greatest of all ages,—Williams, of Wern; John Elias, and Christmas Evans:—in the measure of their Pulpit power and usefulness; in the vast impression produced upon the minds of their countrymen by their labours; it is not at all too much to say that our Pulpits in England, have produced lately no Preachers like these. We have had Preachers of more classic taste and polish,—preachers of more correct and disciplined fancy, but the writer believes we have *not* had Preachers of such imperial power. Our most popular preaching, like William Dawson's, has descended to coarseness. Our highest preaching, like M'All's, or Melville's, has passed into gaudiness and obscurity; but these men retained in the Pulpit their self-

respect while stooping to the lowest apprehension, girding themselves round with power in public, from the life of deep communion with their own hearts and with the Father of Lights.

Of these three men it is almost impossible to call either greatest. Williams was pre-eminently a philosopher; he thought, he beat out great principles upon the anvil of his own heart and understanding. His sermons most abound in thoughts; they stand before us even reading them in all the severity of mental independence. Christmas Evans was a poet; he was the Bunyan of the Pulpit. He used similitudes,—he spoke in allegories,—allegories which we have heard people in all parts of Wales date from, as naturally as from the events of their life, birth or Marriage. Of Christmas Evans' Sermons on many a theme, with many, are the chronological data. He was a Dramatist in the Pulpit. It was not merely a poem, it was an acted poem, too, which you heard; and that without the slightest impropriety of manner or gesture;—all solemn and impressive, and all descending down and fusing into the memory of the hearers. John Elias was an orator accomplished and imperial. His power was derived from books, by all account, rather than from thought. He had not the creative force of either of his contemporaries; but, in the Pulpit, he is said to have equalled Evans; and some say to have surpassed him. He is said to have possessed

all the constituents of a perfect Pulpit Orator—a commanding figure, and most solemn demeanour, complete self-possession, and a thrilling and tremendous verbal propriety—a power of rousing all emotions—dignity investing the most simple and apprehensible common sense. These were the three great Welch Preachers. It would only mislead to point to any of our Pulpits in England for their counterparts; they—especially Evans and Elias,—do emphatically stand alone.

Now we may with propriety pause here to notice two or three of the characteristics of the Religious Life of Wales, for this of course produces an immense difference in the appeals of its Pulpit Oratory; Religion is more popular there, there is a greater love to the decencies and formularies of Religion. Of course, this is not always Godliness; it sometimes is but a vesture for very heartless Hypocrisy. But the same may be said in our own land, where Religion is not so popular. The characteristics, too, of the Religious Life, are frequently of a very narrow and contracted order; doctrines are rather followed than either understood or believed—all this as a matter of course: still the great treat of a Welchman's life is to attend a preaching, and for this he, and almost all his fellow-villagers, will rush away from business, from the shop, or the harvest field, renouncing eagerly their profits, or contriving to economise so that they can dispense with that

day's labour, in order that they may listen to the words of the popular preacher. Mr. Jones, of Kilsby, in his very eloquent and philosophical analysis of Welch preaching, takes away many of the romantic illusions which induced us to look upon all these as so many indications of a highly superior piety to our own ; and there can be no doubt that the religious life of this people does arise in no small degree from the paucity of the pursuits and amusements of the people, from the influence of the grand and magnificent scenery of surrounding Nature, and from that stern peculiarity of mind to which reference has been already made. And all men feel the impression of lofty and sublime scenery, in Preaching, if their hearts or minds are gifted with any sensibility. The Temple of the Welchman is frequently in the open air ; vast are the gatherings of the associations in some lonely or retired valley, some romantic glen or dale among the mountains of Caernarvon or Cardigan, hemmed in by the beetling crags, or allowing perhaps the vista to open to dales and distant hill tops, lying far away ; such meetings usually take place in the summer ; over the whole country and scenery there spreads, although it is the week-day, a blessed Sabbath calm. A chapel stands in the distance, far too small to accommodate, large as it is, even a fifth part of this immense mass of people ; a platform for the ministers, while the people seem arranged

upon the gentle slopes of the rising hill before it. We have been there and witnessed the perfect hush, the silence before the service so profound too, broken only by the twitter of a bird ; not a leaf rustling, not a wind straying abroad. You have heard singing, my friend, in Cathedrals and Chapels, but what would your heart say to the burst of song from those thousands of voices beneath the clear cloudless coping arch, amidst those glorious rocks and fields and woods ? And then in such scenery, conceive a man rising to talk to the people, himself at once baptised with the Spirit of Nature, and with the diviner fires of Grace—a man like Christmas Evans. It was amongst such scenery that he preached his celebrated sermon on “ The Spirit wandering in dry places, seeking rest and finding none.” Satanic agency defeated in a mind preoccupied by holiness. This was the subject wrought out in an allegory running over the greater part of an hour, full of delineations of scenery, of quaint saying and homely illustration ; broken by song, of course, in the Welch language, but which we have taken the liberty of rendering into corresponding English verses.

He first represented the Evil Spirit as rising from his cavern, bent upon the destruction of the souls of Men. Now to begin : he was upon a wide Welsh Moor, and approaching him, in the distance, was a poor ploughboy. And thought

Satan, I will get into that boy's mind and lead him astray;—he shall become vicious;—he shall lose his place;—he shall go to prison, and be transported. Satan had settled all this in his mind, and just as he approached the boy to inflame his mind with sin, the ploughboy began to sing in a loud hearty voice:—

“My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comforts of my nights.”

Ha! Ha! said the foiled Satan, this is “a DRY place; he sought rest and found none.” He went on, however, until he came to a lovely village, lying in a Welch valley, a place of still and silent beauty; the hills rose round it all fair and soft in the quiet light; and, there in the distance, in a garden beneath a cottage porch, a girl sat sewing or netting. Another chance, said Satan. I will enter that girl's mind and whisper impurity and uncleanness there;—then she shall be jeered at, and scorned by her companions, and she shall leave the village, and go to the great town, to Swansea; to the great City, to Bristol; and I shall have her: she shall die in the infirmary, and so be mine. So had he settled it; and, as he drew near to whisper to her the first thought, she too began to sing in a low, yet clear voice that startled the hills and made them echo it—

“My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that the Saviour is mine;
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.”

Ha ! Ha ! said Satan, foiled again, “this too is a dry place :” he had sought rest and found none. Satan wandered about, wearied and unsuccessful, the whole of that day ; and night came—deep midnight : he passed through a still little hamlet, the lights were out in all the cottages save one ; there, in an upper room, a faint feeble glimmering was seen, and Satan took courage. Why—why, said he, old Williams is lying there dying ; I had been better employed if I had been at his elbow all day ! Ah, he has served God for fifty years. Now, if I can get him to doubt,—then get him to despair,—then to curse God and die—capital !—that will be worthy of a Devil,—and Satan chuckled at the thought, and he went up stairs. The house was very still—he entered the room—there was a faint flickering rushlight, casting its ray upon the feeble attenuated figure. As Satan entered, all seemed to be stirring as if a crisis were come ; the nurse bestirred herself, and the relatives came flocking in from different parts of the house ; and, as Satan was crossing before the bed, to whisper in the ears of the dying man, he roused himself, and held out his thin feeble wasted arms, and said, “Though I walk

through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I shall fear no evil for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me ; Thou preparest a table before me *in the presence of mine enemies* ; Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runs over. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of my God, FOR EVER ;” and, as he sank back, exhausted, and died, those words beat Satan back into hell—it was a very “dry place. He sought rest and found none.”

This may serve to give some idea of the method of Christmas Evans ; nothing more must be expected in English ; nothing more than the merest outline is possible. It must have been a privilege to meet in such services as he conducted, and to listen to such thrilling instructions so powerful in their adaptability, as he conveyed. All the sermons we have met with, of this distinguished Preacher, have been communicated to us by those who heard him. From the graphic delineations of his auditors, who will carry vivid impressions of his power and his words to the grave, the parable so well known of his justice and mercy, has much more of Raffles than of Evans in it ; there is too much colouring ; there is an affectation of verbal elegance which the preacher never attempted, it is obviously enough a very prolix translation. Ah, reader, if you and I could but attend some of those associational meetings, and

hear him give that allegory of the Wedding Ring,—or the Dog and the Kettle,—or the Pilgrimage of the Wise Men,—or the Discontented servant, or the Prodigal Son!—in all these allegories, the adaptability was the most remarkable circumstance. Many of his sermons were translations of our Lord's Parables into Welsh; he cast away the Oriental dress, and darted an eye immediately into the spirit and meaning of the parable, and presented it in such a light that all hearing must see it too. What, for instance, would you say if you saw the Prodigal Son quitting his father's house, in best beaver hat,—blue coat and brass buttons, and top boots; this at that time was the topmost height of finery in Wales, with a dangling spy glass, and a cigar. And when he preached this sermon near Llandiloes, and directing his finger in the open air to a distant mountain, described the father as seeing him while yet a great way off; the heads of the thousands of the congregation were turned in the direction of the Preacher's finger, expecting to see the father coming down from the hills too. Sometimes his parables entered more entirely into the pure region of fable; after a most eccentric fashion, he described the faithful minister and the inconsistent office-bearers, in a church, under the ideas of a dog and a tea-kettle,—a kettle of water boiling on the fire; the water must lift the lid, and a few drops fell upon a dog sleeping

upon the hearth; he gave an angry growl; looked up and soon went to sleep again. A very little time elapsed before again the boiling spray fell upon him, and this time more heavily than before; he uttered another growl, but still slept on; but what could a Kettle of water care for a growling dog? the fire burnt on,—the water boiled on,—it boiled furiously over; the dog in agony darted up to revenge himself on the kettle, and received the full volume of boiling water for his pains. Thus Mr. Evans chose to illustrate the relative position of a faithful ministry to unfaithful church members, and officers.

From Mr. Stephens' life of Christmas Evans, we will extract two of his parables as specimens also of his usual style; and first, the parable of the Vine Tree, the Cedar Tree, the Thorn, and the Bramble. The Trees of Lebanon held a council to elect a king on the death of their sovereign the Yew tree. It was agreed to offer the sovereignty to the Cedar; at the same time, in the event of the Cedar's declining it, to the Vine Tree, and then to the Olive Tree. They all refused it; the Cedar said, "I am high enough already." The Vine said, "I prefer giving forth my rich juice to gladden man's heart." In like manner the Olive was content with giving its fruit, and would receive no other honour. Recourse was then had to the Thorn. The Thorn gladly received the office, saying to itself, "I have

nothing to lose but this white dress, and a berry for pigs ; while I have prickles enough to annoy the whole wood." The Bramble rebelled against the Thorn, and a fire of pride and envy was kindled, which at length wrapped the whole forest in one blaze. Two or three vain and high-minded men, have frequently broken up the peace of congregations, and by striving for the mastery have inflicted on the cause of religion incalculable injuries ; when they have had no more fitness for rule, than the white thorn or the prickly bramble."

Again, we have the Parable of the Three Birds. "A Gentleman kept in his palace a Dove, a Raven, and an Eagle. There was but little congeniality or friendship between them. The Dove ate its own proper food, and lodged in the aviary. The Raven fed on carrion, and sometimes would pick out the eyes of an innocent lamb, and had her nest in the branches of a tree. The Eagle was a royal bird. It flew very high and was of a savage nature. It would care nothing to eat half a dozen doves for its breakfast. It was considered the chief of all birds, because it could fly higher than all. All the doves feared its beak, its angry eyes, and sharp talons. When the gentleman threw corn in the yard for the dove, the raven would be engaged in eating a piece of flesh, part of a lamb haply, and the eagle in carrying a child from its cradle to its eyrie. The Dove is

the evangelical, industrious, godly professor; the Raven is the licentious and unmanageable professor; and the Eagle the high-minded and self-complacent one. These characters are too often amongst us. There is no denomination in church or meeting-house without these three birds, if there be birds there at all. These birds, so unlike, so opposed, never can live together in peace." Dare we assay to put on paper what perhaps has never been on paper yet, a parable, communicated to us at Nantyddwyddllan? Those we cited first have probably never been penned before, and it is impossible to pen these words without their losing much of their effect. All translations are bad; but who can translate from the Welch? not even a Welchman.

Describing the difficulties besetting a sinner on his way to Christ, the Preacher took up his parable from the progress of the Wise Men, by the light of the star, to the place where the child lay. We have already informed our readers that Christmas Evans never, in describing the scenery of the Bible, made it Oriental. He always sketched Welch scenery, and at bottom all his characters were Welch too. He sent these three wise men forth to enquire for Christ. They rode along upon asses, and we are not surprised to find them soon stopped by a turnpike-gate. Earnestly they asked of the gate-keeper—"Do you know any thing of the young child?" "Young child! young

child—what should I know of the young child? No! I want sixpence a-piece for the donkeys." Selfishness knew nothing of the child. Cheerfully they paid the money; mournfully they pursued their way, till they came to a blacksmith's forge. Horses and asses were there, waiting to be shod. Their asses were in good trim, but they passed through the crowd. "Tell us," said they, "know you anything of the young child—our child?" But the blacksmith misunderstood them. "You must wait till your turn comes," said he. "The child," said they; "do you not see his star? Our child—where does the young child lay?" The blacksmith thought them mad, and laughed loudly. They hastened on. Business could tell them nothing of the child. They came to a city. They went to a news-room, and asked to look at the paper, and they enquired of the keeper about the child, and he told them to look in one corner there, Births, Deaths, and Marriages. Earnestly they looked. No news. "But," said they, "he is born; we have seen his star. Have you not heard about the child, the wonderful child?" No, no! Pleasure and news knew nothing about Him. "But," said the keeper, "there is a strange old man lives down in a singular house in yonder street. He talks much about a child that is to come. Go thither, he may tell you." They went and entered a singular building, and met a singular man, in robe and mitre, and said they, "Oh, if

you know, tell us, tell us ; where does the young child lay ? He is born, and we would worship Him." "Ah," said he, "I will see ;" and he took down a mysterious book, written with strange and wonderful characters, and then said he, "He is not born. Go, I will tell you when. Yes, He shall come—the wonderful Counsellor, the everlasting Immanuel, the Prince of Peace. But not yet, not yet. I will tell you when." The Jew could not guide them to the young child. But they replied, "He is born, we have seen his star." "No," he said again ; "there is one by yonder water who preaches that he is born, but he is an impostor. Fly from him, and wait for me." But they hurried to the river's brink, and saw a wild man there, clothed in camel's hair, attended by a crowd of listeners, and then pressing through, they said to him, "Can you tell us of the young child ?" And he said, "Come with me, and Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." The Anachronism in this Parable is obvious. Still, let us say we should be sorry that Mr. Evans should be judged after these poor translations. The style of preaching is so remarkable, and it strikes us as being so useful. So little is known of Mr. Evans in England, and Mr. Stephens's memoir of him is so impoverished, and the sermons especially so bald and lifeless, that we have lingered thus long in extracting what may present some idea of him to the mind.

We were surely right in calling him the Bunyan of the Pulpit. It seems to be preaching of an order that can only be indulged in, not merely by a peculiar class of mind, but a peculiar status of experience too. It is preaching, too, that can only be serviceable to a certain height of mental character. Yet, if these could be combined with dignity of manner and comportment, and if over the whole there were shed the truth of a most holy character, may we not ask, could any style of preaching be more useful to some portions of England than this? It could only fall from the lips of a most hearty character. It is preaching for children. Oh, in our intellectual mountings do we not forget that the majority of our congregations, large and small, are children still?

But we have forgotten our other two great masters of Welch Pulpit Eloquence. Suppose we allow the silence to creep over our spirits in the same dingle where we heard those mighty words, and let the people disperse while we hie away to the wood to meditate.

But now, instead of an open air gathering, enter within this spacious chapel; but who could have expected it here, in this place, in this solitary and unfrequented lane? nevertheless, here it is, and hundreds of chapels in Wales stand in places as lonely and unfrequented. A vast church, too, capable of holding from twelve hundred to ten thousand people, yet every Sabbath it is crowded;

they come thronging down their mountain sides. "Passing through the Valley of Baca, they make it a well, the rain filleth the pools, they go from strength to strength, every one of them in Ziou appeareth before God." Coming in the morning, they probably continue the whole of the day there. Let us go in. You have ceased from astonishment at the crowd of hats covering the heads of the women, with the gay black tassels hanging by their side. And now, sitting in silence, we wait the commencement of the service; no unnecessary pomp here, no affectation here. We may suppose that all these people have their own pride, in their own way, but all still very unlike the glitter and the parade of our fashionable congregations, though Wales itself is beginning to leave behind it its ancient Sacerdotal Simplicity, and we have seen chapels that for beauty rivalled any we ever beheld in England. The services of Welch Chapels, as may be gathered from our preceding remarks, are far more hearty than the English Services. The singing was enthusiasm combined with profound solemnity and awe; and the Pulpit is very frequently occupied by two or three ministers; the people listen with deep and earnest attention, and give vent from time to time to expressions of approbation—not boisterous, but approbatory. The intimation runs over the chapel in a murmur of applause. The religious services of Wales much more resemble the Mis-

sionary Services of England than any other to which we can look for a parallel: rousing, anecdotal, illustrative, they are characterised by a simultaneousness, by a warm genuineness, free from cant and vulgarity, to which indeed it is hard to find a resemblance in England. Our services bearing the stamp of heartiness, are composed most frequently of young converts or impulsive natures; but the Welch congregations, where this feeling is exhibited, are composed mostly of the more aged, the more experienced Christians of the Church or the Association. The Preaching of Wales, too, appeals to a class of deeper experiences generally than those with which young converts are familiar.

Thus, if we now step into a Welch Chapel, to hear one of our favourite Preachers, we can find little to surprise us in the size of the place, the costume of the people, or the order and vivacity of the service. It was a great day whenever John Elias, the once poor weaver-lad, addressed an assembly. All the varied powers of the Sacred Orator blended together in him. We have already alluded to them, and before his breath the people swayed to and fro, like a field of wheat beneath a shock of wind. By all accounts, Whitfield, himself, could not be superior to him in the functions of Sacred Eloquence; the people trembled, and wept, and felt possessed with the irresistible charm—the strange power of the man

—it was Oratory: the spirits of thousands of people taken captive, by speech, over the whole audience. When the Divine *afflatus* was upon him, the outpouring descended; the young were electrified; the old subdued; every passion swaying the human bosom alternately paid homage to the Preacher's powers. Christmas Evans far surpassed him in his great flights of fervid fancy; the people then more completely owned his sway: but the whole manner of Elias was great; his *manner* was great. His Sermons cannot be quoted by the side of Evans, and there was no wonderful force of conception. His matter does appear to be superior to that of Whitfield, but his power consisted in his electric energy. He could, and did, bring his mind to reign over the people. He entered the Pulpit determined, by the aid of God, to do it. His power lay in his great faith, combined with great energy.

On the contrary, Williams, of Wern, was conceptional. His was the greatness of the Man of Thought. All that you heard from him was evolution. His eloquence, too, partook quite of this character. Even in the sweep and rush of his discourse, you were compelled to notice most the laborious and earnest student. He held his eloquence always in subjection to the dominion of Thought. Neither Evans, or Elias, would ever have expressed themselves, as in the manner of the following sentences :—

I.—The mind of man is like a mill which will grind whatever is put into it, whether it be husk or wheat. The devil is very eager to have his turn in the mill, and to employ it for grinding the husk of vain thoughts; hence the necessity for constant watchfulness, in order to keep the wheat of the Word in the mind,—“Keep thy heart with all diligence.”

II.—There are three devils which injure and ravage our Churches and Congregations;—the Singing Devil;—the Pew-letting Devil;—and the Church Officers-appointment Devil: they are of the worst kind of devils, and “this kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting.”

III.—Ejaculatory Prayer is the Christian’s breath—his secret path to his hiding-place—his express to Heaven in circumstances of difficulty and peril. It is the tuner of all his religious feelings. It is his sling and stone, with which he slays the enemy, ere he is aware of it. It is the hiding of his strength and of every religious performance. It is the most convenient. Ejaculatory Prayer is like the rope of a belfry; the bell is in one room, and the end of the rope, which sets it a ringing, is in the other. Perhaps the bell may not be heard in the apartment where the rope is, but all can hear it in its own. Moses laid hold of the rope and pulled it hard on the shores of the Red Sea; and though no one heard or knew anything of it, in the lower chamber,

the bell rang louder than ever in the upper one, till the whole place was moved,—“Wherefore cryest thou to me?”

IV.—The Prayer of Faith is sure to succeed. Our prayers often resemble the mischievous tricks of town children, who knock at their neighbours' houses, and then run away. And we often knock at Heaven's door, and then run off to the Spirit of the world, instead of waiting for entrance and answer. We often act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered.

V.—Many wicked thoughts may present themselves to my mind, for which I am not accountable, so long as I do not welcome and harbour them. Should a gang of thieves call at my door to seek lodging and entertainment, I cannot help it; but, if I take them in, I then become a partaker with them. If the mind invite unhallowed thoughts in, and entertain, instead of driving them away, it then participates with them, and is responsible: but it cannot help these thieves calling at its door to solicit admission.

Of course, it is impossible to convey in a few sentences like these, any adequate impression of the Preacher's mind; but they do show very plainly what was the general mould of his thought, and how felicitous were his illustrations. We have no hesitation in recording our conviction that, of the three minds we have referred to, his was the noblest in its structure. His eloquence was really the most

colossal, and his oratory the most in harmony with higher intelligence and power. In this opinion few will join. His preaching most resembled the English style of Discourse, although far removed, we believe, from anything which we either have now in England, or have had in these latter days ; for, to those powers of comparison to which we have reverted, we have yet to join a real affluence of language, and great power of impulse. The lamp was kindled and beamed brightly, but it had been kindled first from the fires of the understanding ; and the flames were made intense and brilliant by the fannings of feeling. His audiences confessed his power ; he held them enchained in no common way by his descriptions. Ah ! if you had heard him, even as an Englishman, you could but have yielded yourself to the current of warm emotions, and lively, graphic colours, glowing in the manner of the preacher.

Once, we believe, we heard him ; for we were, by chance, staying in a village among the mountains in the Iron Districts, a village with a most outlandish name, and it has altogether gone from us,—could it be Abernewydd ?—we heard that Williams, from North Wales, was preaching there, and, immediately after tea, we left our inn, and posted to the Chapel. Service had begun ; it was but a village, a mere village, but the Chapel would accommodate nearly two thousand people,

and it was crowded. The service had commenced ; we knew nothing of the text, and could divine nothing ; but, from the preacher's manner, we found that he was describing—we suspected that he was describing, a storm. How wrapt was the attention of the people,—how deep the hush and the silence ! Soon we heard the word “ Geneseret,” and we discovered our latitude. We heard, in the manner of the Preacher, the deep and profound entreaty,—the passionate wail of sorrow and despair,—presently we saw the Redeemer rise, and, as the Preacher breathed over the vast assembly (so he described the Saviour's method of stilling the tempest,) the whole of the great audience appeared to be relieved—the description was closed—there was a stirring, a wiping of eyes, an agitation full of satisfaction ; had it been the clearly discovered termination of some incident of which all were in doubt, rather than one with which all were familiar, the delight, the surprise, could not be more ineffable and complete.

But we must close our notice, brief and unsatisfactory, of these remarkable men, and of the Pulpit with which they were connected. Evans was a Baptist ; Elias, a Calvinistic Methodist ; Williams, an Independent ; all three of them great apostles. They travelled through the Principality clothed with great power ; their names still, through the whole of their land, are pronounced with immeasurable affection and venera-

tion. Of course, they have not left their rivals behind them ; for they were men, like our own Whitfield, or Hall, only appearing once in an age ; —but the Pulpit of Wales is still filled by men of extraordinary power ; their names do not often transpire in this country, but in Wales, to be popular even in a village, is to be popular over the whole land ; and in that country the Preachers are assiduously devoted to their calling—it absorbs their whole attention—to it they devote their nights and their days ; it is their ambition not to exhibit their own gifts, or learning, or eloquence, but to obtain power over the minds of their auditors ; ever, and ever, they are seeking for fresh illustrations ; and if we have found them, in our intercourse with them, sometimes tedious in the parlour, we must confess them to be, both by report and observation, Masters, beyond all men we know, in the Pulpit.

REV. BENJAMIN PARSONS,

EBLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A MAN who can gather around his Pulpit, when visiting the Metropolis, five thousand persons, is worthy of some notice in any book professing to be an exposition of the method of the religious teachers of the Age. Does the reader know Zion Chapel, in Whitechapel, in London? the most huge and unwieldy place of worship we ever entered. The Deacons of the place have told us, that it contains sittings to the number of three thousand five hundred, which may be let, in addition to the immense space devoted to the free sittings; a frightful place this for a man to deliver himself in,—a frightful place, unless he can so charge his words, that, instead of gazing round upon vast vacancy, instead of giving forth his words to

“Bellow thro’ the vast and boundless deep,”

they shall be so attractive as to crowd the spacious place. How many men, think you, could be found to fill this vast pit? How many Preachers could attract so immense a multitude? but we have threaded our way to the place, when, not only the chapel was full to overflowing, but all around the chapel,—around the vestry,—all the entrances, main entrance and side entrance, were thronged with the pressing multitudes of the waiting and listening Poor. The man who did this, and the only man who possesses the power to do this, we believe, in the kingdom, is Benjamin Parsons.

We give you notice, that we intend this Sketch to be a Eulogy. We give you, at once to know, that he is a Preacher after our own heart. We do not know whether he commends himself most to our love, or to our admiration; for, we have not judged him at a distance; we have seen him in all moods, and in all places; we have seen him in London, in the Pulpit, and on the Platform, with the thousands about him; and we have seen him in Gloucestershire, in his own quiet and ancient House of God; and we have seen him in the family, but of this we are not to speak now, unless we may breathe the bye hint, that the family crowns all, that the earnestness and vigour, the eloquence and instruction of the public service, all become more beautiful, and more impressive, and more real, after witnessing the

quiet and unostentatious holiness of the family life.

Benjamin Parsons has come from the ranks of the poor and labouring class. Like Alton Locke, he was a tailor ; and, if imagination makes the poet, like that famed child of Fiction he is a poet, too. For nearly twenty-five years he has been Pastor of the little Independent Church at Ebley, in Gloucestershire—Ebley, a name which has been pronounced most frequently in connection with the name of Parsons, and which, in many parts of the world, (in the United States for instance,) never would have been pronounced at all, but for the name of Parsons. Ebley is one of a cluster of small villages famed for the manufacture of West Country cloth. The villages are small, but a teeming population hangs all around them—a population combining, in its character, some of the traces of more Southern life, and some, of the more Northern life of England—gentleness and courtesy, force and determination. The people are, accordingly, more famed for political wishings than for political determinations ; but, in their views of politics and religion, they do assimilate to our more northern districts ; while, in their general manners, they approach the southern. Mr. Parsons is, to a very great degree, the type of the mind, with a more resolute interblending of the Norman force of character, than we look for at all, either in the south or west.

You find some difficulty in conceiving that the man, so gentle, so playful in the parlour, romping with children, bearing any amount of contradiction, is the same you beheld so stern, so dark, apparently so bold, and vehement; and sometimes we have thought so intolerant upon the Platform and the Pulpit. Unconquerable will, and unconquerable gentleness; these are the two most prominent attributes of his mind: and, notwithstanding what we have said above, the same gentleness shines out frequently in his Sermons. Tenderness comes down upon you like a snow flake; it is not obtrusive; it does not want to make itself seen; it is not a fidgety tenderness, but holy, spiritual—and you feel, while you listen to your preacher, that even the very force he employs, the fervid torrents of declamation, are tintured from the fullness of a most loving heart, a heart full of

“The hate of hate,—the scorn of scorn,—
The love of love.”

From what we have said, perhaps, it may be gathered that Mr. Parsons has two methods of addressing his hearers,—and he has: his morning discourses are

“Orient pearls, not at random strung:”

in the evening, he is always diffuse alike in ideas

and in utterance—dilates, we should say, too much; but in the morning, as we have heard him, he more usually addresses the experimental life of the Christian; he speaks more pertinently,—his remarks are more “like goads.” They are more rememberable; they are more suggestive; they appeal more to general information and knowledge. Perhaps something of this is usually the case with extemporaneous preachers. Morning services have more of gentleness: the audience is smaller, more Christian, and more loving. It is almost a test of a minister’s Christian life—does he find himself more at home preaching morning or evening? The holier heart will love the morning usually the best, for it will address the nobler auditory: in the evening there is more of human passion, more of effort, more of display.—John would preach best in the morning, talking to little children; Peter would preach best at night,—impulsive, fervid, vehement. We love our Preacher’s morning hortations best; but the evening is the time of crowds and thronging multitudes; and then we can very well believe that he, unconsciously to himself, throws aside the axiom and the hint, and commits himself to a stream of declamatory fervour. He does not speak without instructing; and even in the very height of his heat and tempest of speech, every word does appear to be bathed in common sense. Common sense is the great characteristic of his style: he

appeals to the understanding. Does he appeal to the understanding too much? Does he leave too little for Faith to do? This we will not say; but all he says you see. Your teacher is perfectly honest with you; he does not perplex you with technicalities; every word is downright and plain. No wonder that the poor and illiterate flock to hear him. Oh, what a relief it must be to listen to a man—a capable man—who points every word so that it tells—who sees, and believes himself all that he says, and who enters the understandings of all his people by a path of light.

But the sayings of our Preacher are frequently very quaint, nor does he dislike the use of the weapons of wit, and occasionally satire, and he can avail himself of both with terrible power. A fearful hand at skinning an adversary, a very Sioux; in his own neighbourhood he is a ubiquitous personage, and is willing to scalp the antagonist to his views of Political and Religious Truth, either on the Hustings or from the Press—this is his attribute, a power to skin an error and lay it bare to a popular mind and audience. He does not descend to the nicer shades of metaphysic distinction, although all his published works show a power to do so. He stands by and upon the Eternal principles and distinctions between right and wrong; he never passes out of the sight of his audience, and therefore to them his logic often appears to descend upon his adversary

with crushing force. His hapless opponent is like an unfortunate being strapped and bound to a revolving wheel, lanced by some cruel instrument, for as with most men of Mr. Parsons' order of mind, his satire and his logic are one. It was in this way he mangled Mr. Borthwick at Stroud; thus he sliced and crushed the Anti-Sabbath men upon their appearance in his neighbourhood; thus the supporters of Church Establishments, the Defenders of Corn Laws, the upholders intact of the present political arrangements of society—in a word, all the lovers and upholders of injustice. He stands resolutely by his own interpretation of right; he can elevate his voice till it rises like a thunder peal over the noise of a mighty mob; he can drop it till it ripples like a whisper among summer roses: figure him, then, before you, this man, with a soul all on fire with love to Christ and Christianity; figure him there, with a character of which it is mere tameness so say it is most unimpeachable. When an effort was made to crush him some years since, a clergyman said to a lady, "The worst of it is, you see, madam, we can bring nothing against him. If we had but something, we could crush him directly." The worst indeed! But on the contrary, a character known, enthusiastic, genuine; a character always identified even in its very extremes, with love to the people, and efforts for their salvation and benefit.

Must not the power of this man, in his neighbourhood, be great over the mind of his audience? Figure him there again, so calm and resolute—a Human Rock, if you attempt to move him—a man who will laugh at all opposing clamour; a man whom opposition affects as much as petrifying waters affect a stone, clothing and casing in more determined resolution: an eye dark as an eagle's, lustrous and loving as a dove's—a complexion full of the Norman temperament—and a lip! saw you ever a lip like that?—compressed—so full of power and satire; relaxed, so full of meaning. A terrible opponent this, where all these varieties blend to make the character—invulnerable. Perhaps we do not find our sympathies moving with every action of our subject; perhaps we do not, ourselves, like this scathing, crashing power, which Mr. Parsons can so efficiently use: our object now only is, to say that they here are draped about with grandeur and dignity, which remind one of a Phocion, or a Cato, converted to Christianity.

We may well call the subject of our present Sketch the Man of Action; for the Pulpit and the Platform are the spheres in which he is least known. The Press is another world in which he has moved and spoken, well and efficiently, throughout America, as well as England. He is well known by “Anti-Bacchus,” a book of considerable size, which in England, we believe, has

now passed through a sale of some 13,000 copies ; and for which, we think, the author received the immense sum of £50 !—and which sum he instantly appropriated to the Ebley British and Foreign School Fund. As we did not receive these facts from his own family circle, although from his immediate neighbourhood, there is no breach of confidence in mentioning these facts, illustrative at once, of the generosity of the Publisher and the Minister. The “Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman,” is a book also largely talked of, and is one of the most earnest appeals for the re-adjustment of woman’s social position, in any language. Then we have “Education, the Birthright of every Human Being ;” and lastly, a work on “The Greatness and Resources of the British Empire :” and all his works abound with the same plain, and rugged, and forcible eloquence, which makes him famous among modern speakers. A Man of Action, we said, pre-eminently a Man of Action ; a man who must be doing, and who sees instantly through the meaning of the thing to be done.

Several years have now passed away since we first found ourselves in Gloucestershire, and there, in all circles whithersoever we moved, we heard the name of Benjamin Parsons. We were at that time little better than a greenhorn boy, and, therefore, in reference to woman, we held very stoutly to the “Lords of the Creation” theory. Smart was the discussion we had with a lady, in

the shades of the Forest of Dean in reference to Mr. Parsons' newly published book. At all Mechanics' Institutes in the neighbourhood, we heard of him as lecturing on topics of Science and Literature. Our engagements called us much among the people, and from them we heard of his incessant travellings to talk to the working classes on Temperance, on Education, on Self-reliance, and on Politics. When we neared his residence we found that his chapel was filled with people comparatively poor; that his rich and wealthy neighbours left his village to worship in more aristocratic shrines, and to receive instruction from men who would not be suspected of instructing too much. We found a large Chapel, in a small village, filled with a loving people, able to do little for their pastor, who, therefore, kept a small select school, groomed his own horse, on which he cantered off to instruct his neighbours; dug his own garden, and had then just opened a British and Foreign School, by the force of his own earnest endeavourings. We found, in fact, an Oberlin in Gloucestershire. His was the first school established in the neighbourhood, and, as children flocked from distant villages, he hastened to them, and endeavoured to rouse them to the chivalry of Education. We know no other such indefatigable worker. In no invidious spirit we say, we know no other such magnificent type of ubiquitous earnestness. We could venture to

call him the Model Minister—a man who found his chapel with a congregation of seventeen persons, and who can, after a ministry of three-and-twenty years, crowd it with a congregation at his will, of a thousand or twelve hundred people who has his galleries propped, when he preaches the Sabbath-school Sermons, in the summer ; or stands and delivers his Sermons, in the graveyard, to the teeming crowds :—oh, ye, our young college friends, what think you of a teacher like this ? Does it not strike you that, after all, his method is imitable ? If we were asked to give a summary account of our Preacher, we should say, in his life, and in the method of his teaching, he is Edward Miall's theory of the Christian life, and ministry, and church ; not on paper, and a type, but in real flesh, and blood, and spirit : and he was all that, long before the conception of that most valuable and truthful book was in the mind of the writer.

We have heard it said that Mr. Parsons is no great favourite with many of his brethren in the Ministry,—but that, of course, must be a mistake. Does not earnestness ever love earnestness ? Does not horny-eyed laziness ever dread contact with bold, eagle-eyed intrepidity ? Or solve this question for us—how is it that paupers always sneer at capitalists and labourers ?—that mental poverty, the Caliban, always curls its white lip, and lifts its long, skeleton, fang-like finger at

mental opulence, the conquering Prospero moving by its side, solve for us this question, oh generation of grumblers—oh race of mental bankrupts !

But we must close our review. Yet let us listen to him for a few moments, for it is his power in the pulpit which has suggested his name in connection with this book ; and there his matter and his manner varies ; we have insinuated so much already. Sometimes warm, vehement, bold, impassioned ; sometimes quiet, sententious, slow ; sometimes figurative, sometimes abounding with genuine humour ; sometimes critical and exegetical :—" There are some souls," said he, one day, in Zion Chapel, " so small, so insignificant, that a million of them might dance in a nut-shell, and not inconvenience each other." " Thy abundant loving kindness," said he, on another occasion ; " did you ever see the meaning of abundant ? I think I did not, till the other day, walking on the sands at Hastings I saw wave after wave come in upon the shore,—and still wave followed wave ; and then I thought of the Latin word, *abunda*, a wave ; thy wave like loving kindnesses."—" They called the chapel Zoar ; is it not a little one. I notice that all our hyper friends are very fond of that name for their chapels—Zoar. They don't intend their temples for many ; their hearts are small—so must their Jerusalem be ; Zoar—is it not a little one ?" " Wilt thou be entreated for with the king ? said they to the woman in the old

Scriptures : it would not be safe to put that question now—Wilt thou be entreated for with the king? And then who knows what may come about, a place at Court, a place in the Post Office, a Place in the Customs, a place in the Excise ; but the woman did not reason so ; she answered in the language of queenly dignity and self-reliance—But I dwell among mine own people.’ In exposition, too, we have never heard such expositions as those of Benjamin Parsons : light and love ray and stream wonderfully through texts and chapters. Some of the most delightful memories of our life hang round those quiet, critical, and exhortatory readings. It was the sudden finding of a key to long-lost hieroglyphs : the old words shone forth in new and glorious beauty ; it seemed strange that the meaning should lie so near, yet never have been observed. At such times we have wondered that so obvious a method of instruction—so useful, so rememberable, should also be so unusual. When will the men of the modern Pulpit return to the expository method ?

Closing all these remarks, by generalizing Mr. Parsons beneath one characterization, he strikes us as eminently real—a man abominating, fastidiously abominating, all show. Thus he has said in the following passages, and described himself in saying :—

“ One of course might collect the most brilliant gems, the most beautiful shells, the most lovely

flowers, the richest assemblage of feathers, and put them together in a museum, and thus produce a very dazzling exhibition ; but should any one wish me to believe that this association will afford me a fair view of the world, or fit me to examine its realities, he would aim at no common degree of deception. For the more I became fascinated with this fairy world, the more distaste should I feel for things in their natural state. That gem was found in an unsightly rock, that flower bloomed in a desert, that shell shone in the dark caves of the ocean, and that plumage was worn in the wilderness—aye, and as contrasts illustrate one another, was more beautiful in the position assigned it by its Creator, than in its present state of unnatural competition. The lily of the valley never looks more delicately pure, nor smells sweeter, than in its own lowly bed. And just so is it with human character. You may select virtues from this or that particular hero or saint ; you may pluck intellectual and moral flowers and plumage from this, that, and the other distinguished belle ; you may associate all together the good things that fortune can bestow, and out of these construct a world of sentimental beauty, piety, and blessedness ; but then all is untrue, for beauty has its spots, piety its defects, and bliss its sorrows.”

And, again, elsewhere he says, “The character of man is nothing more than the outer garment

which has been wrought by the spirit within. Like the cocoon of the silk worm, which is spun from its own bowels, the whole fabric of human character, both in material, design, and execution, is created solely out of the principles of the inmost soul; and whether the garb is polluted or pure, disgusting or beautiful, satanic or godlike, the energies of celestial intellect have been spent, and perhaps exhausted, in its production." Reality is everywhere obvious in all that the Preacher utters, and earnestly, therefore, he pleads for inner reality, the reality of the soul. "Imagination," says he, "is an active noun, and means the formation of images, or *image-making*, and therefore refers to the working of our thoughts. All our contrivances or inventions are the offspring of the soul, and for their production no one is accountable but the person in whose mind they exist, and who is their voluntary parent. Evil thoughts may be suggested to us by others, but still they have no power to pollute us, unless we entertain them. No sinner can show a single evil imagination which he was not either studious in forming himself, or active in receiving from some one else. Thought is very polite. It never opens our hearts and enters without first asking permission, and it would remain without for ever, unless we ourselves threw open the portal, and welcomed it. Thought knows nothing of physical force: and if not cordially entertained, very soon takes its

departure." In accordance with the plan we have throughout adopted, of allowing our Preachers to speak for themselves, we have presented these citations from Mr. Parsons. They illustrate his method of thinking, of speaking, of acting too. Reality, we have said, and again say, practical, earnest, active, indefatigable. He dreams and idealises, but he does not allow his dreams to evaporate in empty hopings. He labours to resolve his efforts into real existent doings. He has a well-spring of passion, and of poetry, in his spirit; but he does not write his epics in words, but in deeds. All his faults are the faults of an earnest man. He has, perhaps, no sympathy with little sorrows. Like Doctor Johnson, he would perhaps be able to expend no tears on the widowed griefs of a fashionable lady, if a poor woman, left destitute with six children, claimed his attention. For most elegant griefs he would only feel insufferable and burning scorn. He has struggled so heartily with poverty himself, has so made the difficulties of life to retire before him, that he cannot feel that poverty is the chief ill to any man. He leads so truly stoical an existence, so far as world comforts go, that it is not wonderful if he should cherish a true Diogenian contempt for all mournings and bewailings over the loss of them; and those who see this in the distance, suppose a hard man, until a nearer survey reveals an eye not so full of sternness as of tenderness, a tongue gentle

to every modulation of expression, and a heart an overflowing fountain of generous impulses, nor altogether cut off from the reservoir of tears.

Beautiful Ebley, the scene of our Oberlin's more constant ministrations, how the hills girdle it all round, fringed with the magnificent skirting of waving trees,—beautiful Ebley, with its ancient Meeting House, so old world-like and grotesque ; its unadorned pews and pulpit, and rude organ strains ; and its lovely little parsonage, so quiet and holy, and its study looking out upon the place of graves. Beautiful and serene burial spot ; a cemetery for its external beauty : a garden, breathing beauty and fragrance round the sepulchres ; and the School House, with the low hum of children murmuring on the ear,—or, if the Sabbath morning has called to worship, look at the crowds winding round the chapel-walks till the time of service has arrived ; and then in the temple, so rude and plain, what arrests you?—the earnest silence and love of that plain people—farmers, labourers, blacksmiths, weavers ; let us breathe a blessing on the spot, let us breathe a prayer over that congregation ; for, as it rises before us, it is hallowed in our eyes, not because poetry has invested the scenery in her hues of fancy, or because all primitive worship is lovely in our eyes, but because hallowed by the ministrations of unselfish apostolic earnestness and reality !

DR. JOHN CUMMING.

"It is a pity it is so!" we said to a friend, as we left Crown Court, upon the last occasion of our visit to hear the most attractive Metropolitan preacher; "it is ever the same, '*Delanda est Carthago*,' my opinion is, Rome must fall." Dr. Cumming does not so much feel that he has a mission to preach the Gospel, but to attack and to grapple with the Church of Rome; all his books have a reference to Rome,—all his sermons are pointed against Rome,—every argument is directed against Rome. Rome, with him, is emphatically Antichrist; and to those who do not take the same view of matters as the Doctor, this constant reiteration becomes not a little wearisome.

At this moment the Doctor is, perhaps, the most popular preacher in London,—the most followed and sought after;—his church doors are thronged, during every service, by hundreds

unable to reach the lobby doors ; his constant auditors are many of them members of the aristocracy—a large and fashionable congregation. He is wonderfully prolific as an author ; he is equally celebrated as a polemic ; his name is a great rallying point at Exeter Hall. Our readers, if they did not know it before, will believe us, that, in all religious circles, Dr. Cumming is a much talked of man. We were passing through St. Paul's churchyard, one Sabbath afternoon, when an innocent country-servant-like looking girl, with most becoming reverence, asked a policeman,—“ If you please, sir, is that Dr. Cumming's church ? ” The doors of St. Paul's were thronged by people seeking entrance ; the girl supposed that no other preacher in London was either worthy to have such a church as that, or could call together such a congregation. We have sometimes fancied that a goodly number of our Preacher's admirers are gifted with a similar simplicity. For, in truth, we cannot put so high a price upon him as is usual in many circles. The best things of the Doctor have only inclined us to say “ How pretty,” or, perhaps, “ How shrewd ; ” neatness and tact appear, to us, the two leading characteristics of his mind ; he lacks that force which is the usual associate of great eloquence. Many persons are in the habit of confusing fancy with imagination, and with such Dr. Cumming is spoken of as gifted with imagination ; but that

he has not imagination, will be soon perceived from the fact, that he takes no new views of things,—gives utterance to no bold ideas,—he does not illuminate his subjects with a bright vivid light. His style, like all pretty styles, pleases not that it is even pretty, in the best sense of the word ; it is too confused,—it is too gaudy, far too diffuse ; he has no graphic power ; —he cannot describe,—he cannot sketch a picture. In his apocalyptic sketches, his opportunities for doing so are abundant, but he goes on laying on the canvass blue, green, yellow ; and thus what is wanting in the power of conception and execution, is made up in the glare of the colouring.

Mortal offence we shall give by this “ to a large circle of admiring friends.” We know it. Very well ; but are the admiring friends the best judges. Let it be remembered that the standard by which to judge Dr. Cumming is a high one. He is no ordinary preacher ; the most popular man in London ; a man of whom many speak as the very Master of Pulpit Style and Taste. It is our method to judge a man by the estimate he sets upon himself, or that which his friends set on him. Many a man who might pass muster most respectably in ranks even above mediocrity, we are compelled to thrust into very mediocrity from the ridiculous laudations of friends. Eminently this is the case with George Gilfillan ; of whom, in some literary coteries, it has been fashionable to speak as a

very Prospero. "The writer," say these good-natured and keen-sighted people, "of books as great and eloquent as could be produced from the pen of Macaulay, our dear Christopher North, or Thomas Carlyle." The effect of such perceptive criticism is even upon us, as if we had stepped upon a gymnastic eel. Such criticisms do us good, too, for we are naturally melancholy; and in our self-possessed and lonely home, where few things meet us to inspire to laughter, they pour through us like the ethereal exhalations of nitric oxide. Many people cannot praise in proportion. They always over-estimate; and this is an especially over-estimating age. A tolerably clever school boy wakes up some fine morning, quite amazed to find his fame trumpeted forth as a very Admirable Crichton. George Dawson is one of the most profound and original teachers of the mind of his country! Ha! ha! ha! Sydney Yendys is an embryo Milton! Ha! ha! ha! Festus Bailey is even greater than Goethe! Now there is in this country a sort of Cumming mania. Our good preacher—and a good preacher we know he is, and a good man we believe he is—is one of the mightily over-estimated men. The quarrel, therefore, with our criticism, will be from our not giving him a place of sufficient prominence among the instructors of the age, and in the foremost place. We believe it will be found that all *one-ideaed men* are at once narrow-visioned, and com-

paratively limited in the range of their mental power. Cumming is a one-ideaed man. All the evils of the world, the flesh, and the Devil date from Rome. All his reading revolves round Rome. All his thinking has relation to Rome. All his talking is tinted with this homogenous and yellow light. All his energies are directed to the checking of the ascendancy of Rome. And, as his people listen so patiently to the rebooming of the everlasting tocsin, we have ventured to think, with the most perfect kindliness of feeling, that they might be denominated, more appropriately than the Presbyterian Church, the Church of Anti-Romanists.

We are no Romanist ourself. We have never had a single sympathetic moment with the old lady of the Seven Hills. Nay, we are told we have had the honour to be cursed from her Altars; and we do know that we have been severely mauled by the pens of some of her selectest Irish Newspapers. We can, therefore, afford to say that, decidedly Anti-Romanist as we are, we do not admire the illiberal tone of Dr. Cumming's speech and spirit. We had the opportunity of hearing, some months since, one of his discourses, in his own church, on the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It was evident that the leading idea throughout the Lectures was to be the distinction of Papal and Protestant Faith; and that morning, especially, the people were led

to infer that Cain was the first Papist. This perpetual strain of meditation upon the vices of Popish Doctrine has not struck us as very likely to be useful. The mind of the teacher must be warped by such unvarying tones of thought, and the hearer become listless to the impression intended to be conveyed.

And many of the remarks introduced by the Preacher into Lecture or Sermon, appear to us as frequently, simply ridiculous. It very frequently happens, that all good taste is sacrificed to showy tact. Let the following witness for us, from the Lecture called "The Present Age."

"Some of the movements of the age, I must notice, are of a character neither good nor evil, but simply grotesque. For instance, it is proposed especially to regulate all the clocks of the empire by Greenwich time; so that the instant the great pontiff at Greenwich strikes twelve, all the clocks of the empire, like an obedient hierarchy, shall echo his voice. These people have forgotten that the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn itself round. It is therefore absolutely impossible that a spot fifteen degrees further west than Greenwich, can be any thing short of an hour behind it. Now to make Exeter, and Plymouth, and Glasgow, all preserve the same time as Greenwich, is just to make them tell lies—unblushing chronological lies—to make the church bells tell lies, ladies' and gentlemen's chronometers to lie—in fact, to enact

lying by the law of the land. I think Pope Pius the Ninth, that cunning chieftain of the Papacy, or his friend Dr. Pusey, must be at the bottom of this conspiracy. It is essentially Popish, for it is sacrificing truth to uniformity. It is making men tell lies, and to hide reality in order to keep up the appearance of unbroken unity with a central regulating power. Should any of you young men be placed at the head of influential establishments at a distance from London,—in Glasgow, Exeter, and so on—as I hope you will be, I hope you will keep Protestant watches. Set them by the sun in the sky, which the Greenwich pontiff cannot cover, and tell Londoners upon their arrival at Glasgow, or Bristol, or Exeter, that they must keep Glasgow, Bristol, and Exeter time, that is, true time; for God never designed that we should set our creed by that of any Pope, Patriarch, or Archbishop, at Rome, Constantinople, or London, but by the Sun of Righteousness, whose rays and beams are texts in the Word of God. It was plainly never meant that we should set our watches and clocks in Glasgow by those of Greenwich, as long as the sun shines, and shews a gnomon on every sun-dial like a very Martin Luther to stand up and protest against it.”

Now in this way it is, that Dr. Cumming speaks to the people; and, with all proper respect, it appears to us that many of his teachings to Young Men, must have an enervating and enfeebling

tendency. We have ever been of opinion, that we have intolerance enough in the world : there is no fear of there being too much generosity in the world, or too great a faith in Truth,—and it does appear to us to be the characteristic of the school to which Dr. Cumming belongs, to believe that the purposes of Providence may be aided by jealousy and suspicion. We think that in Dr. Cumming's mode of address to Young Men, we detect unmanliness,—physical fearlessness there may be, but this is not alone sufficient to make a truly manly character ; there must be a resolute and highly wrought conviction, that, in the long run,

“Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.”

We do not know Truth, until we have ceased from all fear regarding her ; we have not perfectly loved her until we have entire faith in her,—and faith in her, and fear for her are incompatible. Do not the friends of Dr. Cumming perceive that this involves no frivolous charge against him ?

But when Dr. Cumming determines only to preach the Gospel, he does so most simply, naturally, and beautifully. One of the most perfect discourses we ever remember to have read, was that delivered before the Queen, in the Parish Church of Balmoral ; it is transparent throughout ; it combines what is so difficult to bring into com-

bination, considerable elegance and point,—we are not very fond of elegance,—and will any day sacrifice it for the striking and vivid, and graphic observation,—but in this sermon, “Salvation,” while it is not free from the Doctor’s tautological expression, was evidently written with the determination to bind all the bolder truths of the Gospel in a most comprehensive discourse. We will venture to transfer a page or two of this discourse, to ours.

“The true type of man’s effort to save himself, it seems to me, is found in the remarkable biography of Paracelsus. It is stated of him, that he spent or wasted his life in efforts to discover the elixir of immortality, of which, it was supposed, if man were to partake, he would live for ever. He made the discovery of alcohol; he thought that in it he had found the long-sought elixir. He resolved to put it to the test; he drank of it copiously, but, instead of living for ever, he perished of the poison he had drank, on his own floor. Such is the type of man’s effort to save himself, that is, to live for ever! The most promising discoveries have served merely to embitter his disappointment. He has learned with sorrowful heart that they are not only broken, but poisonous cisterns.

“Such and so poor is the religion of man, whose language is, ‘Look to me.’ It shall not, brethren, be ours. It is of the earth, earthy; and no splendour of language or brilliancy of thought

can conceal its essential worthlessness and wickedness.

“Let us now examine the religion of the Priest, whose language is, ‘Look to *me*; to me, in some of my formulas, to me in some of my developments,’ if I may use a favourite expression, ‘and be ye saved.’ In one of these he bids you look to the *Church*; she, he alleges, is the directress to heaven, the sure way to eternal joy. ‘Hear the *Church*,’ he cries, and be happy.

“Such religion is *Churchianity*; it is not *Christianity*. Christianity means the religion where Christ is all; Churchianity, the religion where the Church is all. But what is this Church? let me ask. It is the company of believers, if it be the true Church; the company of the baptized, if it be the visible Church, made up of good and bad, of tares and wheat. But the whole Bible tells us that a church without Christ is a body without a head; a robe, without the Divine wearer; the richly-chased cup, but without the wine.

“I cannot see that there is any more chance of being saved by a Church, than there is of being saved by a College, or by a Royal Exchange. There is no more connection in the way of merit between the one, and salvation, than between the other, and salvation.

“I have shown that man *natural* cannot save himself; I may add, that man *ecclesiastical* is just as helpless.

“Man cannot save himself; neither in cassock, nor in surplice, nor in ermine, nor in lawn, nor in royal robe, can man save himself.”

Once more from the same discourse :—

“The soul is, in truth, the man, and only realises its freedom, when it emerges from the outer temple in which it has ministered on earth. From all considerations of its nature and its acts, we gather a conception of its greatness. Multiply ages into ages—carry century to century, to their highest cube, and all is but an infinitesimal preface to its inexhaustible being. The Pyramids of Egypt, just opening their stony lips to speak for God’s word; the theatres of Ionia; the colossal remains of Nineveh, experiencing a resurrection from the grave in which God buried it; the iron rail, that strings the bright villages, like pearls, on its black thread; the paddle-wheel, that disturbs the stillness of the remotest seas; the electric telegraph, that unites minds a thousand miles apart; the tubular bridge, that spans broad firths and great chasms,—all are witnesses to the grandeur and powers of the soul of man. Its capacity of woe and joy is as great as its ability to do. Its descent in ruin was so deep, and its strength to resist its own recovery so great, that it required nothing less than Omnipotence to interpose, in order to recover it. Its price is the blood of the Incarnate One, its value must be corresponding.

“Tell me, lost spirit, writhing in thy bitter

agony; tell me, glorified soul, ever happy—ever praising; tell me, angels; but tell me, thou who only art able—thou bleeding Lamb, ‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’

“Calvary is the stand-point from which I see the value of the soul. It is by looking to Jesus that I learn its worth.”

These selections will serve the purpose of showing what is the principal source of Dr. Cumming’s popularity—a certain tact of style, a power of adaptation. No other preacher avails himself so readily of the popular literature of the day, its poetry, and its history. Some of the uses to which he turns illustrations from Nature and Science, do not indeed show much reading in that direction: as is usually the case with minds ready to seize, the facts seized are sometimes misapprehended. And what a voluminous writer,—and, alas! alas! what a dear one! The books of Dr. Cumming, all things considered, are the dearest issued from the Press; dearer, in proportion, than the works of Macaulay, Grote, Layard, or any of the first writers of Murray or Longman. Their sale, apparently, is immense. The sermon, for instance, from which we have quoted, “Salvation,” what would the reader say to fifteen thousand of what might be a penny tract selling for one shilling? or what would he say to volumes of only four hundred small pages, the “Apocalyptic

Sketches," and all the books of that series, *nine shillings*.

Dr. Cumming would be a Poet, if the world would allow him ; but how can he fix an imagination—how can he purify a judgment, amidst the incessant turmoil of the engagements to which he is called ? We meet with many sweet little gems, as we pass our eye hurriedly over his books. Thus, says he—

“Those ancient abbeys and convents, those beautiful cathedrals, those silent poems, which seem as if the very stones of the earth, bursting into blossom, sent incense to the skies.”

The following is very characteristic and happy :

“A broker, the other year, was purchasing pictures in Paris: he found one, which was a beautiful painting of the Virgin Mary: he purchased it for a little, hoping to sell it for much. He began to clean the painting, according to the process that cleaners of pictures employ. In doing so, by accident, a little fragment of the countenance of the Virgin scaled off, and he saw something far more beautiful below it. This tempted him to scale off a bit more, and he found it was a master-piece of one of the most illustrious of masters,—representing the Lord Jesus. Now, what the picture-dealer did for this painting, Martin Luther and John Knox did for the Church, at the time of the Reformation. The incrustation of saints they scraped off. Knox did

it often very roughly, but he did it well ; they scraped off the pictures of the saints,—and then burst forth, in all its glory, the representation of his Son of God.”

We will only select one other passage from these numerous volumes,—nor could we possibly select one more truly representing the Preacher’s usual style,—it is a description of the Faultless Congregation :—

“ Whence do they come ? They come from every part of the inhabitable globe. The African from his burning sands,—the Laplander from his everlasting snow shall be there,—the Arab from his wilds,—the Druse from his mountain fastnesses,—the Antediluvian,—the Patriarch of ancient days,—the children of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, that met first in the Ark, careering upon the waves of the deluge that laid waste the world, till they rested upon the summit of Ararat,—the children of these, the grey fathers of the human race, shall meet again ; first in Christ, the true Ark, by faith, and lastly in heaven, the great antetype of Ararat, no more to look forth upon a world depopulated and dismantled by the flood, but to bask amid the splendours of the beatific vision, and ‘ to be for ever without fault before the throne of God.’ They come not only from various countries, but from various scenes of suffering—some from hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and peril—some from sick beds, and hospitals, and

prisons, and inquisitions ; some shall come from battle sods, from Marengo, from Austerlitz, and Waterloo, and some from the silent depths of the ocean—the slain of Camperdown, and Trafalgar, and the Nile,—and some from the strong Pyramids; and many whose winding sheets have been the sands of the desert, and whose requiem has been chaunted by the waves of the desert sea. No circumstance can conceal them whom God bids to rise. No distance can keep away those whom God summons. And they shall come, too, from various sections of the Church Universal. No sect has a monopoly of Christians, because no sect has a monopoly of the Gospel. The distinctions that are made between sect and sect are paper walls, that will be consumed by the flames of the last fire ; those points and practices about which true Christians quarrel, will pass away like straw and straw-huts before the overwhelming flood of universal light, and universal love ; and it will be found at that day, that those things about which Churchmen and Dissenters quarrel, were but microscopic points, and those things about which Churchmen and Dissenters agree, were majestic as the attributes, and enduring as the Throne of Deity. I have often thought that the following incident, recorded of a good man, was a very beautiful one. A sceptic addressed him, and said, ‘ What will become of all the sects into which you Christians split at the day of judg-

ment of Christ?' The ingenious, yet scriptural, answer was, 'God will say to one, 'What are you?' I am an Independent.' 'Sit you there.' To another, 'What are you?' 'I am a Presbyterian.' 'Sit you there.' Another will be asked, 'What are you?' 'I am a Churchman.' 'Sit you there.' And a fourth will be asked, 'What are you?' The answer will be, 'A Christian.' And the commission will be given him from God, 'Walk about heaven in any place you like.' For as it is true that one star differeth from another star in glory, so it is true that he that hath the most bigotry will have the least of heaven, and he that feels all things subordinate to Christ, and Him Crucified, will have the largest space to walk in. I believe, too, that those will be before the throne of every form of government. The stern republican will be there; the accomplished monarchist will be there also; no nation under heaven which will not contribute its quota; subjects of uncivilized government, and victims of cruel ones will be there. They will be a great multitude, greater than the Antinomian will allow, though fewer than the Universalist believes, singing, 'Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb.'"

In personal appearance, Dr. Cumming is like his sermons; there is a neat showiness about him; his manner is very quiet, and self-possessed; his enunciation is very clear and distinct; his tones

are those of a teacher : he appears to us of a dark complexion, dark eye, dark hair. We pay usually but little attention to the outer developement of preachers ; we are fond, rather, of noting the points of mental physiognomy ; but usually the physiognomy of the face does illustrate the physiognomy of the soul. Dr. Cumming does not belong to the order of preachers from whom we have received, or are likely to receive, much benefit ; at the same time, we are prepared to admit his usefulness ; Rome has no assailant or combatant so accomplished as he : we only fear he may defeat the intentions of his own mind, by a course which must appear to us ungenerous. Nor have we any sympathy with some strange interpretations he puts on God's Word ; thus, in the exposition of the faith of Cain, he debated the argument against Capital Punishment, arising from God's lenity to the first murderer. " God, it had been alleged, " did not punish Cain with death, and therefore Capital Punishment must be wrong ; now he, Dr. Cumming, maintained that this was a Divine Experiment, and it failed ; and many centuries after, God looked down and found, that because he had refrained from the Death Penalty the earth was full of violence and murder ; and then he visited the world with one condign Capital Punishment, sweeping all the murderous race away in the Death Penalty of the Waters." In most of the reasoning of Dr. Cumming, there is much of

casuistry ; space forbids our entering into the dispute. Men of ready minds, of abundant tact, are, usually, unable to seize the inner soul of a truth, or an error ; and, indeed, the psychological form of argument is neither needed nor cared for, by the majority of men. Destroy that which, I see, is the demand of most men ;—the roots of error are out of sight, and left untouched by the debater and his auditors. Of Rome and its falsehoods, it seems to us Dr. Cumming does not comprehend the soul, he knows only the skin ; and it is this very blistering of the Romanist skin that leaves the heart yet so thoroughly healthy. Have the great Anti-Romanists of our day aimed at the heart of Rome ? They have not ; they have not aimed to comprehend the law of its vitality, and to measure its spiritual strength ; and therefore they have found no antidote, and it beats with strength and fervour yet.

REV. JOHN PULSFORD,

HULL.

THERE was a time when experimental preaching was the most favoured method of Pulpit address : we have no doubt it was a mode of address perverted, very frequently, to ridiculous and truly useless purposes ; but now, experimental or subjective preaching is altogether out of date,—it belongs entirely to a bygone code of things ; our ministers appear to be afraid of experiencing too much,—they desire apparently to be on good terms with the mental and moral biographies of all other people, and to say nothing of their own. But, in fact, very much of the literature of the day demands a tone of deep experience to reply to the “ Sorrows and Aspirations of the Soul,” the “ Nemesis of Faith,” and many other volumes of the same class : and many experiences which have not yet written

themselves in volumes, demand the life of subjection and experience to reply to them. There are mental states to which no objective argument can possibly present a fitting reply. The teaching of our times, is for the most part *outer*,—it results from books and colleges,—from the influence of visible and sensible things upon the soul; and very much of the unsatisfactory state of the modern preaching results, too, from this characteristic of it; the hearer perceives that his teacher has been swimming in waters no deeper than those through which he has passed himself. He cannot feel the moral superiority of his guide;—the very difficulties through which the poor hearer is struggling, the preacher is floundering through at the same moment of time; How, then, can he be a guide? How can he claim the meed of superior regard and respect? Or, perhaps, he attempts to ignore the dispute altogether; perhaps, he laughs at the solemn voices of the infinite deeps in the human soul; for we know ministers who have done, and who do this, too;—sneer at the moral agonies of the young man who is seeking after a faith,—laugh at and ridicule the wailings of the soul in her dread adventures: such men know nothing of such experience,—they have lived and wrought ever in the dark mines of a dogmatic and unexperienced theology; all questions are solved by some textual criticism,—all difficulties are supposed to melt before the nod

and word of priestly authority ; is it wonderful that such teachers are left?—their chapels vacated ? —their preaching despised ? Or, if some soul, in real earnest, speak out in their neighbourhood ? is it wonderful, if it seem to such teachers necessary to crush him by the cuckoo cries of—Infidelity and Heterodoxy,—those two convenient phrases ? Why, it is amazing to find that, almost all the so called Heterodox, are truly among the most faithful souls ; they have worked out their faith through a baptism of fire ; their eyes are wet with scalding tears ; they have endured a mental and moral martyrdom ; they are the real witnesses for the truth. They have not, at any rate, relied upon the dead spiritless letter ; they have a warm, glowing, lively faith. We have found comfort and consolation in such men. They have been our Bishops ; they have expounded to us the word and the will of the Divine Father ; they have fathomed the caves of the inner life. In their experience, “ deep, has called unto deep.” Does the reader ask for sample lessons from such teachers?—We point him to the first chapter of Edward Miall’s invaluable book on the British Churches, to the Confessions of our friend “ Theophilus Trynal,” and to Charles Kingsley’s “ Yeast.” Sometimes such experiences may be comparatively crude—embryotic—but we like to behold the efforts of a spirit attempting either to swim or to soar. It is an exhilarating

spectacle; the very sight ruffles one's own plumage. The prudence of some of these observations will be matter for criticism among our friendly readers; to these, then, we may only say further, that the religious life, and pre-eminently the religious life of the Teacher, should be most eminently experimental; a deeply-rooted, a growing, branching experience. Every man, every Christian man, who wills, may see Spiritual Things in quite new and wonderful relations; his introspections may make him wonderfully familiar with the affairs of the Spiritual World, and from this height, without misleading his disciples, he may surely and gladly conduct them from cliff to cliff, till they too, above the fogs and mists of the lower regions of faith, exult in the bracing winds and airs of the higher worlds of spiritual life.

"Something too much of this." And now a word or two upon the subject of our present sketch, the Rev. John Pulsford, of Hull. Among all the men of this book, there is not one more worthy of extended notice. There is not one more extraordinary. Well could we devote long space to an analysis of his mind and his method, in its relation to the times; but see, our pages become fewer and fewer, and we shall soon have altogether to lay down our pen. We have never heard John Pulsford, then, let us say, in the first place, but we have been disposed to apply to him the words of Salis, so beautifully translated by Longfellow.

“ Into the silent land,
Oh? who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And scattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Hither and thither,
Into the silent land?

Oh land! oh land!
For all the broken hearted!
The mildest herald by fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch, doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand,
Into the land of the great departed—
Into the silent land.”

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE—those great teachers—those wonderful ministering angels—from these our friend derives the main portions of the instructions which he deals forth to his people. And perhaps most of us would need few Preachers at all, if we could but allow silence to put its word into our minds—if we did not so dread solitude and loneliness. But we can talk of solitude better than we can endure it. We can be eloquent upon silence, “but we cannot sit still.”

“But who is he? who is he?” says our reader. “I never heard of him before.” Very likely not, for he rarely, rarely leaves his own Pulpit. It may be, therefore, necessary to say that he was once the Minister of a Baptist Chapel in Hull. We do not well know the history of his secession from that Church. This only do we

know, that he was charged with holding some heterodox doctrines; and as heterodoxies and orthodoxies are so numerous, perhaps he did lay hold upon some heterodox forms of thought. But we are glad to know how heartily he holds to the Mediator between God and Man—the Man God Christ Jesus. We are glad to know that right heartily he holds to the need of a Sanctifying Spirit, to regenerate a darkened and depraved nature. When, some years since, he left the church with which he was then connected, the ministers of the town drew up and signed a memorial to him, expressive of their disapprobation of certain doctrinal forms. A deputation waited upon him at his residence with it, and after reading it, refused to deliver it to him. Thus, he never had given to him the opportunity of replying to the heresies it alleged against him. At that time he was the most popular minister in Hull, and his services were in universal request. At present his chapel is much larger, very much more handsome, his congregation more numerous, but he has retired from all association with outside movements and workings. In a large and flourishing town he is almost as much alone as Richter at Bayreuth, or Kant at Königsburg.

Silence and Solitude;—we said, and we feel their influence as soon as we sit within the walls of that Temple. The Preacher magnetises you: the writer was never there but he felt the awful

glory of the place ; it was not in the place itself, —a quiet and most unostentatious interior—neat, with its chaste gilded mouldings—its organ quiet and impressive—and the chauntings of the congregation much like what you would expect from other Temples ; but over the audience there is a breath and power of silence. We have felt that this ministry carries might with it—irresistible might—free from all the folly of robe and band. (How comes it that the Christian Minister still clings to the Pagan vestment?) Free from everything that could impose, or attract, or excite by appeals to the senses—yet the reading of the hymns from those lips thrills us as we never were thrilled before : and you observe that, in reading the Scriptures, you are listening to a paraphrase—to a new translation—to a running exposition, in which is substance and matter for many sermons. But the prayer—oh, the prayer !—how shall that be characterised ? And indeed, we all feel that Prayer is no subject for comment ; and yet, did you ever listen to prayer like this ?—quiet, deep—the hushed fluttering of a dove-like spirit through the heaven of its devout contemplations : this we may notice in it—that Adoration, and Ascription, and Devotion, form so large a portion of it, and Petition so little. It is in Prayer that we feel how powerful is the voice of God and Eternity in the soul of our Teacher—our confidence in him is deepened. We know that he has travelled

into "the heavenly places." Oh, reader, the human heart is deep and deceptive: but do we not all know our instructor by the tone of his prayers? do not his supplications make our best music?

And when our Preacher discourses to us, he still lingers near the light that rayed through his prayer like the glory round a Shekinah or a Shrine. Subjects how remarkable,—how simple—how full of majesty—how full of love—how full of light. We have even now before us, the fragments of one from the Text in Daniel: "I was left alone, and saw this great vision:"—a powerful voice, it was from the deep introspective being, it was an invocation to the lonely life—to the life of inner wrestling and waiting. "Man," said the preacher, "is no better than a leaf driven by the wind, until he has conquered his lonely duties. His muscles may be powerful, and so are a horse's; his nerves may be strong, and so are a lion's; but within the soul of the man shrinking from solitude, is the coward's spirit; many such men have brought death upon themselves through inward fear and weakness. Now, I can shew you persons who have no muscular strength, and very little nervous energy, and yet within are stronger than a whole world full of muscular men; it is neither muscle, nor nerve, nor flesh, nor bone, that makes a man; but this makes a man—the habit of confronting great things in solitude, and chiefly the habit of conversing with

God alone, and of filling the soul with his strength. For remember, the man who is a stranger to these habits of solitude, is neither his own master nor the possessor of his own house. He owns a great house—a wonderful house, an eternal house; but it is shut up and locked, and he lives outside; the inside is unknown to him, and he has lived outside so long, that he is afraid of the inside. Every man has such a house, who has a soul. But every man does not possess his own soul; neither is he the master within. Liars, tempters, deceivers, destroyers, hold possession, and work horrid confusion within, and the poor man cannot turn them out. No wonder that he should dread loneliness with such a houseful. There is no hope of such a man getting the possession of, and the mastery over his own house, until in his solitude he join God unto himself.”

There would seem to be no very venomous taint of Heterodoxy, in this vivid and striking language, one would think. Another mighty hymn lies upon our memory upon “CENTRES.” “I will dwell *in the midst* of thee, saith the Lord.” And this Sermon developed some of the radical doctrines of the preacher. “As is the centre, such will be the circumference. All things represent centres. Hearing represents the ear; seeing the eye. All thinking represents the mind—dark minds think darkly—gross minds think grossly. All philosophies represent the centre, from which

they are evolved. So, as is God, such is his creation; the creation is the circumference of Himself, the centre. Had there been no centre, there could have been no circumference." And this thought was passed through several beautiful illustrations. The vegetable world furnishes one. "I approach the tree—and find root, trunk, branches, and leaves. All this is circumference, and must have been produced from some centre. The living centre, from which it was produced is, where God is in contract with Nature; I find bloom or fruit on the tree; in the very centre of the bloom or fruit, I find seed; in the very centre of the seed, is the living germ or actual seed-principle—Here is the pure and mysterious centre of the vegetable kingdom, where the force of vegetable life abides; and from this centre, all development takes place. God, the central spring and life of all things, is in contract here with his creation, at this centre. Apple, pear, melon, plum, or any such.

"To the sensual eye it is one and simple; to the deeper soul it is awfully complex. Skin is all the sensual eye can see; inside the skin is the pulp, or fruit; in the centre of the pulp is the stone, or husky covering, defending the seed; in the centre of the seed lies sleeping, mysteriously, the life-energy, from which the whole circumference of the tree is to be produced. God is at

the centre, and works from thence to the outermost."

After carrying the analogy through the whole system of Nature—through the animal and stellar worlds, "It will seem," said our Preacher, "to the senses of the natural man, a descent to go from the blazing centre of many worlds to the out-house of a village inn—a transition from dazzling glory to no glory. But patience! a brighter glory than nature's may be wrapped in clouds.—The babe that thou seest in the manger of that out-house, they have called Jesus. He seems to be the lowest and the poorest creature in nature; but there is within him more than nature, more than humanity—there is a Divine centre. The best men of all the centuries since Jesus appeared, were made best by Jesus. All the pomp, and mystery, and glory, and tragedy, of the old Romish Church, from the beginning until now, are the effects of His Central Energies, working in corrupt men's hearts. St. Paul's, and St. Peter's Monasteries and Cathedrals, Churches and Chapels, the most wonderful architecture, the most exquisite paintings; the most enrapturing music, must be all looked to as the working out of the forces of which Jesus is the centre. The glorious Reformation, terrible Puritanism and splendid modern Professionalism, are alike effects from the same Divine Centre, through men more spiritual or more sensual. The

omnipotent forces which radiate from Jesus, can never be inactive. When the centre is corrupt, the working will be corrupt ; when the centre is holy, the working will be holy. If there be no Jesus at the centre Energising my soul, and giving direction to my soul, there will be no holy beauty in my countenance after death ; there will be no gloriousness in my everlasting body. If the Lord be working in the centre of me, he is changing my corrupt nature into an image resembling his own, by the power whereby he is able to subdue everything to Himself.

“ I have this moment, in my mind’s eye, a whole beautiful world peopled with a glorious and right happy humanity, full of truth and love ; and the whole a developement from the single centre of the once rejected but everlastingly to be adored Jesus, he is the sole centre of which the whole glorious and happy universe will be the circumference,—and that circumference, already beyond an angel’s thought, will be to all eternity an ever enlarging circumference. For of necessity a circumference which grows round about, and proceeds from an infinitely powerful centre, must be endlessly perfecting, and endlessly widening.”

All such citations as these are very unfair, never intended for the eye, delivered to the people in the quiet of unpretending Sabbath service ; but are they not the strong tests and evidences of an intuitional life ? Every word, every sentence almost

is bathed in the same halo of spiritual beauty,—they fall forth, these golden sentences, without effort, yet an afflatus of divine fire does appear to accompany every one. Emerson Christianized,—Emerson believing in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, this is the nearest characterization we can find for our beloved teacher.—It may, perhaps, be thought that if the manner of the preacher is not rapt and earnest, and if the matter is abstract, that there must frequently be a cold and northern iciness about the service—but not that, not that, anything but that, in the first place the name of Jesus on the lips of our friend is sufficient to warm the coldest Temple for an hour after its utterance. But the thoughts and the words are never occult ; we should say they have an intellectual tint and tone of colour like that of the great American Transcendentalist ; but then there is nothing occult or dark, and there is most visible consecution and continuity in the whole of the matter, and everything is warm. The eye of the Preacher—a blue one, is often like a violet bowed by the first dew drop of the morning ; it is bathed and suffused in tenderness, and the face is warm with such a brotherly smile—a smile so chastened by the influence of thought, and of sorrow—(for who can think much without suffering much ?) and the words are warm ; the commonest words say as plainly as words can say, “ I speak because I Love

and I Love because God is Love." The hearer feels that he is with Moses, a face shining after talking with the Divine.

Mr. Pulsford is a Transcendentalist; he believes in a Peace *passing* all Understanding, he believes in a Love *passing* Knowledge. You see, readers, if Mr. Pulsford is a Transcendentalist, Scripture is Transcendental too; and Human Nature is Transcendental, and surely God Transcends all our knowledge and all our thoughts. Good, innocent, easy folks, who sneer at Intuitions, and laugh at the revelations of God within the soul, do they know that they are the Apostles of materialism and all infidelity? Do they know that if we were to follow their teachings we should ignore all faith—all religion from the universe? Thus, Mr. Pulsford, we fancy, would declare a belief as hearty in the voices of Eternity within the spirit, as in the voices of Nature without. Transcendentalists are a very numerous class; and are divisible into very numerous classes,—and the Christian, indeed, belongs to a nobler and more sacred band, than that headed by Plato, or Berkley, or Fichte; he believes in the operation of energies beyond the sphere and calculation of the cold intellect,—beyond the authority of the understanding,—“a sure word of testimony,—a light shining in a dark place;” why every one who acknowledges a Holy Spirit’s Power, must be a Transcendentalist.

Sneer as you will ; we rather think the mystery of the Comforter passes knowledge."

And then comes another question, growing from that of the Transcendentalism of our Preacher. He must be a Mystic. A mystic ! Oh, what and who is a Mystic ? Why every artizan is a mystic—every Christian man is a mystic—every man is a mystic, who lives and energises in a sphere to which another is wholly a stranger. It is the reiteration of the already expressed sentiment,—the depth of our experience must be the measure of our solitude. Coleridge, in his *Aids to Reflection*, discourses of mystics as if nobody could ever allege against him the charge of mysticism. To him, Bohmen and Fenelon are mystics ; to crowds of his readers, Coleridge is far more a mystic than is Fenelon ; mysticism is a necessity involved in the advance and progress of our spiritual being. Climbing high mountains, we take far wider views of earth and heaven, while at the same time we are disappearing from the eyes of men. Certainly all the thoughts of Mr. Pulsford are not immediately to be gathered from his first words, every thought appears to be symbolic of some other thought lying beyond it. All his sermons abound with shadows cast from unseen suns ; the star dust of a spiritual galaxy streams and shimmers over the whole of his discourses.

But if you speak of Mysticism,—is not this surprising ? yet have we known it—things which

took us weeks to spell out from the writings and pictures of Bohmen and others, meek-eyed simplicity has comprehended at a glance! a word has revealed it all; so much more keen in intelligence is simplicity, than worldly wisdom. Poor old cottage dames, and tottering old men, comprehend things hidden from the wise and prudent; are not they mystics too? Surely it is no new thing—that intellect is horny-eyed—that clear shrewd worldly intelligence is no match for instinctive piety. Surely we do not expect that “the bright and morning Star,” is an object to be surveyed through the telescopes of Herschell and of Rosse? “I am come that they which see not might see, and they which see might be made blind.” The ideas of Mystic and Transcendentalist are very old. It has appeared to us, that all persons not quite mere Rationalists in their faith, must be something both of one and the other. Certainly when the Christian mystic is styled a Rationalist, he may, with a good grace, turn the tables upon men who would carve the very wood of the Cross from their own understanding, and base the scheme of the Atonement upon an analogy with their own perverse nature.

Of all writers, this Jacob Bohmen is little known in England or elsewhere; few read, and fewer still can understand, the inspired words of the Shoemaker of Gorlitz; he is but known for the most part by rumours and reports, and some:

of them of the most extraordinary character. He is described as a Unitarian ! a Deist ! an Atheist !!! a Pantheist !!! for all such opinions it behoves us to entertain the supremest pity. Bohmen, at least, was a man who derived light from very strong introvisions ; his was not what we mean by an introspective life ; no man of whom we have ever read or heard seems so to illustrate to us what we mean by Inspiration. " Art," says he, " hath not written here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste. And though I could have written in a more accurate, plain, and fair manner, yet the reason was this—that the burning fire did often force forward with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it, for it cometh and goeth as a sudden shower." Of all men who have written to and for the world, after the sacred writers, Jacob Bohmen is the most wonderful, and to those to whom it is given to understand, he is the most instructive. And it must by no means be supposed that all his writings are in the Hieroglyph and the Cabala. Witness that lovely book, the " Way to Christ ;" its words are so simple that the youngest infant in Christ's school may comprehend them. Few words ever penned by man are more calculated to soothe the vexed and

irritated spirit, than the beautiful dialogue between the Master and the Disciple. "THE DISCIPLE said to the Master—How may I attain to the supersensual life, that I may see God and hear him speak? THE MASTER said—If thou canst raise thyself for a moment thither, where no creature dwelleth, thou shalt hear what God saith. THE DISCIPLE said—Is it near or far? THE MASTER said—It is in thee, and if thou canst be silent, and cease for an hour from all thy willing and brooding, thou shalt hear unspeakable words of God. THE DISCIPLE said—How may I hear if I cease from all willing and brooding? THE MASTER said—If thou wilt cease from all willing and brooding of thine own, then the Eternal Hearing and Seeing and Speaking shall be revealed to thee, and thou shalt discern God through thee. Thine own hearing and willing and seeing hinders thee that thou canst not see and hear God. THE DISCIPLE said—Wherewith shall I hear and see God, seeing he is above Nature and creature? THE MASTER said—If thou keepest silence, thou art what God was before Nature and the creature, and out of which he made thy nature and creature. Then shalt thou hear and see with that wherewith God in thee saw and heard before thine own willing and seeing and hearing did begin."

The whole of this Dialogue is divinely beautiful and instructive; nor have we quoted the most delightful passages from it; but we have

made these extracts because they do, beyond any others, illustrate the teaching of Mr. Pulsford ;—and we fancy, from what we have heard, we may say his life, still more than his teaching. Perhaps it would be more true if we called him a Theosophist, than a Transcendentalist ; there is certainly not the same danger, in these days, of misconception, from the one phrase as from the other. Let the reader, who knows Bohmen, conceive the rough old Teutonic Philosopher in the Pulpit, and he may form some idea of Mr. Pulsford : we wonder whether any one else, in England, understands him so well—we have heard of no one who has attempted to comprehend the Shoemaker in the Shoemaker's own sphere—people have sought to Commentaries, and Expositions—to William Law, for instance. So far as we dare venture to speak, we will say Bohmen can only be comprehended by the Spirit—the letter will not aid you—no ; there must be “a ceasing from all willing and doing”—Silence and Solitude, again we say ; and these are our Preachers ; friends ; we surely mean nothing that is invidious, when we denominate him our English Bohmen ; and we say this all the more readily because we know, from his personal friends, that it is but recently he has begun the study of the strange German volumes ; spirits similarly constituted, in passing through the same experiences, see the same visions, and are impressed with the same ideas. To John

Pulsford has been given a strangely bold and vivid imagination, and originally, a most bold and vehement temperament. What has calmed it? We knew him as a preacher, ten years since, in Southampton, in the very first days of his ministry; at that time his preaching was simply and purely intellectual—Intellect now forms the lowest staple of his discourse. He has been wont to indulge in flights of vehement and fervent language—now, ordinarily, his manner is quiet, full, and most collected; his language is not in equal proportion to his ideality; and, therefore, we have not that flashing and rushing forth of the torrent which we may well conceive, when Bohmen ventured to speak to some familiar friends. Are we wrong in saying, that more and more our friend appears to pass beyond the sphere of passion and emotion, and passing affection; more and more his spirit appears to sink to quiet and to rest. We have thought, that at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, there has flamed forth a more seraphic ardour, a more burning and beautiful adoration; his words, then, are frequently soliloquies, we should judge, for we have been at three such assemblies; nor do we ever remember to have felt so fully, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

In harmony with views like these, we remember one discourse on EQUILIBRIUM. The text, "As in Heaven, so on earth." The design of the

Preacher was to show that all things were struggling, beneath a divinely pervading energy, to rest and order; that all evil, all sorrow, all pain, was a disturbance of the divinely arranged method of law. We will seize a few rememberable sentences. For example: "If you grasp a lump of ice, you at first feel a smarting sensation, which you call coldness, but which is the commencement of violent action in your hand towards an equilibrium. If you continue to grasp the ice, the smarting sensation subsides, and a comfortable glow ensues, occasioned by the powerful rush of the general heat of your body to the surface of your hand. Many of you will already see the spiritual analogy of the ice and the hand. What a leap from ice to Godhead—to blazing Almighty Ineffable Godhead! Yet did not Godhead lay hold upon our cold, icy, dead nature, in the Virgin's womb? The Infinite took not on him the nature of angels, he took on him our icy humanity." Another illustration:—"You are seated in a warm room, by your wintry fireside, the doors and shutters are fast, you have done your best to keep the outside air outside, but there is a rush of the outside air towards the key-hole, and every other little crevice, and you hear the whistling effort which it is making to get inside. But why this effort? Why cannot the outside air quietly remain outside? This is the reason. There is no equilibrium between the outside air and the inside.

The temperature of your room is a great deal higher than the temperature without, and nature makes ceaseless efforts to restore equilibrium. And nature receives this law from God. There is the same effect in the light as in the air. Exclude the light from your room, and if there be a single chink or opening, you see the light in the effort of coming, showing you that it would, if you would allow it, make it as light within your room as it is outside. The same effort is in heat, and even greater. The Psalmist, speaking of the sun, says, 'Nothing is hidden from the heat thereof.' You may shut up your house as you please, the summer's warmth will get inside, even as a person may exclude your truth who cannot exclude your love. Now this law contains a voice within it from God. It is from God. The law is spiritual. It works in things material, but the law has its power in spirit. All effort is in spirit, and from spirit it descends to matter, and this is the fact and the law. There is in the great spirit a stupendous working and effort toward a spiritual equilibrium. As in heaven so in earth.

"This is the way the tide of the great spirit ocean rolls: Heaven rushes towards all the key-holes and crevices of our world. The souls of mankind are shut up against the entrance of this tide of holy influence, and there is no equilibrium between the spiritual temperature of man and the temperature of heaven. But heaven presses itself

upon their souls, and strives by every little inlet to effect an entrance. Why all the commotion and restless and heaving of the nations have their origin in the laws of the spiritual universe. Heaven or pure truth and good-will are in the ceaseless effort to descend—‘as in heaven so in earth;’ in this effort to descend, they throw into turmoil the opposite principles of falsity and selfishness; and the shaking of nations and thrones must go on, until those principles fill the world, which cannot be shaken. Until the earth is as good and true as heaven, heaven cannot but go on in the energy of descent—the effort cannot cease then until the earth is heavenly, any more than higher waters can cease to flow down to lower waters, until the lower waters are raised to the same level; and when they both have the same level they rest. So heaven will rest when the spiritual state of our world is as it is in heaven—in equilibrium.”

Would that our opportunity, and our present space, enabled us to present more of these glorious things, to such of our readers as feel their meetness for such truths. Doctrines like these, suppose a very simple and very holy life:—and it is very beautiful to know, that the private movements of the preacher are in beautiful harmony with his public ministrations; to quote his own figure,—his life is an equilibrium.

Mr. Pulsford is about thirty-five years of age,

we may hope, therefore, that deep experiences, and great usefulness, are in reserve for him yet ; let us hope that there is before him a life of greater activity than he has yet led : he professes his belief in the life of Silence : he could make himself happy in deep and far off forests ; on the banks where the wild Oregon hears no voice save its own dashings. He is most passive to the influences around him : to calumniation he never replies, —to rebuke he listens with a smile and a thought, —all things work into perfect harmony—by and bye I shall be understood ; if I move, I may disturb a Providence—in silence I shall have rest. The storm of Public Meetings is hateful to him ; the noisy trappings of the advancing hosts and vanguards of civilization, only produce within him wonder when the last rearguard will close the march, and the brooding wings of tranquillity settle serenely over the scene. The world needs such men, too—oh, the world in the present age greatly needs them ; they rectify thought, they heal the collisions, and the wounds, and the bickerings of men ; they exalt our conceptions of Private Virtue ; they elevate our ideal of what Humanity is destined to be, when the chastening graces of the Divine Comforter shall have subdued all opposing passions to Himself. But then, also, it must be said, that life is no Abstraction ; it is real, and it is earnest : and the most material things have temporarily a real influence on human destinies.

Active Devils call for Active Angels. Active, not only in Contemplation and in Spirit-working, but in Flesh and Body battling too. This our Preacher has not the present disposition for ; and very much of the misunderstanding, in reference to his own personal convictions, has arisen from his resolution to let the misunderstanding work on ; of course, it is scarcely possible that any where, a very original thinker and speaker could deliver himself without being subjected to the charge of Eccentricity, and probably of Heterodoxy. We hope that Mr. Pulsford will write, will work, will move forth more and more, from the merely Hermetical Life. Our own conviction is, that he might exert over, especially the youthful Sceptic Intellect of this day, a mighty and most salutary influence. What if he were to give us the Sorrows and the Aspirations of His Soul ? We have heard him to little purpose, and much misinterpreted his sayings, if he has not passed through deeper Hells, and soared to higher Heavens, than Newman. Perhaps he could even introduce Froude to the Eumenides of Scepticism, for his Nemesis of Faith.

Perhaps here we might stay from further illustration or comment. But we purpose now to break confidence. We have lying before us two letters, addressed by John Pulsford to an assured and personal friend of our own, in whom we feel deep interest. They were letters of consolation,

when bowed beneath a deep affliction,—the loss of a wife most tenderly and thoroughly beloved. Yes, there is a something like a breach of confidence in printing what no eye, (save the one to whom it was addressed,) was intended to see.—Breach of confidence is not our wont; and the preacher will be strangely startled to behold these words in print. But we think they illustrate his character better than any other words, and exhibit the deep intensity, and blooming redolence of imagination, with which his mind teems. John Pulsford, forgive us! Reader, do not think worse of us than we deserve! Do not think we often thus transgress confidence!

Here is the first:—

“Newton Abbot, Devonshire.

“Oh, my *dear, dear*, DEAR brother! how suddenly, from a luxurious revelling in the enchantments of this neighbourhood, my heart, filled with pain, grew heavy and sombre, and yearned in me, for you!—Your black loss!—Your wild bitterness! I know well the affrightment, the distraction, that feeling of the soul that it cannot be! And why do I speak to you, when I know that the creature cannot help or comfort you? I do it, far more from a necessity in me, than from any idea that I can minister healing to the broken heart. Yet, my brother must not “lie on his face,” as though there were no hope; as though

nothing were to be done in this hour ; as though nothing were to be learned. The hour is precious, and largely freighted with pure treasure. Court the Awful, and, if possible, say to the blackness, of Darkness, "Thou art not quite black !" and it will unlock its bosom and shew thee the hidden pearl, and whisper to thee the sweet secret.

"This hour is worth all previous hours to thee, dear brother. Be still and strong in the all and always tranquil Power ; and new atmospheres will embosom thee, and new waters refresh thee : and the new life-fire will baptise and inspire thee.

"We must see to it that every thing shall serve us, and nothing undo us. GOD IS ALIVE ! The Dark, Dark Event is the Garment He wears, and in which He seeks to come very near to the quick of thee, that he may impress thee, not for ordinary good but for *EXTRA-ordinary*. And your darling wife will not be less precious to you, nor less sacred, nor less useful, because she has slipped the Shell. The Kernel is entire, and waits for you in the House of Life. This always was a House of Death, and never can be any thing else but a House of Death. Happy are they who have found "the way out," and have escaped. Don't be afraid of Sorrow, my dear brother ; don't wish for Comfort. Lie under the night, and let the whole Cross lie on thee ; and in the night, when it is darkest, light will arise : and out of the Cross balm will flow. And from the Dove World, to

which your Dove has flown, the sweet singing Turtle Dove, out of the Bosom of God, will descend upon you, and 'great will your peace be.'

"Your earnest, affectionate, and faithful,

"JOHN PULSFORD."

Among all the words in this book, we know none so thrilling and beautiful as these; the writer knows that they will touch the spirit of the mourner, like a gleam of inspiration. It is a perfect poem. We will yet venture to cite the other letter to the same friend, and on the same circumstances.

"My poor dear stricken brother may rely upon it, I should have hurried to him had I been in Hull. Your words of the 2nd, I did not get till yesterday, the 6th. The outermost garment of your meek-loving household Angel, is now clean gone from your eyes and embraces. Oh, it is cruel hard,—it is wildly agonizing,—I know it. But don't say, "*all your hopes are cut off.*" Oh, no! It is only the flesh that says so. The flesh is first to speak—but itself is a fallacy, and it always speaks in fallacies. Your sweetest, dearest, deepest hopes, inextinguishable hopes, are but now budding; perhaps, not budding yet, only germinating in death. You know nothing is quickened except it die. How sweet and pure in her lily whiteness is your darling!—*and not far from you:*

sensually and fallaciously far, but spiritually actually most near. Oh, so near, nearer than flesh can ever be to flesh. And you shall see her again, and embrace her right tenderly. Is this no hope? She is but gone to "the green pastures," a few days before you. There is no doubt of your following her. In the meantime no space can lie between hearts that are one. The one thing, which is the only *real* thing, and the only true substance, incorruptible, and living, and enduring eternally, that one thing is everywhere. In HIM there is precious—actual unity, and fellowship that is, and must be for ever. The outer corrupt substance is a cheat, and all the bonds and endearments that have their ground in it, are infatuatingly plausible, but terrible cheats. We all find it out sooner or later, and so learn the first lesson towards essential life and peace.

"You must come to us soon as you can after we return home,—not to forget your bosom one, but to remember her sweetly, and to realise together with me the actual Fatherland, wherein we both have treasures.

"Most lovingly in the life of Jesus in me,

"JOHN PULSFORD."

Thus we have allowed Mr. Pulsford to speak for himself, and not the less because we hope that the beautiful words we have ventured to print may be to other hearts bowed and broken with

the world's woes; as comforting and as beautiful as they were to the sorrowing husband to whom they were addressed.

We cannot but hope for our Preacher a sphere of wider usefulness than that which he at present fills. Wherever he goes he will carry along with him a protest for spirituality of mind and life. He is the Apostle and Herald of a more Spiritual Theology, adhering stoutly to the ancient doctrines at once of Revelation and Common Sense, of Apostacy from God, as the fundamental source of all the misery of the world, and of reconciliation by the mediation of Jesus, the only begotten of the Father. Holding these truths stoutly, from his lips they glow forth with a wonderful light and lustre, when compared with the tameness of their usual teaching. We call upon him to come forth from his secret chambers—to be alive muscularly as spiritually. The power given to him is very great. We will believe that gifts so transcendent may be shown in labours more abundant.

GEORGE DAWSON, M. A.,

BIRMINGHAM.

IN what an equivocal light among Preachers stands this man, who disclaims the patronymic of the Reverend, and professes to be a Gentleman Teacher of religion ! “Saul among the Prophets” will be the complimentary epithet of some who glance upon the other names in the volume. There is a mutual disclaiming of acquaintance ; Gentleman George disclaims the acquaintance with the Preachers—and the Preachers very heartily disclaim the acquaintance of George. Yet George Dawson has been educated for the Pulpit. And during the time he continued in it, he excited great attention, although very young ; and since he resigned the ministerial charge of the Baptist denomination at Birmingham, he has been constantly engaged in preaching, if taking a text and delivering a discourse upon it be preaching ; and they must be prejudiced and bigoted indeed,

to the formularies of sects, who can believe that George Dawson has not been useful, or that there was no need for any teaching like his. But we confess, that we are not of the number of his idolators; on the whole, we fancy, that we are about fitted to pass something like a calm judgment upon him—a sort of judgment, that appears to have been seldom pronounced.

“A transcendental bagman,” says Mr. George Gilfillan; “a clever lecturer, made out of the elements or ruins of a second rate Preacher.” This language, especially the last, is as ridiculous as it is unjust; it may truly be difficult to define what a second rate Preacher is; but we do know that during Mr. Dawson’s continuance in the Pulpit, he was usually regarded in any but a second rate light; and we believed, that he would, as an expositor of the more strictly religious life, and of Scripture truth, have attained a higher position, had he devoted himself more really to that post of public instruction. But we happen to know how Mr. Gilfillan contrived to write his celebrated article in Tait’s Magazine, on our Lecturing Preacher; we know, that he outraged all feelings of the holiness and privacy of domestic, or friendly intercourse; we know, that he visited Mr. Dawson, when in Edinburgh, procuring a letter of introduction to him; sat talking with him; attempting to look through him with his quite glass bead eyes; then hastened away, and, like a

Pawnee Indian, sharpened his knife to scalp and skin. Mr. Gilfillan is a Willis, in this sort of work ; we say of him sometimes, with Hamlet, "Has the fellow no feeling of his business?" Two or three years since he visited London, and gliding at once, to our thinking, feloniously and *felineously* through a set of Literary circles, favoured the world, in a week or so, with accounts of all that had been said to him, by the Carlyles, Howitts, &c., &c. What may be thought of a man who makes money this way? Certainly his judgment will not rule ours of George Dawson.

Our personal objections to George Dawson are threefold. First, we object to his inadequate experience of mental and moral conviction ; it must be remembered, that he has a world-wide fame ; has been highly spoken of in America ; has travelled over a large part of England ; has an immense auditory to listen to him, in his own place of ministration ;—now, what does it all come to? Is he not an illustration of the possibility of saying much of the inside life, and knowing little of it? He is a retailer of other men's mental ware ; to a very great degree Gilfillan is right—he is a "transcendental bagman ;" he utters often, what he does not know ; his perceptions are much keener than his feelings. Latterly, we have read some speeches which appeared to us to contain a deeper life ; but we have met with nothing which

we could not trace to Carlyle, and Coleridge, to Festus, and Wordsworth, to Goethe, and perhaps to Schiller; and the way in which these things are presented, has intimated to us that they had been seen, but not absorbed by the mental system; they were repeated: thus, the Lecture upon "The Characteristics of the Present Age," to which we listened, was only an utterance of Mr. Carlyle's extraordinary paper upon the same subject; scarcely was there any new expression in that lecture, and certainly no new thinking. Even the clever things said were Carlyle's; men's bodies were called "clothes-horses," and "Patent Digesters;" and the audience laughed, and many appeared to think the pleasant epithets as good as new. In a Teacher we need, among the foremost qualifications, profound experience; he must not lean on books, or he will not satisfy us; he must not drug us with the mere droppings from other men's bottles: we need a man who has acquired deep seriousness, from the habit of deep mental communion; the sayings of other men must have been to him suggestions only, suggestions widening out into streams of deep experience and thought.

If Mr. Dawson's experience were deeper, he would not, for ever, and for ever, reiterate, and reiterate only, "the everlasting No!" Around this everlasting No all his ideas revolve. A schoolfellow of his own told us once a story of Dawson's boyhood:—the Schoolmaster demanded

some lesson or other, and insisted upon the performance of the task after his own fashion, and to the horror and dismay of his Holofernes, he declared it to be "all stuff and nonsense." When at College,—at Glasgow, we believe,—he refused to attend the Mathematical or Logic Classes, and again he told the Professor, Dialectics were all stuff and nonsense; and as we have heard him preach and lecture, we have thought he might say—"F'or this cause came I into the world, to shout stuff and nonsense over its most cherished ideas." We know it is an old objection, often alleged, but it is very true,—it is a system of negations;—for this purpose George Dawson has travelled over the land, to utter the word—No! and it was very necessary; but, indeed, that monosyllable is now tolerably well learned,—we know it—we can pronounce it; we need the other word, and the other teaching; all things of the present, all popular things, are merely negative. We have only knowledge enough to learn to undo!

Our third objection to George Dawson is his boundless audacity; this also, was, perhaps, needed; but it is an unhealthy mood of soul, and it begets in us the opinion of the shallowness of the man who can be so audacious. At the first meeting of the Anti-State-Church Association, after the Conference had sat for three days deliberating, did he get up, and very coolly tell the whole Conference that they wholly mistook their

business and their course : and wherever he has travelled, he has left behind him this impression, (let us say it with all respect,) that he can put on, at will, impudence to the extent of a ninety horse power. His authority over his audience is great, —but mainly from the force of a powerful will ; a sneer appears perpetually to haunt his lip. There are some men of whom the inferior tribes of human animals stand in awe ; and yet no very consistent reason can be given for their terror ; these awe-inspirers are frequently found to be no very exalted spirits ; yet from reason, without the rush of commanding language or large ideas, they hold their auditors in check, and obtain the reputation of superior genius. Does not Mr. Dawson belong to this order of men ?

There is no gainsaying these objections, they lie on the surface of our Preacher's character ; but then, it is probable that they belong more to his character of Lecturer than of Preacher. We have certainly profited more by his latter vocation than his former, although in no man are the two so intimately interblended together ; so that, as indeed somebody has said, he makes his Lecture Room a Temple, and his Temple a Lecture Room. He does the last more frequently than the first. But in his Sabbath services there is more of seriousness and earnestness. Truly it is long since we attended his ministrations—never in his new

building. We do by no means admire his method of prayer, or we did not then. We thought it degenerated to a sad and irreverent familiarity; but the lack of reverence in prayer is by no means an unusual thing in ministers. Nay, it is a very customary thing. He startled us, too, on that occasion, by an announcement, after a sermon—a right strange one, on the shining of the face of Moses, which was an exposition of the influence of the inner upon the outer life. At its close, he told his audience he was about to leave home for the Continent, and that the chapel would be closed for six weeks. “In the meantime,” continued the Preacher, “you will each seek your own good in any temple you may choose in Birmingham; and you are not the people I take you to be, if you cannot obtain some good thing from any good man in Birmingham. Some have hinted that the closing of the doors for so long a period is a dangerous experiment; that when I return to my Pulpit again, I shall find the sheep scattered. Verily, should it be so, I shall be thankful for the cause that hath scattered ye. If you can pick you out shepherds that will serve you better, as truly, and alas, you well may, who am I, that I should complain? Verily there is no good man in Birmingham from whom I could not obtain the good word.” Our readers, whether they would imitate or not, must admire this speech. It was faithful, noble, and catholic. ’Tis a pity that there

are few men who could dare to make such an experiment. And it surely argues that Mr. Dawson is no second rate preacher, that upon his return he found the crowds pressing with greater eagerness to listen to him. It surely might operate as a hint to the men who so fear the wandering of their flocks, that the people will generally find their way to the most gifted Pastor.

Probably there are few of our readers, who need to be informed, that Mr. Dawson is yet young ; we cannot speak to his age, it must be about three or five-and-thirty,—his physique is also probably well known to most of our readers,—a very dark face, dark hair parted in the centre, and hanging full round the head, although not long ; he also patronises the style of hair beneath the chin, the tuft,—and with a collar turned down over a black handkerchief, a more unlikely youth for a Minister of Religion, we do not know.—Turning now to his style, his mental style, it is not unlike that physical appearance, its strength lies in its Saxonism. Gilfillan uttered another good thing, when he said, it was as if Cobbett were talking Transcendentalism ; it is a strong energetic style,—it is plain and grotesque ; it is the Monk Bede translating Goethe, or Coleridge, for the benefit of his countrymen ; it is like a carving of Carlyle set up on a corbel, or in a niche of an old Saxon minster. We most unaffectedly admire this style, it is the best part of our man, for it is

all his own,—and it reveals his true individuality ; it is bold, suggestive, and perspicuous.

The following will perhaps be taken as an illustration at once of Mr. Dawson's pertinent mode of speech, and of his ideal of the union of the Christian Church. "Is it not sad to see how many things are done, that ought not to have been done ; and which would not have been done, were there unity instead of diversity of spirit ? Do we not know some families that read none but Baptist Books ? others nothing but Unitarian tracts and writings ? many who, in their narrow notions of sacred literature, study only the prophets of their own sect ? They know nothing about others ; they understand them not ; they desire not to understand them. Nursed up in their own little narrow apartment, they walk wearily round it, till they have left their foot-prints upon the stone of the floor. Should a wise man be brought up so ? Shall I refuse to be taught by the holy words of Fenelon, because he belongs not to my sect or creed ? shall Jeremy Taylor have written eloquently, and Chrysostom of the "golden mouth," have spoken and preached in vain for me, because I belong not to their communion ? Verily, no ! I accept with thankfulness all the good that God sends me, come from where it will. I believe in good men of every Church. I see that there is unity recognised by existing sects, though not in form. You all feel it when you admire a

man who holds friendly relations to those not of his own sect. I have found the most sectarian, when not thinking of his own sect, rejoice at anything which tends to show unity among the religious. Try him, a strait member of a strait sect; take him in detail—ask him—‘Was Fenelon a Christian man or not?’ His answer will be—‘A Christian man.’ ‘Was Jeremy Taylor a pious Christian?’ ‘I cannot deny it.’ ‘Was Wesley a devout follower of Christ?’ ‘Surely.’ ‘Was Calvin a holy believer?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Was Bunyan a saint?’ ‘Undoubtedly.’ ‘Was Channing a Christian?’ ‘It cannot be denied.’ ‘Are not these men all members of the Church of Christ?’ ‘I dare not say otherwise.’ ‘Are any of them shut out of Christ’s fold?’ ‘I dare not think so.’ Why, then, you admit the matter; unity is granted, all these men of diverse creeds, sitting down in the holy kingdom of God, to worship him in the unity of the Spirit.”

We would fain dwell longer in attempting to look at the right and the wrong of George Dawson. We do not think that his views are too well known, although they have been subjected to no inconsiderable share of condemnation. We rather believe that if he were called upon to give to the world a creed, he would be somewhat puzzled to do it, and so we presume would most men whose faith is the result of internal life, and not the transcript of external form, and show, and obser-

vance. And yet we have some reason to know that his views are much nearer to what we mean by Orthodoxy than is usually supposed, and it is highly confirmatory of this impression that he has from Sabbath to Sabbath, sitting round him men of all shades of religious belief, and thought, who express their love and admiration for the doctrines and teachings of Mr. Dawson. He has made an experiment in harmony with the age. Will it be successful? Hitherto it appears to have been eminently so; there has never before been attempted so didactic and ethical a form of preaching in combination. Some have likened Mr. Dawson to Theodore Parker, but he has neither his brilliant genius nor his varied scholarship. We fancy there is very much in French and German Philosophy with which he is unacquainted. But the great circumstance which beautifies his Teaching, is its Catholicity and its bold Truth. Let him go on learning himself, and communicating too, and we do not doubt that thus he will be of far greater use than he has yet been, from his acquiring a more lofty experience.

CONCLUDING SUMMARY.

How much more lengthy this book might have been, the reader very well knows. In fact, books of this sort may be protracted to any length. As we lay down our pen, there are many names almost oozing through the ink, worthy and most eminent names ; and the truth is, we shall speedily afflict the world with another volume, in which the sketches shall probably be more dramatic, more brief, and inclusive, in a higher degree, of the personal characteristics, as well as the spiritual, than the present volume. But even now we must hurriedly glance along some few of the remaining Pulpits, and seize upon a feature or two. We intended a paper upon the Patriarch of Modern Preachers, WILLIAM JAY. Few passages of personal import are more interesting in sermons than Mr. Jay's account of his ministry at the last sermon for the London Missionary Society, in Surrey Chapel. We will take the liberty of transcribing it.

“ Six days ago I entered on my eighty-third year. When I first ascended these steps with trembling knees, I was not nineteen.

‘ Many changes have pass’d since then ;
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but Thou ?

“ Perhaps there are few, if any, persons here this morning who heard my first address then, from the words of the Apostle—‘ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ I was then young and tender. The work was great, and the Lord was pleased to afford assistance, and give me very considerable acceptance. So that I remember, when I had been taking my leave of the congregation here in my farewell sermon, still the crowd remained in the chapel-yard here, and refused to disperse, till I opened the parlour window and addressed them again. From that time, for half a century, I annually served this chapel for eight Sabbaths for many years, and then for six, and then for four. I cannot accurately calculate, but I must have spent three hundred Sabbaths within these walls, while my sermons or services have been no less than fifteen hundred. You see, therefore, that my ministry must have been very much affected by this place, and I feel many responsibilities, at this moment, arising from it. At length I gave up my annual assist-

ance here, not from any dissatisfaction on either side, but from the want of some recreation and leisure which I had never enjoyed till then, and also from a conviction that my remaining extra labours should be devoted to the country, for you in London will always be rich enough; you will always, by fair or foul means, secure all the assistance you need. I therefore devoted the remainder of my life to labouring in the country, and in my own usual sphere of labour there.

“I have borne the pastoral office for upwards of sixty years, during which time my church has been three times enlarged, and the congregation remains as large as ever. I have preached much, especially in my younger days, in villages, where I have found great delight. I have also frequently preached, especially on public occasions, for various denominations, without offending others, or without violating my own convictions. Such is now the general accordance and harmony of all the parties who hold the truth—who hold the Head (whatever may be their difference in other respects,)—that though the barriers are not yet removed, (and I do not know that it is desirable that they should be removed,) yet they have been lowered enough to enable us to see each other over them, and to shake hands together; and there are now several little holes, through which we may pass and return, in aiding one another, in these services, and on these occasions.

“ I knew many of the second generation, and some of the first generation of Methodists ; and I can make, therefore, a comparison between things then and things now, as to the profession, and as to the preaching, and character of the preachers now, and then. I have often quoted the words of the prophet,—‘ My soul desired the first-ripe fruit.’ Oh ! there was something about those early converts that was very peculiar. They were simple-hearted Christians, dead to the world, but all alive in their love to God ! But I am not going to deprecate the present preachers, and the present state of things. I am persuaded we have improved in some things ; improved in many things. I should think myself very ungrateful if I were, on just going off the stage, to ask, ‘ Why were the former days better than these ? ’ for I should ‘ not inquire wisely concerning this matter.’ ”

“ Finally, in relation to this Institution.—I attended, first, some of the private meetings for preparing a public exhibition. I was happy enough to hear and attend the first public convocation. I preached one of the first annual sermons at Tottenham Court Chapel. It is delightful to me to think, and it will encourage you to be informed, that the sermon was of good, in being the means of the conversion of one of the most worthy and valuable and excellent of men, I refer to our late friend Mr. Hyatt, who preached for your Institution, and who has always held it very near

his heart. And how many sermons I have preached for it I cannot say. I have not been a friend to the platform—God having graciously pleased to deny me that privilege.

“I hope these grey locks will excuse this little garrulity. It is not probable that I shall have another opportunity of addressing you again, at least on such a public occasion as this. I had better, therefore, take my leave of you. ‘Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.’

“ ‘The Lord bless you, and keep you ! The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you ! The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you His peace ! ’ ”

Such an experience appears to demand a more ample review in its relation to the Pulpit, and such a review this ministry would have received, but that we are persuaded it is, after all, a ministry of the past. Profound is our respect for Mr. Jay, most hearty our veneration for those hoary silvery locks ; and we have sat with great delight in Argyll Chapel, Bath, and in Surrey Chapel, again and again, and many of his sayings are indelibly inscribed upon our memory.

“ God’s promises differ from God’s purposes ; both are gold, and both are fine gold ; but the one is

gold in the mine, and the other is gold in the mint; the one is undug and unknown, but the other is current coin, is in circulation, with the King's stamp upon it." "When the Great Men of God came, ages ago, to the study of his promises, they found them so numerous, that they were obliged to do with them what astronomers do with the stars, for convenience, to map them out into Constellations." "God uses human instrumentality as a builder uses scaffolding; the scaffolding is not the building, nor a part of the building, it is the means used by the Architect, by which the building rises."

In this way we have usually heard Mr. Jay speak. His life has been a most interesting one from his boyhood upward, speaking constantly to the people; and, now we touch his name with hallowing feelings. What faults he may have, what unpruned peculiarities of discourse, let them linger still. He is, indeed, the representative of an ancient race of Preachers, without the remotest pretension to scholarship—or to extraordinary powers of thought, he belongs to the race of which Matthew Henry and Scott were the great expositors and leaders. He was quite old, when we heard him first; we, therefore, are unfitted to judge of the power of the youth, and the manhood of the Preacher, who, through Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, roused the people through all their towns and villages, and, with Apostolic

power, charmed and awakened the slumbering spirits of his hearers. But how remarkable, that his Preaching has been followed by such faint tokens of success in Bath ! Yet, perhaps, not remarkable ; Mr. Jay has ever felt, that he has to deliver a message, rather to those within, than those outside the church.

A far more useful man is JOHN ANGEL JAMES ; an everlasting Preacher ; a voluminous writer ; an accomplished platform Orator : if what he does is not the best, it is done in such manner, that the greatest number of people will think so. Mr. James has been the Minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, in Birmingham, nearly fifty years. When he commenced his ministry, the town contained a population of eighty thousand persons ; now it contains two hundred thousand. His first chapel seated a congregation of eight hundred persons ; his present will seat two thousand, and is always crowded. The church, when he accepted the pastorate, consisted of forty members ; now nearly nine hundred. When Mr. James accepted the pastorate, he was about nineteen, he is now nearly seventy years of age. Surely, this is the best encomium which can be pronounced upon this eminent Preacher and Writer.

In our volume, some Pulpits have not been represented at all, but from no ill-natured want of Catholicity. Among the Baptists we could well have spent time. With Brock, one of the most

manly and fervid spirits of any Pulpit, no wonder that he gathers young hearts by crowds to his chapel. If his powers are not the greatest in range of vision or expression, manliness and genuineness, are of far more importance than these;—or John Howard Hinton, the master of the oratory of Metaphysic, and Psychologic Ratiocination;—or Charles Stovel, the master of strong and blazing Passion, with lava words, and volcanic eruptions;—or Mursell, of Leicester, who, in fact, includes all three; with a superaddition of boundless impudence, in reserve for extraordinary occasions.

Yes, we shall have to conclude our review of the men of the Modern Pulpit in a second volume, in which we may pass not only through the remaining men of the Independent, Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Baptist Denominations, but Archdeacon Manning and Father Newman, and the leaders of the Romanist Persuasion; and James Martineau and William John Fox, and sundry other of our Unitarian Pulpits, shall receive a word. Meantime, what we have successfully or unsuccessfully intended all along, is not to point merely to this or that man, but to Him as a representative of a method of dealing with minds in the Pulpit; for the only point of interest we have been able to see in any preacher, is his power over mind to rouse and awaken or control it, as the body of any man is interesting only as it is

the representative of the spirit within. Who is the most successful minister?—what is your standard and test of success?—who is most capable of meeting spiritual wants and necessities?—who is most fitted to give the aliment and food to train up to mental and moral manhood? who is felt to be the most simple yet lofty in his conceptions and his teachings? who exercises the most durable influence over the faith and the life?—This man, wherever he is, is the most successful teacher; his is the most honoured Pulpit; he is the most capable instructor. So far as we have been able to speak, our protest has gone forth against a stereotyped ministration. The Book will be pronounced latitudinarian by most of those who pronounce upon it at all. We have had a long education in the endurance of the scorn and sneer; these, therefore, cannot move us. Our settled conviction is, that the Pulpit lags behind the Age. The Pulpit is too dignified, is too fastidious, is too polite, too pedantic, too nonchalantic. How many Pulpits are there in the land? Upon a rough calculation say thirty thousand. Is their influence corresponding to their numerical strength? They are not earnest, especially in honest zeal; they have, in common with the age at large, too much faith in the intellectual letter, too little in the moral life. There is mighty faith in worn out and thread-bare technicalities. The man who writes this has perhaps better reason for

knowing the position and attitude of the Modern Pulpit than most men living. He has travelled as extensively as the most popular of living preachers, but all his movements have been among the People; he has heard their most hidden thoughts so far as man could hear them; he believes that the people of the land are waiting for a Christianity warm from the Cross of Jesus—such a Christianity will not be in vain in its preachings. But new Colleges will not aid it much; for what is needed, is not intellectual sympathy and training, but moral sympathy—moral discipline; these are the only mighty teachers, these are the unfailing professors. We would inquire of our minister—Have you suffered? Has God made you capable of suffering? Have you had to bear a very weighty Cross? In reality, have you seen Jesus? In reality, have your experiences been deep and agonistic? No man has any right to preach, who has not, in deep, terrible, awful reality, known the affirmation of all these questions. No man has any right to preach, who has not had the impress of the finger of God and the Cross of Jesus burnt into his soul.

And, after all, the Book is written with a real, a deep,—a most hearty conviction, that yet the Pulpit needs, not only one or two, but a race of Master-men; aye, indeed, baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire,—clear, bright-eyed men, able to look through the heart of error,—strong hearted

men, upon whom the weak and the sorrowing may lean for support ; men of the gifted eye and gifted tongue ; men of the self-denying frame, who shall be able to convince the world, the trading, huxtering world, that conscience is not a chattel or a commodity, but a magnet and a life ; these men must come ;—whence will they come ? Come they from College or from Cobbler's stall, forward will we press, and say,—BROTHERS, ALL HAIL !!

FINIS.



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